THE CHADSEY-SPAIN READERS

FIFTH READER

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Whenever he passed a gaudily skirted market-girl, he saluted with the air of a grandee

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

FIFTH BOOK

BY

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PREFACE

The child who has reached the Fifth Reader stage in the development of his power to read is in a rather critical period. He has, if his work has been properly supervised, mastered the elementary mechanics of reading. He has already acquired a reasonably large vocabulary. He has not, however, in the majority of cases developed a genuine interest in reading. One of the tasks of the school, therefor, is to stimulate as far as possible his appreciation of reading. It is therefore fundamentally essential that the selections found in his basic reader have intrinsic interest and be of such a character to appeal strongly to a child of his maturity.

In the preparation of this Reader the editors have kept this idea in mind constantly. It is believed that the selections are of such a type that all will appeal to some and that most will appeal to all.

The notes and the glossary should make it possible for all of the children to understand the meaning of all of the selections and the notes are designed to be of practical use to the teacher in her daily work.

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THE CHADSEY—SPAIN READERS

FIFTH BOOK

MIDSUMMER SONG

ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT

A bobolink is swinging on a crimson sumach spray,
And the katydids are singing and the lazy locusts play;
The tasseled corn is blowing, and the goldenrod is glowing,
And the reapers in the valley fields are piling up the hay.

There 's dust upon the highway where the toiling oxen go,
But in every lane and byway cooling shadows lengthen slow;
And the checkered light is glancing through the drowsy leaves, and dancing
On the laughing river rushing to the valley down below.

O'er my head white clouds are straying and the swift-winged swallows dart;
At my feet the grass is swaying and the frightened crickets start;
And the warm wind, honey-laden, breathes around a happy maiden,
For it 's summer in the valley and it 's summer in my heart!

THE EAST END ROAD

GEORGE C. LANE

It is three miles from the East End to the village at Knowles Island Center, and in winter, when the northeast wind blows strong and the tides are unusually high, it is a hard road to

travel. And yet, for all this, Bess Whitman had not missed a day at high school since the school year had started, four months before. She had reason to be proud of her record.

The East End is not quite separated from the rest of the island, except when the spring tides occur, and the East End road, below the life-saving station (they call it the coast guard now, of course), is awash in the breakers that beat in among the rocks on the north side. But it is usually not more than once or twice during the winter that the spring tides and a northeaster occur at the same time.

Just beyond the Narrows, to the east of the station, the island widens again into the broad, rolling acres of the Whitman farm, where, too, are located the cottages of a few fishermen.

It had been snowing nearly all night and was still snowing the following morning when Bess Whitman, having finished breakfast, began to get ready for school.

"You 're not going to try it in this weather, are you, Sis?" asked Fred, her older brother. "Mr. Miner says he won't send the team out this morning. There 's an extra high tide and the Narrows are sure to be under water."

"Oh, I guess I can make it on Prince easily enough. And besides," Bess concluded cheerfully, "Prince and I are n't afraid of a little weather."

"Oh, pshaw! you 're just queering it for the rest of us; that 's all," scolded Fred. "If you can make it on the pony, Professor Wheeler 'll certainly wonder why we boys could n't get there in the wagon. What if you do miss a day? Cut it out for once, can't you?"

"I 'm not sure, Bessie, that you ought to attempt it this morning," considered Mrs. Whitman. "I 'm afraid your

father, if he were home, would be opposed to it. It 's a very hard storm. If the town would only build the road a little higher," she sighed. "It 's not safe as it is."

"The town 's ready to if the Government would only do its part," returned Bess. "The Government can't be made to spend a cent on road repairs along its strip between here and the station."

"Father says there are plenty of people who would like to live on this end of the island if only there was a decent road," put in Fred. "But then, I suppose, if there was one, I would n't have any excuse for not going to school to-day," he concluded, chuckling.

"It 's a shame, I call it," resumed Mrs. Whitman. "When folks are sick, it 's sometimes almost impossible to get a doctor to drive down."

Bess put on her warm, heavy coat and went out to the barn to saddle Prince. She asked no odds of her older brother in matters of this sort; she was as capable as any boy of her age.

"Don't be rash, now," warned Mrs. Whitman, as Bess started down the road to the gateway. "If the tide 's too high, don't attempt to cross over, Bessie."

Prince scampered along through the snow as though he was enjoying it despite the cold. Bess looked back presently over her shoulder toward the house; but it was already lost to view in the thickly driving snow.

At frequent intervals the road was scarcely distinguishable from the snow-covered field each side; but Prince seemed sure of the way, and it was all so familiar to Bess, too, that she could have traveled it in the dark.

On the bluff, a mile beyond the house, where the road descended steeply to the Narrows, the full force of the north-

easter had swept it bare of snow. But the spray from the combers that were driving in among the rocks to windward had frozen when it struck the road, and twice Prince slipped and would have fallen but for Bess's sure hand at the rein.

She breathed a little sigh of relief when the descent was safely over. With her coat sleeve she was obliged frequently to shelter her face as a fierce gust of the freezing, snow-filled gale struck her. At the Narrows the road, as far as she could see, was also bare of snow. The spindrift from the surf stung her face cruelly as it blew in from the big rocks to windward. In places, Bess noticed, the tide was already over the pony's feet.

Prince stopped a moment, some instinct, perhaps, telling him that it would be wiser to turn back. For a moment Bess considered the plan. She could not see across the Narrows to the rising ground beyond; the snow was too thick for that. She wondered if it were foolhardy to keep on; but she wanted so much to be in school on time.

She urged Prince forward, and he went on again, reluctantly. It was a wild storm. The thunder of the surf among the outer rocks was appalling. The tide over the road became deeper. She admitted that it seemed scarcely safe, and, remembering her promise to her mother, she decided at last to turn back.

As she gazed for a moment to windward, a dim outline, barely discernible through the snow, attracted her attention. She could scarcely believe her eyes; but as she looked longer she was certain that she could define the bow and masts of a vessel out there in the storm, just beyond the breaking surf.

A thrill of fearful apprehension passed over her as she thought of her father and the *Nomad*. But no, it could not

be the *Nomad,* she concluded. Mrs. Whitman had received a letter only the day before, telling of the fishing-vessel's safe arrival at Portsmouth. Captain Whitman could not possibly have returned as soon as this.

With her back to the icy wind and stinging spray, Bessie stopped a moment, horror-struck at the fate of the vessel and wondering whether there was still any one left aboard. Presently there came to her above the roar of the surf the higher note of a ship's bell.

Could the life-savers have learned of the wreck? she wondered; and doubted it. The last key-post of the shore patrol was more than a mile to the westward. The surfmen could not possibly have seen the vessel through the snow, and the flare of Coston light or rocket could not have been seen from the station.

All thought of school left her mind as she considered the awful predicament of the vessel and her crew. She must reach the station and tell Captain Simmons of the wreck—there was not a minute to lose! She was not her father's daughter if she did less.

"Come, Prince," she coaxed. "We 've got to cross the Narrows, tide or not."

Bending her young shoulders to the fury of the gale, she urged the pony forward. He seemed to sense something of what was expected of him and started on. As the road wound in and out among the boulders of the beach the water grew deeper still. It was nearly to the pony's knees. The surge of the seas as they advanced and receded—although the force of them was spent among the black rocks to windward—was disconcerting and made progress doubly hard for the pony.

Three times he stumbled on the loosened stones of the rough causeway, and Bess barely prevented a fall. Her hands were getting numb from the bitter cold, and her arms were heavy with the frozen spray on her coat sleeves. Used as she was to the sea, there was something truly awesome in her situation.

On her right the froth-covered water swelled among the boulders with each driving sea; and on her left there were also the black rocks, although the water, in the lee of the roadway, surged in and out more quietly. The rising land on either end of the Narrows was no longer visible through the storm. It was as though she were entirely surrounded by the vast stretch of black, ugly rocks and blacker, uglier water.

Prince stepped forward more slowly. Again and again Bess was obliged to urge him on as the surge of the rushing seas rose above his knees and the rough roadway beneath was lost to sight. It was dreadfully slow and dangerous going; and all the time with Bess was the thought of the men on the wrecked vessel and the need for haste.

"Come, Prince," she urged. "Can't you make it a bit faster, slow-poke?" Yet she knew the little fellow was doing his level best. She knew, too, that the rocks of the roadway were hurting the pony's feet.

A sea of unusual size advanced, roaring, among the rocks. The swell of it rose menacingly almost to Prince's shoulder. The pony lost his footing and stumbled to his knees, his head for a moment under water. The surge of the big sea threatened to carry him over the road among the boulders and the deeper water to leeward. Instantly Bess was out of the sad-

As the wash of the giant sea rushed over the causeway Bess reached for Prince's neck for support

dle, and in a moment had Prince on his feet. He refused to take another step.

"It 's no time to stop," scolded Bess. "Come!"

She took a step forward in her drenched boots and skirts as the water receded once more. The rein over her arm tightened. Prince would not stir. With the ends of the rein she whipped him smartly across the neck.

Surprised at this treatment, he started forward a few steps, limping painfully. With a cry of alarm Bess bent down and examined the injured leg. It was bleeding badly at the knee. She ran her hand over it and was certain that it was not broken.

"Well, we 'll both walk then, old chum," she decided pluckily. "But we 've just got to get there!" she concluded.

With the rein over her arm, she led the way. Hampered more than ever by the surge from the combers, the pony limped miserably behind.

"Poor old Prince!" she murmured, and for a moment could not keep back the tears.

At first she had not thought of the awful cold of the water; but as she advanced along the rough, stony road, a numbness crept through her feet and legs, and it was dreadfully hard to keep going. Presently, like Prince, she stumbled and nearly fell. If she could only get clear of this numbing water!

"I might, I suppose, go faster without you," she said, patting the faithful animal's wet neck. "But I could never do that—never!"

Another giant sea advanced among the outer boulders, and as the wash of it rushed over the causeway Bess reached involuntarily for Prince's neck for support. His short stout

legs withstood the attack. It was all that saved her from being swept off the road. The sea subsided, and they started on again, poor Prince limping more than ever.

"If we were only out of this awful water!" thought Bess, again. Her legs were almost too numb and weak to support her. But she stumbled gamely along, hoping each minute that she would see the end of the Narrows through the storm. All about them were the black rocks and the water, and the great white flakes disappearing so silently into it.

Would the stony roadway never end? she wondered. Her feet were dreadfully tired and sore, and she was drenched to the shoulders by the surging seas. She was tempted to get into the saddle again, but had not the heart.

Presently, however, she could make out through the driving snow the rise of ground where the road left the Narrows, and, a moment later, the key-house of the coast patrol on top of the rise. Safely over at last, they began the steep ascent. On the icy road it was a difficult climb. Once and again poor Prince went to his knees, and only Bess's alertness prevented another accident.

Realizing the need for haste, she tried desperately to increase the pace. But Prince was not equal to going a bit faster.

"A mile and more to the station! We 'll be too late, after all," reflected Bess, choking with disappointment. "If we could only see one of the surfmen now!"

But she knew that it might be two hours before one of them reached this end of the patrol again. And then an idea occurred to her. Was n't there a telephone at the key-house? She was sure there must be one, and—yes, there was the wire!

She tried to open the little door. It was locked securely.

She looked about on the strip of ground, bared of snow by the gale, and found a rock. Smashing open the door, she cranked the bell with stiffened fingers and put the receiver to her ear. The station answered, and a moment later she had delivered her message to Captain Simmons himself.

"And how under the sun did you ever get to the east key-house in this storm?" asked Captain Simmons, hurriedly.

"Came over with Prince; he 's gone lame now, though," explained Bess.

"I 'll send right down for both of ye," decided the keeper, promptly, and hung up.

A half-hour later Bess was being cared for by Mrs. Simmons in the warm, comfortable living-room of the keeper's quarters, and Prince was enjoying a well earned rest in the barn.

How Captain Simmons and his life-savers in the surf-boat took off the crew of the tern schooner *Jenny Moore* in a January northeaster at the East End is now a part of the records of the Knowles Island Station.

There is a new cement road to the East End now, well up beyond the reach of the highest tides. And it was Captain Simmons's report of the part that Bess and Prince played in the rescue of the schooner's crew that resulted in the Government's building its share of the road.

THE SONG-PEDDLER

HENRY C. PITZ

Just at the magic hour when the sun dips over the hill,
I saw, where the road turns southward, a stranger pass by the mill.

He leaped the stile with a graceful bound, then strode where
the weeds grow dense,
And, turning beneath our aspen-tree, spied me astride the
fence.

"Good even!" he cried, and his merry brown eyes sparkled
like fairy lights,
And he hummed, as he spoke, a haunting snatch of the pæan
of victor knights.
"And who may you be?" I questioned him, too curious to be
wise.
"I," and his brown eyes twinkled, "am the Song-Peddler of
the Skies.

"No gold carry I in my buckskin bag, nor a pack these many
moons,
Only the clothes upon my back and a pocketful of tunes.
And you may choose, my little man, a tune of your own!" he
cried,
Then he opened wide his wallet brown and showed me the
tunes inside.

"Now this," and he hummed a stanza, "is the chant of the
autumn leaves;
And this" (how the music mounted!) "is the song that the
south wind weaves.
To each living thing I give the tune that tells its mission
best—
A trill to the lark, a hymn to the trees, and three chords to
the wind of the west."

Then he gave me a tune for my very own that *I* may hum
when I please—
A tune that lilts and mounts and shrills like the wind in the
hawthorn-trees;
A tune of laughter and boyish glee, a tune of joy and fun,
A tune like the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the wind
and the sun.

Then, ere I had time to thank him, he doffed his chequered
cap,
Made me a bow and a flourish, and closed his wallet-flap;
"I must be over the hill, now, to sell a tune to the bees."
And he strode across the highroad and vanished among the
trees.

I sometimes doubt I 've seen him, it seems so like a dream;
But then the tune comes bubbling forth, like a flashing, gold
sunbeam—
The tune of laughter and boyish glee, the tune of joy and fun.
The tune for the heart of a happy boy when he plays in the
wind and the sun.

THE LITTLE SERVANTS OF THE SEA

ALICE W. ROLLINS

PART I

Wildly flew the snowflakes. They were gathering into great clans. They clung together in strong and beautiful clouds, and then began moving slowly northward across the gray sky. Not very long before, they had been little blue drops

of water in a tropic sea. But one day the sun sent down from the sky long, slender little ladders of sunbeams, and the pretty blue drops began climbing up, up into the sky, and there they received new gowns, not blue any longer, but gray, of filmy gauze.

Then they found themselves sailing across the sky in the large gray clouds, and as they went farther and farther north, it grew colder and colder; but Nature kept watch of them always, like a thoughtful mother, and as it grew colder she changed their pretty gowns of gray gauze, this time into soft white wool that was very warm and comfortable; for although you and I think the snow is very cold, it is really like a thick warm blanket over the earth in winter, and protects the roots of the flowers and the grass, and keeps them safe and warm underground until it is safe and warm for them overhead.

So the many little drops of water clinging together in the great cloud were quite comfortable and happy, wrapped in their white wool; but after a while they grew tired of the sky.

Very, very far to the north they had traveled now, and one day a great storm-cloud let down little silvery ropes of mist to the sea, and although they were not quite so tempting as the golden sun-ladders that the little drops had climbed up by, they seized the opportunity and slid down on the mist, and fell at last on what seemed like a big bed of ice.

It was not really ice, but was made of snowflakes, like themselves, that had been falling from the sky for years and years, and had grown quite stiff and almost like ice from lying still so long, and being constantly pressed closer and closer together, as more and more snowflakes kept falling

from the sky. At last the bed of snowflakes that had turned into something no longer soft, and yet not quite like ice,—more, perhaps, like chalk,—was more than a thousand feet thick. It was called a "glacier"; and it is not quite true that it was so stiff because the solid snowflakes had lain still so long, for the glacier did move a little—a very, very little—every day; and if it kept on so patiently, although so slowly, in fifty or a hundred years the little snowflakes we have been following would reach the sea again—not their own blue tropic sea that they remembered so lovingly, but a gray cold sea. And yet they had heard such wonderful stories of the adventures that befell the icebergs which drifted off from the glacier as soon as it reached the sea, that our little flakes were not at all frightened, and, grown quite experienced now from so much travel, were only curious to find out what would happen to themselves.

They knew that somewhere, very far to the south, even this cold gray sea melted into the warm bright one of the tropics; and although they had enjoyed the experience of finding themselves cool and white, they were quite ready now to become once more blue and warm. They thought they had done their share of the glacier's work, for they had been now in the cold arctic regions for several hundred years (which I am sure you will acknowledge is a long time to wait for anything). Every day they slid a little farther down the long, gradual slope that led from the mountains to the sea, but there was some difficulty in moving even as little as they did, because all the snowflakes compressed in the big glacier could not move equally fast. Those that had fallen last from the sky, and so were on top of all the rest, could, of course, move along faster than the others, many of whom

were a thousand feet below the surface. When the sun shone, though it was not a very hot sun in that cold northern country, it would turn the little flakes on top, that had become almost like ice, into drops of water again, and then they could slip along quite easily for a few feet, perhaps.

But at night, when the sun disappeared and it was very cold again, they, too, would turn cold again and freeze hard to the icy bed beneath them; while those too far below the surface to feel the sun at all, even in the daytime, had to creep along as best they could, helped by the fact that their way to the sea was of course a little sloping and a little slippery, and by being constantly pressed on all sides by their millions of companions, all equally eager for the sea, but not all equally able to travel.

Those that were near the edges of the glacier, for instance, could not move as fast as those in the middle. There were stones and all sorts of rubbish along the sides of the glacier, that those on the edges had to contend against. Sometimes they could manage only by carrying all the stones and rubbish along, too; all of which took up still more time. So once in a while those that were kept back grew very impatient, and suddenly there would be a grand quarrel, and all the compressed snowflakes that had been keeping so close together would separate, and a great crevice, or *crevasse,* or gulf, would appear between them, so that the whole glacier would be badly scarred with the signs of their disturbances; but, on the whole, they all kept moving a little, steadily down to the sea that was still so far away.

Every day, from the part of the glacier that had reached the sea, great blocks in the form of tall peaks broke away into icebergs that plunged headlong into the tempting

Every day great blocks broke away into icebergs that plunged headlong into the tempting ocean

ocean, and then, coming to the surface after their quick bath, went sailing off by themselves in search of new adventures. None of them, however, ever came back to tell what their adventures had been, unless they sailed far enough to the south to melt quite away again into drops of water that again climbed into the sky on golden ladders of the sun, and again floated northward on the big clouds, and again fell into the glacier far up among the mountains, and again patiently worked their way to the gray ocean. Several millions of the little compressed snowflakes, that were companions of those we have been following, had been through this experience, and they told the others very thrilling stories of meeting great steamers on their way to Europe, thronged with people going for a long vacation.

One day, while our snowflakes were listening to one of these stories, they caught a glimpse of the sea they had longed for. In another moment a tall peak of the glacier, in the middle of which they happened to be, broke away from the rest with a loud boom like that of a cannon, plunged into the water, and rose to the surface refreshed and brightened by the bath, and ready to start off on a little trip all by itself in search of adventures farther south.

Part II

Sometimes adventures come to us when least expected, and although our snowflakes had hoped some time to meet one of those great steamers laden with happy people going to Europe, they were astonished to find at once a steamer quite near them, waiting close to the edge of the glacier. This was not a steamer going to Europe (for our snowflakes had been on the Pacific coast, far away to the north), but it was

a steamer whose deck was crowded with people who had come up to Alaska just on purpose to see the snow and ice and icebergs and glaciers.

This was certainly very interesting, and one small block of ice that had broken away from the rest felt very proud when a boat was lowered from the ship and came swiftly toward it, evidently meaning to secure it as a prize. Think of it! They had only expected to meet a steamer and to look at it, but now they were really to go on board of it and sail away much faster than they could have gone all by themselves.

Very soon, indeed, they were hoisted up to the deck, but they were a little disappointed not to be left there among the passengers, who were admiring the icebergs and the glacier so much—for the great block of ice was swung down into the hold just as if it had been a piece of luggage. However, the snowflakes in the block thought they would not mind being shut up in the dark awhile if only they were carried a little more quickly south, south, south, to the beautiful warm blue tropic sea that they were homesick for. How proud the blue ocean down by the equator would be to welcome them back and hear all their adventures! And how glad they would be to throw off all their white wool and become again just little, gentle, soft, gliding drops of water that could slip along and dance with the wind and waves so much more easily than they had moved when shut up in the cold glacier.

But again they were surprised. Suddenly, just before dinner was to be served to the passengers in the cabin, a steward came along with a heavy ax, and began separating the block into small pieces. They heard him say that the

little boys on board had begged the captain to give them ice-cream for dinner, and so he was cutting the ice to pack into the freezer that held a very nice custard which was to be frozen hard for the little boys' dessert. It was rather a trying thought that the ice had come all this distance and been united all these years, just at last to be cut up in little bits and mixed with some salt, and packed into a big bucket round a tin pail full of custard that was to be whirled round, and round, and round in it until they were all quite dizzy!

That is one of the queer things of life—that everything is always wishing it were something else. Here was this beautiful soft smooth custard longing to become a little yellow glacier, hard, and cold, and stiff; while the little bit of a glacier from the mountains was longing to melt into soft liquid drops again. And each had its wish, and, strange to say, helped the other to its wish just by having its own. The ice melted, and becoming colder still as it melted with the salt, turned the custard into a hard smooth block that was carried in to the captain's table and made the little boys smile with delight. Then suddenly the melted ice was all poured over the ship's side into the sea, and the little drops, dancing with joy to be at home again, went whirling along in the great ocean currents that carried them so much faster than the glacier could.

On, and on, and on they floated, till at last they did reach the blue tropic sea from which they had started. Oh, how happy they were to be there again! But how much there is in habit! They had supposed they would never care to wander away again, if once they found themselves back in the blue sea; but they had not been there long before they

felt again a wild desire for new and thrilling experiences, and felt sure they could never be contented just to be little blue drops forever.

So one day, when they saw another of those golden ladders of the sun reaching down into the sea, they began quietly climbing to the sky again.

And the other drops that were left in the ocean missed them, and said to one another, "Where are they gone?" And then again they said one to another, "They are dead; they have disappeared forever." But they were not dead; and they had not disappeared forever. Nothing ever dies; it is only changed. Do you remember a story of Hans Andersen's, about the little flax-flower that thought it was dying when it was only fading? The flax was made into beautiful linen, and when the linen was worn out and seemed to be only rags, the rags were made into paper, and the paper into a book that had beautiful stories in it; and when the book was worn out it was thrown among the rubbish and into the fire, and turned into flames and ashes. Then, indeed, it appeared to be dead; but it was not; it was only changed. People made potash out of the ashes, and many things were made with the potash, and all in time seemed themselves to perish, and yet never did; they were only changed.

And so the little blue drops that had disappeared had only disappeared; they were not lost or dead. Up in the sky they put on their dresses of gray gauze again, and again went sailing away in the wind currents of the sky, on the great white clouds. This time one of the gauzy drops floated on the clouds up to Greenland, and became part of a great glacier there, and, later still, part of a huge iceberg broken from the glacier, that came sailing down again

into the open sea. And this time it had the experience it had wanted; it met a great European steamer, crowded with passengers who were looking forward to a long and delightful vacation. But, alas! experience is not always what we think it is going to be, even if the very thing happens that we have wanted to happen. When the iceberg came quite near to the beautiful ship, alas! the faces on the deck, that ought to have been so happy, were white with fear. Fast as the steamer had been going, it could not now go fast enough to get out of the way of the iceberg; and although the iceberg had not meant to do the least harm to the beautiful ship, it was borne along by currents too deep and powerful to be turned aside or stopped. So before it realized the danger, there was a terrible crash as the iceberg met the ship, and the ship went down, down in wreck, with all on board!

Strange that an iceberg, only a mass of snowflakes, once so soft and yielding before they were massed together in this terrible group, could have the power to destroy so powerful a thing as a great steamer, fitted with machinery to carry her so fast against wind and wave and current, and yet not fast enough to escape the merely drifting mountain of snow and ice!

And another of the gauzy drops that became snowflakes a second time had flown north and west, and when it began falling from its cloud in the sky, it fell on a great glacier; but this time not a glacier among the icy mountains of the extreme north, but a steep inland glacier, in the very heart of a great forest, with snowy mountains towering indeed above it, but with lovely flowers growing at its very feet, and delicious verdure in the spicy woods around it.

Our snowflake this time melted in the sun and slipped

along the surface of the glacier, before others had fallen on it to drive it down into the depths; and because the green woods were so near, and because the air was so much sunnier and softer than it had been farther north in cold Alaska, it reached the edge of the glacier much sooner than it had before, and dropped gently down into the stream below.

It was a quiet little stream, moving softly on through the woods and among the flowers; but it reached the sea at last. All the brooks, all the streams, all the rivers reach the sea at last. Again it stayed in the sea a little while; but it never could long resist those tempting sunshine ladders that led up to the sky; and this time, when it had climbed, it floated southward on a great cloud, and at last it passed over a garden full of roses. The roses looked up so sweetly that the heart of the cloud melted at once, and all the little drops came hurrying down, without waiting for any sunshine ladder or ropes of mist, in a gentle rain of silvery showers. And our little drop fell right into the heart of a great crimson rose. There it was very happy; but it was not destined to stay as long in the rose as it had stayed in the glacier. When the shower was over, some one came out into the garden and gathered the rose, scattering to the ground again all the dewy drops that would fain have clung to the beautiful flower through every danger that might threaten it now that it had been gathered. But though it was with a sigh that our poor little drop fell to the earth again, it soon rejoiced to find that it had fallen just at the very roots of the bush that had borne the rose.

The straight, slender stem was another kind of ladder, or rather staircase, for the drop to climb. Up, up, it went, inside the slender stem, still in the dark, but always climbing

to the light, changing into delicate sap that slipped into the satin veins of the very rose-leaves of a bud just opening. It blossomed and bloomed, and was very, very happy in its soft pink resting-place, for a day. Then what became of it?

Ah! But it would make a very long story, indeed, if I were to try to tell every experience of even one little snow-flake or drop of dew. I only know this: new and strange things are certain to have happened to it in new and strange ways, but whatever happened it was never lost; it never died; it was only changed.

BARTOLOME'S VELVET HAT

KATHERINE D. CATHER

Black-eyed Bartolome Murillo was the happiest child in Seville. No more insults and times of disgrace for him, he thought; no more taunts from his playmates about being a baby because he wore the cap that was the headgear of very small Spanish children. He had a hat now, with a peaked crown and rolling brim, and because it was made of the finest velvet and trimmed with a silver band to match his suit, old Carmalita, who lived next door, said he looked like a young cavalier. It is a dreadful thing to be called a baby when one feels quite a big boy, and as the cap was responsible for the title it was little wonder he was glad to put it aside.

"You are big enough to stop wearing the *nino* cap," his mother said when she gave it to him as his birthday gift that morning. "You shall have a hat like a man."

And Bartolome was more glad than he had ever been, for as long as one wears *nino* clothes he is sure to be called a *nino* and he was tired of it.

He went out into the street to see if any of his playmates were about, but not one was in sight, for it was August, when the sun shines with burning heat in Southern Spain, and boys are fond of seeking the cool of the river. He wanted them to know that his cap belonged to the past, and that he could be called a baby no longer because of his clothes, so he started out to look for them.

The heat had driven most of the people into the houses, which made Bartolome sorry, for he was so proud of the new hat that he would have liked all the world to see. He was sure they would think it as lovely as he did, although that was a very great mistake, for at that time such headgear was quite in fashion in Spain, and created no more of a sensation than do Panamas to-day. But he was too young to realize it, and whenever he passed a lady in her carriage, or a gaudily skirted market-girl with a red rose glowing in her shining black hair, he saluted with the air of a grandee. He did not see his friends, although he went far down the street, past gardens sweet with the breath of oleanders, and beyond the cathedral and the Giralda that rises like a fairy tower beside it, to the bridge that spans the Guadalquiver; for while he was rejoicing over his present, his friends had scattered about the city. So he turned back, reaching home first as his mother was ready to start to church.

"You stay here until I get back," she said as she adjusted her lace mantilla on her head and fastened it at the shoulders with golden clasps. "Your Aunt Eulalia may come at any time, and she must not be greeted by closed doors."

Bartolome had meant to get something to eat and go out into the street again, yet he did not mind much when told to stay at home. To have a wish come true as he had had that morning is enough to make the day bright, even if everything else does not come one's way. So putting the beloved hat on the table where he could see it, he began wondering what to do until his mother returned.

Just above him on the wall was a picture of a child and a lamb, which, ever since he could remember, had been in that place. It was faded and stained by time, for it had hung in his mother's girlhood home before being brought into his own, and was one of the treasured possessions of the house of Murillo. As he looked at the bare-headed lad and then at his birthday present, he thought he would like it better if the boy had a hat like his own.

"And I 'd rather play with a dog than a lamb," he thought. "I guess whoever painted that picture did n't know much about boys. I 'm going to fix it."

So taking a piece of charcoal, he climbed up on the table where he could reach the picture, and began marking around the child's sunny curls. Then he went to work on the lamb, and in a little while the meek-looking animal was changed into a curly tailed dog.

The cathedral bells pealed out the hour of noon, and mingling with them like golden-throated bird calls came the chimes from the Alcazar. But Bartolome did not hear. He was lost in his drawing, and when his mother opened the door he was still busily at work.

Maria Perez looked at him with horrified eyes, then at the picture that had altered so in her absence. Instead of the boy and the lamb she had known from childhood,

a lad in a cavalier's hat caressed a saucy-faced dog.

"Oh, Bartolome!" she exclaimed; "you have ruined it!"

But Bartolome turned in surprise. He was conscious of having done no harm.

"I am sure the boy will be happier now," he said, "because he has a hat and a dog."

But Maria Perez shook her head and seemed very unhappy, and when his father came home and found what he had done, he was locked up in the cellar. So instead of going out where the boys could see his new hat, and greeting his Aunt Eulalia when she arrived, he had to stay in darkness and disgrace.

Evening brought the Padre Pedro, the wisest man in all Seville, and the good friend and adviser of the family. He was surprised at not seeing Bartolome, for the boy loved him and often ran to meet him, and when told that he had been so bad they had to lock him up, he could hardly believe it. Black-eyed Bartolome, who was usually so good! It did not seem possible that he should need punishing so severely, and the old man wanted to know about it.

"Oh, good padre!" Maria Perez said with tears in her eyes; "he has ruined my 'Boy and the Lamb,' marked it all over with charcoal."

Padre Pedro lifted his brows in surprise. That was indeed a very serious offense.

"Marked it over with charcoal," he repeated. "I did not think Bartolome would do anything like that!"

They took him in to see, but when he stood in front of the picture a look came into his face that was very tender.

"The blessed boy!" he exclaimed. "He was so happy over

his own hat that he wanted the child to have one like it. I thought he had scratched and defaced it. But he meant no harm, I am sure. Call him and let us see."

So Bartolome was brought from his place of prison to tell his story to the padre, and as he came he wondered if he too would say he had been very wicked.

"Why did you do it?" the old man asked.

"I wanted the boy to have a hat like mine," came the earnest reply. "And I was sure he 'd like a dog better than a sheep, so I changed that too. I did n't mean to be bad, Padre Pedro. Truly I did n't."

"I know it," said the padre kindly. "And your father and mother know too."

Bartolome was not locked up again that evening, but stayed in the room where they planned about finding him a drawing master.

"A boy who can draw like that must have a teacher."

And because it was Padre Pedro who said it, and he was so very wise, his father and mother and aunt thought so too.

"We can place him with my uncle, Juan de Castillo," said Maria Perez, "for no one in Seville can teach better than he."

So Bartolome Murillo began to study art, and while he was still a boy painted two pictures that people said proved he would be great. His parents no longer grieved because he had tampered with the family picture, for Padre Pedro declared he would be glad to have it in his study. So there it hung for many years, even after the old priest was gone, and the figures were no longer clear, so that it looked just like a spotted piece of paper. And Murillo's paintings still hang in the world's great galleries, and the years have not faded them any more than they have dimmed the glory of his

name. To this day it is the pride of Spain, and the people of Seville love to talk of his childhood there, and of the time when he was a pupil of Castillo, who, although he was considered a very wonderful painter in those days, is remembered now chiefly because he was the teacher of Murillo.

If you are ever in Spain, go to the old town in the South that is still rich in memories of the Moor. And perhaps, some evening when the brilliant southern sunset touches the stucco houses with rainbow tints, and great folk in the balconies sit listening to guitars in the street below tinkling a sweet accompaniment to feet flying in a fandango, if you love the place well enough to try to make friends with its sunny-hearted people, some stately old cavalier or soft-voiced dame may tell you, as only they of Seville can tell it, the story of Bartolome's Velvet Hat.

NOTES

Bartolome Murillo (Bar'to'lo'mȧ' Muril'lo) was born at Seville, Spain, in 1618, and died in 1682 in the same city. He was a great artist, and his wonderful paintings may still be seen in the finest art galleries of the world.

Seville (Sev' il), a famous city of Spain. It is almost circular in shape, and is surrounded by Moorish walls with towers and many gates.

Nino cap—baby cap.

The cathedral, mentioned in the story, is one of the largest and finest in Spain.

The Giraldo is a tower attached to this cathedral, and is one of the most remarkable towers in the world. Giraldo means a weather-cock in the form of a statue. This tower is 350 ft. high, and was built by the Moors in 1196.

The Guadalquiver is a river in Spain. The city of Seville stands upon the left bank of this river.

The Alcazar' (Al-Kasr, house of Cæsar) is the royal residence.

Maria Perez was the mother of Bartolome.

Padre (pä-drā means father.

Juan de castillo (Hoo-än-dā′ Käs-teel′-yo) was an uncle of Maria Perez. He was a great painter, so Bartolome was placed with him to study painting.

Fandango, a Spanish dance.

Cavalier, a knight, or a gay, sprightly, gallant man.

THE SHOOTING MATCH AT NOTTINGHAM TOWN

The good Sheriff of Nottingham was sorely troubled. The bold and sturdy Robin Hood had killed the King's deer, robbed the monks, plundered the bishop, and from his haunts in the heart of Sherwood Forest had defied all efforts to arrest him.

"I doubt not he would rob even me if he got the chance," said the Sheriff to his wife. "I must devise some cunning scheme to trap him; for I fear the King will think I am not trying to catch him. If I could but persuade him to enter Nottingham Town, where I could lay hand upon him, by my faith, I promise he would never get away again."

"I have an idea," said his wife. "Who are the best archers in all the North Countree?"

"Why Robin Hood and his hardy band, to be sure," answered the Sheriff.

"Does not Robin pride himself mightily on his skill with the bow?"

"Ay! in truth and well may he," quoth the Sheriff. "But what matters all of this?"

"Hark ye!" continued the wife. "Send criers throughout the length and breadth of the land. Proclaim a great shooting-match on Nottingham green. Offer a golden arrow or a silver bow as a prize and Robin Hood will be among the

contenders. Thou can 'st wager all that thou hast upon that."

On that very day criers went forth east and west, north and south, up hill and down dale, through hamlet and country-side crying, "O Hear ye! O Hear ye! The Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham proclaims a great shooting-match on Nottingham green, on mid-summer day, in the afternoon. Come all ye who wield the long bow! An arrow of pure beaten gold with shaft of silver shall be the prize! Oh Hear ye! O Hear ye!"

Soon the Sheriff's proclamation reached Robin Hood in the depth of Sherwood Forest. "Make ready, my merry men," bade he. "We 'll take our bows and shafts and off to Nottingham Town. I fain would contend for the prize which our sweet friend, the Sheriff, hath offered for us. If I should win the golden arrow with shaft of silver, we will hang it on the branches of our greenwood tree for the joy of all our band. What say you my merry men?" All approved with loud acclaim. Forth went the band from the greenwood, but not one man was dressed in Lincoln Green. Some wore red, some white, some blue. Some were clothed as monks, some as rustic peasants, some as tinkers, some as beggars, but each carried under his garments a good strong bow or a trusty broadsword.

On the day of the great shooting-match, Nottingham Town was most fair to see. Upon the green near the town were erected rows upon rows of benches forming a great arena. Here the contest was to take place. Early in the day towns-people and country people, knights and ladies, rich burghers and poor peasants thronged the seats all eager for the match to begin. On a gaily bedecked seat near the target sat the Lord High Sheriff of Nottingham and his worthy dame.

At the opposite end of the range stood the tent of the contenders, from the pole of which fluttered flags and pennants of many colors.

Now the contest was about to begin. All was quiet when a herald stepped forth and in loud voice proclaimed the rules of the contest. Each man must shoot a distance of seven-score yards and ten from the target. Each man must first shoot one arrow. From all the archers the ten who shot the fairest shafts were to be chosen to shoot again. Three arrows must be shot by each man of this ten. Then would the three that shot the fairest shafts be chosen to shoot again. Three arrows must be shot by each man of the three and to him who shot the fairest shaft should the prize be given.

The herald blew a mighty blast on his trumpet, the archers filed forth from their tent and the contest was on.

The Sheriff of Nottingham arose from his seat, leaned forward and eyed each one keenly as he drew his bow. Disappointment shone in the Sheriff's face for he saw no one clad in Lincoln Green. "Nevertheless," said the Sheriff, "he may be here. When the ten men come to shoot I wager he will be among them."

As each man shot in turn the good people vowed they had never seen such fine shooting before. So accurate was the aim that it was most difficult to select the ten best marksmen.

And now of all who shot but ten remained, and of these ten, eight were famous archers, well known to those assembled here. Of the other two, one was a tall stranger in blue, who said he came from London Town, and the other a tattered stranger in scarlet, who wore a patch over one eye.

The Sheriff of Nottingham anxiously scanned each face,

then calling to his man-at-arms, who stood near, said, "Seest thou Robin Hood amongst those ten?"

"Nay, that I do not, my lord," answered the man. "Eight of these men I know right well. As for the man in blue, Robin's shoulders are, I swear, three inches broader than his. Robin has a beard as yellow as gold, while yon tattered beggar in scarlet with a patch over one eye, has a beard of brown. I fear that rogue Robin Hood is not among them."

"The knave is a coward, he dare not show his face among good men and true," quoth the Sheriff angrily.

The game went on, and now of all who had shot but three were left—Gilbert o' the Red Cap, Adam o' the Dell, and the stranger in red. Most marvelously did they shoot. Each seemed equal to the other, and the crowd was breathless with excitement. Now they were drawing their bows for the last shots.

"Now shoot well, Gilbert," cried the Sheriff. "Truly I will do my best," quoth Gilbert. "A man can do but his best, but that I will strive to do this day." As he spoke his arrow whistled through the air and pierced the target not a finger's breadth from the center.

"A Gilbert! A Gilbert!" shouted the crowd.

"Now, my faith," cried the Sheriff, "that is a shrewd shot." "Gilbert, I fain believe the prize is thine. Now ragged knave can 'st thou shoot a better shaft than that?"

As the stranger stepped forth, all was hushed. No one seemed to breathe, so great was the suppressed excitement. He drew his good bow quickly and quickly loosed the string. In the twinkling of an eye the arrow had pierced the very center of the target. The crowd stood dumb with amazement. All turned to Adam o' the Dell, who should speed the

final shaft. Adam shook his head, "I shoot no more to-day," said he. Then he unstrung his bow without another word. The sheriff came down from his lofty seat to where the archer in scarlet stood. "Here, good fellow," said he, "take thou the prize, and well and fairly hast thou won it. I trow thou drawest a better bow than that knave Robin Hood that dared not show his face here to-day."

That evening the Sheriff, angry and disappointed, sat at meat in the great hall of Nottingham Town. "By my troth," quoth he, "I did reckon that knave Robin Hood would be at the game to-day. I did not take him for such a coward." Even as he spoke something glided noiselessly through the open window and fell among the dishes upon the table. As soon as they recovered from their astonishment a man-at-arms picked up the object and laid it before the Sheriff. It was a gray goose quill arrow with a bit of paper attached to the head. As the Sheriff read the message upon the paper, the veins stood out on his forehead, his cheeks became ruddy with rage, and he smote the table with his fist until the dishes clattered right merrily. And this is what the message said: "This arrow is from Robin Hood, in return for the golden one that the Sheriff courteously bestowed upon him to-day."

Notes

Nottingham is an inland county of England, 50 miles in length, and about 20 miles in breadth.

Robin Hood was the hero of many traditionary stories. In these stories he is usually represented as an outlaw and a robber, but very gallant and generous.

Sherwood Forest, was a royal forest near Nottingham in England. It was one of the haunts of Robin Hood and his followers.

Fain, means gladly.

Lincoln Green. A kind of cloth, and the color of such cloth. It was formerly made at Lincoln, a city located in the east of England.

Knave. Deceitful fellow.

THE SANDPIPER

CELIA THAXTER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud, black and swift, across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry:
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong,

He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

NOTES

Sandpiper (Sănd′-pī-pĕr) is a popular name for several European Wading-birds. They are of the snipe family, and sometimes inhabit seashores and marine marshes.

What is driftwood?
Explain: "The wild waves reach their hands for it."
What does "The wild wind raves," mean?
Why are the clouds called "sullen"?
In what way are such clouds like "silent ghosts in misty shrouds"?
What is a "close-reefed vessel"?
What is meant by "the loosed storm"?
Explain: "though wroth the tempest rushes through the sky."

THE BLIND PRINCE[1]

JOHN LUTHER LONG

I

First you are to be told why and how he became a prince, for he was only a poor little boy living in a mean tenement.

The doctors said that he would always be blind and lame, and that he would probably not live beyond his tenth year; and if he were to live even so long as that, every heartbeat must be watched, almost every breath. Then, if he had no sorrows—not one, if his heart were kept full of joy, he would almost certainly live ten years.

His familiarity with things of a princely nature came first through his mother's reading to him; for it happened that those were the books he cared for most. She could not tell exactly when the idea that he himself was a prince first came to him. Once she tried to tell him, but she had not spoken five words when the terror in his eyes frightened her. Then she remembered the warnings of the doctors and resolved that he should be a prince, an emperor, if he wished, if it gave him pleasure.

Her room had only one window, and the shelter of that opened against another wall, so that it gave only an inch or two of daylight, and no sunlight. All day a lamp burned; all day she sewed. Now and then she would stop to fan the heated air out through the door and the window. Nothing was there which was not absolutely essential. A gray curtain closed the door to the other room. There, beyond the curtain, were beauty and joy. Here were sorrow and despair. So, her room was like a cell, his like the cabinet of a prince, and he like a prince. His room was of golden damask richly brocaded. The walls were pale yellow and rose, in the shadows dimly blending into warmth. There was a huge window which had been made splendid with paper imitations of painted glass in the tone of the room, and so skilfully had it all been done that it gave one entering the sense of great richness.

Facing the door was a bed of dainty white enamel, canopied, frilled, chiffoned, with all its belongings immaculate.

Enveloped in all this splendor of color was the occupant of the bed, a boy of nine years, but looking tragically older. He was sallow, hollow-cheeked, with elfin locks and eyes deep-set and leaden. Not a feature of him was tolerable. He was ugly.

She sewed in the outer room, and always listened. One day he called:

"Mama, are you there?"

His voice was a surprise; it was like the room, rich with color.

"Yes, sweetheart," answered his mother in tones which matched his own.

"Well, are n't you *ever* going to come to me?" he complained.

"Yes; but you must not shout so."

"*I* was n't angry, mama darling," said the boy sweetly. "That was just fun."

"Of course," said his mother.

She sat on the bedside, taking his hands.

"But I could n't help it, mama dear, it was *so* funny. It slipped right out."

He had brought his tones to quite the pleasant pitch of hers, and one understood now where he got them. He was laughing a little.

"*What* was it, dear? and *why* was it funny?"

"Why, everything you have read me about and told me about has been beautiful, gorgeous, splendid! Of course, I 'm glad; but, mama dear, there must be something dreadful —ugly?"

There was a tremor in the mother's voice as presently, after thinking, she answered:

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, must n't there be something ugly to make the rest seem beautiful? How can you tell? See, I have been thinking."

"No, sweetheart, the world is all beautiful The splendid things need nothing to compare them with to tell us who see that they *are* splendid. That is a mistake. You must not think mistakes. The sun does not need the darkness to make it seem splendid. It is splendid in the full light of day."

The boy nestled to her with a caresss. She flung up her arms as she did sometimes and a great weariness showed in her eyes.

"But, mama, that wasn't the only funny thing," the little boy went on gaily. "See *how* I have just been thinking! You have told me about everything in the world but *myself!* And I never thought of it before; and of course you did n't. Now, is n't that funnier still? Tell me now, mama—right now!" the mother took him into her arms, but could not speak.

"Mama," he whispered, "can it be that you are—*afraid*—to tell me? Am *I* ugly?"

"No!" She cried. Then she was able to laugh a little. "I suppose that is why I never thought of it—because you are so much a part of all that is beautiful in the world."

The boy smiled upon her as if she had given him back life. He believed instantly.

"Oh, mama, *is* it true? *Am* I beautiful like all the rest? For a moment I was afraid. Something stopped down here." He put his hand to his heart. "Do you know what I thought when the thing within stopped?"

"No," she answered.

"That if I were ugly, like death, I should never wish to see."

"No," she said soothingly; "nor—nor should I wish it."

II

One night, under the glare of electric lights, by the side of a river, Jack heard his first orchestral music. And that night something he had never known woke within him and throbbed and burst. And that night he, indeed, saw the music.

The great orchestra was playing when Jack gasped sobbingly and put his hands up to his eyes. His mother saw it. But he put his head under her arm, not like a prince, but like a simple little boy. She put her arm tenderly about his shoulders. He was very quiet and pale. He faced straight ahead, with his lids closed as if in obedience to some resolution within, until she was not looking. Then he looked into her face, just once, for a long instant, and when she remembered him his head went again safely under her arm. He tried to get closer to her. She helped him.

And all the evening, when the melody would win her for a space, he would look up at her.

Once she saw, suddenly, and covered his eyes with a loving hand.

"Don't, darling," she whispered. "You might strain them. And you must not do that. Perhaps the huge lights are not good for them. You must not try. It will come of itself. But you must be patient."

"Yes, mama," said Jack, so softly that she wondered.

They went every day after that. But Jack's eyes were always straight ahead, and always his head was tucked under her arm. There was now and then a flash of terror in the

eyes. After that, they would close for long whiles. Then, if she looked at him or spoke to him, they would open with the new smile in them—the smile of a prince.

But he looked straight ahead. And when she would ask him if he were ill he would answer with his man's smile:

"Ill, mama dear, when I am seeing the music?" But day by day he grew more tired. So that one day he said:

"Mama, I am tired to-day before we start. Let us not go out, but stay at home all the whole, long day. And you will talk to me, and sing, very softly, and I shall do nothing but listen."

In the morning Jack was strangely ill. The cabman brought a doctor. The mother held him on the stairs afterward.

"I don't know," he said. "I 'm puzzled. What has happened to him?"

"Nothing," answered the mother.

"No shock? No heart-breaking disappointment?"

"Heart-breaking?"

"A child's heart can be broken."

"But he! He has been absolutely happy. He has never shed a tear. Every wish he has ever had has been gratified. He has never heard an unkind word. I told you that he was born blind and crippled."

"Then," said the doctor, "we must be on guard constantly. If he should regain his sight suddenly it would be difficult for him to understand things."

Again, on the dingy stairs—it was a month later—she looked into the kind doctor's eyes.

"Perhaps—to-night," he said.

She went back to the immaculate bed. She put her arms close about Jack, and he put his about her. They looked into

each other's eyes. There were no tears. Jack put his arms about her.

"Don't cry, mama dear; *I* am brave." Then she understood. And he saw that she knew.

For a minute—two, five, ten—neither spoke. Then it was Jack.

"Yes," he whispered, very happy: " and you will forgive me, will you not? I did not mean to let you know. I thought it would hurt you. I thought a prince would do that—*not* let you know—*not* hurt you. And I wanted to be *your* prince—always—always—for ever and ever!

"You *are* my prince!" she said.

"Mama dear, I have not been blind since I saw the music. It is sixty-seven days. I have seen the music ever since. And, mama dear,—this I do not like to tell,—I looked in the wonderful mirror. I got out of bed—and—I—*saw* myself. But first of all, mama—mama, my darling, I saw *you!* It was the night of the music. And all the sixty-seven days—I have seen—you. And mama—I *had* to go away—I could never be beautiful—but—*I* wanted to go away like a prince. And, mama, there is only one thing as beautiful as you said, and that is you."

[1] From "The Prince of Illusion," published by the Century Co.

THE AMBULANCE-GIRL

A STORY OF THE FRENCH FRONT

GRACE E. CRAIG

"I want so much—oh, so much—to do something for France!"

"But, *ma chère,*" and the dainty little old lady tripping

along the Avenue de l'Opéra by Esther Alden's side slipped a comforting hand through the young girl's arm, "you are knitting constantly for the soldiers. Have you not just completed your twenty-seventh pair of socks?"

"I know, Madame Forestier," and Esther's pretty face was serious, "but that is nothing. People at home in New York can knit. We Americans who are here in France should do more than that toward paying the debt we owe the French people. Think of all they did for us at the time of our Revolution! Why, we might never have had our dear, beautiful America but for them!"

"Madame Alden is most devotedly serving my country," the little French lady said softly, "and Monsieur Alden, also."

"Yes, Mother is doing her share nursing in the hospital, and Brother Leslie is making a splendid record driving his ambulance; but," and Esther sighed, "there seems to be no work—no work at all—for a girl to do."

"Certainly, a young lady of sixteen cannot nurse, neither can she drive an ambulance," Madame Forestier assented.

"Oh! I *can* do either as well as Mother or Leslie," Esther asserted; "but, of course, I 'm not allowed. And, Madame, it makes me just crazy to sit comfortably at home in our apartment and feel I am absolutely useless."

"Perhaps, *ma petite,* your chance may come," Madame encouraged her; "and in the meantime you are a great comfort to an old woman. It is your cheeriness which has helped me to endure the days since my brave sons went to the front. I consider it a most fortunate thing that your dear mother asked me to bear you company during her hours at the hospital."

Esther smiled tenderly down into the bright black eyes of her old friend.

"Thank you for saying that, dear Madame," she said. "I really feel a little less good-for-nothing now."

The sunshine was falling brightly upon Paris on this May morning, and the shops and hotels along the avenue, which had been closed during the first dreadful weeks of the war when the German legions were almost at the gates of the city, were now open, but the thoroughfare still lacked much of the light and life of former springtimes. The throngs of American tourists, the gay, red-trousered soldiers of France and their bright-eyed sweethearts, the excited, fashionably attired devotees of the races, all had vanished. To-day only very businesslike pedestrians passed to and fro. There was little loitering and no laughter.

Esther and Madame crossed the wide Place de l'Opéra with slight difficulty, the multitude of taxicabs and private motors which in peace times had made the passage of Paris squares perilous having been reduced by half, strolled around the imposing Opera House, and entered the door of a bank where it was the young American girl's duty to call fortnightly for funds forwarded to her mother from her lawyer in New York.

On the death of her husband, five years before, Mrs. Alden had come to Europe with her two children. In Paris she found old friends, and what had been intended for a brief summer sojourn had lengthened into a long foreign residence. All the members of the little family had become so warmly attached to the pleasant land of France and its sunny-hearted people than on the outbreak of war they promptly decided to stand by the country in her time of dire need and defer their

return to America. Mrs. Alden, calm and capable, at once offered her means and her services to one of the American hospitals, and sturdy, twenty-year-old Leslie was one of the first volunteers for the American Ambulance Field Service. Esther readily agreed to take charge of the apartment and the servants, with the help of their neighbor, the little madame, and she was really very proud of her newly acquired housekeeping ability; but there were days when she grew a bit restive, days when her quiet, every-day tasks seemed small compared with the great things being done all about her and when she longed with all the ardor of eager youth to do some great service for the brave nation which she had come to love.

She stood rather listlessly before the window as the banker counted out her gold and silver, but her blue eyes sparkled with pleasure and her dimples came into play when the old man, after handing her the money, said kindly, "I have noted the name of Monsieur Alden, the brother of mademoiselle, among those of the American ambulance-drivers who have recently distinguished themselves by courageous conduct under fire."

Esther gloried in big, broad-shouldered Leslie, who had put aside a strong desire to return to America in time to enter the present junior class at Harvard to go down into the fiery valleys of the Marne and the Aisne with his little car and who was now in the very thick of the fighting. To hear him praised was a joy, and, after a little chat with the old banker, she followed Madame out into the sunny street with a lighter heart. It was, after all, something to be the sister of such a brave, splendid brother.

She was talking to her companion in her own bright fashion when the two reached the Alden apartment, but on the thresh-

old of the cozy library the laughter suddenly died upon her lips. Her mother, in her white nursing uniform, was standing in the middle of the room, looking pale and agitated.

"Mummy!" Esther found her voice with difficulty. "Oh, Mummy! What has brought you home from the hospital at this hour? It 's—it 's not—Leslie?"

"No, no, dearest child!" and Mrs. Alden came quickly forward and put comforting arms about her daughter. "Not Leslie, but Leslie's chum, Donald Hilliard. The poor boy was seriously injured yesterday when going out with his car for some wounded soldiers. On hearing the news, I immediately asked permission to go to him, and the Paris office of the field service has kindly arranged to send me by motor. I am advised to wear my uniform, as a nurse may pass where others may not, and I must be ready to start at eleven o'clock."

Esther's eyes were wide with alarm.

"Mother!" she cried. "You 're not going to leave me behind?"

"I am afraid I must, Essie," and Mrs. Alden brushed back the bright curls from the troubled girlish face. "Madame will remain with you, and it is only for a few days, you know. You 'll not be very lonely, dear."

"It 's not that, Mummy darling," Esther declared. "It 's *you*. I can't let you go out there alone. I must go to take care of you."

Mrs. Alden considered.

"Of course, I should love to have you with me, Daughter," she said. "I will call the field service headquarters on the telephone and ask if you may be of the party. It can do no harm to make the request, though we must not count on its being granted."

But Mrs. Alden had served her hospital faithfully for many weary months, and grateful friends, both American and French, were glad of an opportunity to do her a slight favor. In ten minutes Esther heard with joy that she was to be permitted to accompany her mother to the front, and in an hour the travelers kissed Madame Forestier farewell, and, wrapped in warm motor-coats, took their places in the tonneau of a large touring-car.

It was almost impossible to realize that the pleasant country through which the automobile was presently speeding had less than two years before been the scene of the terrible battle of the Marne, so quiet it seemed to-day, so smilingly peaceful, and the town of Èpernay, for a brief time occupied by the Germans, was quite uninjured. But farther on ruined farmsteads and half-demolished villages bore silent witness to the recent passing of the flaming wave of war.

It was past midnight when the dim lights of the little town which was their destination finally came in sight, and on reaching a cheerful inn fronting the main street Esther was glad to follow her mother upstairs to a quaint room under the sloping eaves.

After the long hours in the open air she slept soundly; and when she awakened, the morning sun was streaming in through the diamond-paned windows and her mother was standing, fully dressed, beside her bed. From the soft brown eyes looking down upon her the anxiety had vanished.

Esther sat up quickly.

"Mother dear, you 've good news!" she cried. "I can see it in your face."

"Yes, the very best of news," her mother answered cheerily.

"Don's wounds have turned out to be much less severe than was at first thought."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" Esther rejoiced. "Have you seen him, Mummy? And dear old Les?"

"While you were sleeping, little lazy-bones," and Mrs. Alden smiled mischievously, "I motored several miles to the hospital and paid Don a call. He is resting comfortably and will recover rapidly. I shall send a reassuring cable to his people in New York as soon as possible. Leslie we cannot see to-day. He is on duty in another town, and will not return to headquarters before evening. But," as Esther's face fell, "our permit allows us to remain here until to-morrow, so we shall not miss him."

"I simply could n't have borne that!" Esther declared.

"He will dine with us here at the inn," Mrs. Alden assured her, "and then we can have a long, delightful evening together. But now you must dress, Essie. The French colonel in command has invited us to visit the town and a neighboring Red Cross Post, and a member of his staff will call for us in an hour. The trip will be a most interesting one, and will serve to pass the time until we can meet Leslie."

Esther's blue eyes grew wide with interest as they motored slowly through the débris-strewn streets of the recently bombarded village, and she kissed her hand to the villa, on the outskirts of the town, which the young officer who accompanied them told her was the home of the section of the American Ambulance Field Service station here. Seeing the house which had sheltered her brother for so long made her feel that they were really very near him at last.

A short distance from the post, which was the final object

of the excursion, they left the automobile and entered a network of shallow excavations.

"On the road beyond this point there is always danger from German bullets," their guide explained. "These trenches conceal us from the enemy and make a safe approach to the post."

And Esther, following as he walked swiftly with bent head, thrilled with excitement. This was truly getting very close to war.

At the little emergency-station everything was bare, but scrupulously clean. Medicines and dressings were carefully arranged in a small cupboard, and cots were ready for the wounded soldiers who might be brought in at any moment from the first-line trenches. Here such unfortunates received first aid, and were then hurried on by ambulance to hospitals in the rear.

Only a French surgeon, a young American ambulance-driver, and an orderly were at the post, but from these the Red Cross nurse and her daughter received a warm welcome.

"We are not often so idle," the surgeon said, as he displayed the resources of the place, "but the Boches have been very quiet about here for the past few days."

"Is it not difficult at such times to remember that they are such near neighbors?" Mrs. Alden asked.

"Oh, they're likely to remind us of their presence almost any time!" young Harold Lee, the American driver, grinned. "I say, there they go now!"

A strange, wild shriek sounded on the air. It came nearer and nearer, growing constantly louder and more hideous, and culminating in terrific detonation which shook the little building to its foundations. The occupants of the tiny room stared at each other.

"These trenches conceal us from the enemy," the guide explained

Then, "A German shell," the French officer stated calmly.

"We must get away at once," Mrs. Alden said, rising.

"Impossible, Madame!" the officer answered quickly. "Another shell will arrive immediately. You are quite safe here, for a hill protects us, but a few steps in either direction—ah!" and he spread out his palms meaningly.

"But the trenches," Mrs. Alden insisted, "through which we came—"

"Little protection from shell-fire," young Lee put in.

"It may be only a brief bombardment," the surgeon sought to cheer her; "and if you wait here, Madame, you will be perfectly secure."

But hour after hour went by and the shells still screamed overhead. Batteries of French guns, hidden in the near-by woods, responded vigorously, adding their voices to the frightful tumult. The officer made two or three valiant attempts to divert his guests, but his words were lost in the din, and the little party lapsed into silence.

Esther sat quietly beside her mother upon a packing-case. She had no fear for herself, but when she thought of Leslie, out somewhere on the shell-swept roads in his little car, she could not help drawing her breath quickly. So *this* was what he was obliged to pass through on his errands of mercy!

Suddenly the door, which the officer had carefully closed, was pushed open and two men came stumbling in. Between them they bore a stretcher, upon which lay a huddled mass which Esther presently realized was a wounded man.

"Ah! I thought we should have something to do if the bombardment continued," the surgeon said, rising briskly and bending over the prostrate form.

Mrs. Alden also rose and, throwing off her coat, joined the doctor.

"May I help?" she asked gently.

Esther was very proud of her mother as she watched her moving deftly about in her snowy gown, and she longed to join her in her ministrations to the poor hurt creature in the uniform of a soldier of France, but to her intense disgust she suddenly found herself strangely ill. The odor of disinfectants choked her, and she turned and fled to the door. And only yesterday she had boasted to Madame that she could nurse as well as Mother!

She was still standing, half dazed, in the doorway when the peasants again took up the stretcher and bore it out to the waiting ambulance. She caught a glimpse of the white face of its occupant, a mere lad, heard young Lee say to the surgeon: "Yes, sir, I understand it 's important. I 'll get him to the hospital in an hour," and saw him dash down the steps and bend to crank his car. And then suddenly he was standing before her, holding his right wrist in his left hand.

"Please call the surgeon," he said, a little breathlessly. "Guess he 'll have to patch me up a bit before I can start. I 've been stupid enough to hurt myself rather badly," and he sank down, half fainting, at her feet.

The surgeon was quickly on the spot.

"A broken wrist," was his prompt verdict. "You cannot drive the car to-night, my boy."

"But I must," Lee cried, making an effort to rise. "You said yourself it was a rush case, and Fairbanks won't be here for another hour. He telephoned just before the shelling began that he had engine trouble and would have to stop for repairs. The lieutenant is n't allowed to go. There 's no

one but me to do the trick. Patch me up and let me go!"

"I honor your courage, sir," the little doctor said kindly, "but the thing is impossible. No man in your condition could guide a car."

"But the *poilu*—"

The surgeon turned away sadly.

"He must take his chance, poor lad!" he sighed. "It is the fortune of war."

Esther left the door, ran down the steps, and stood before the surgeon. Her eyes were like stars, her cheeks brilliant.

"I know all about Ford cars," she announced. "I 've often driven one. I will take the man to the hospital."

The surgeon stared.

"You, Mademoiselle!" he cried.

"The road is dangerous," the young officer declared; "exposed to shell-fire for a good portion of the way."

"And a young lady—" the surgeon began.

Esther's blue eyes met her mother's brown ones, and what she saw there made her lift her head confidently.

"I 'm not afraid," she insisted; "and if I wear Mr. Lee's coat and cap no one will know I 'm a girl. Oh, please let me go! Your man will die! Mother dear, tell them I can do it!"

Esther never knew just what happened during the next few minutes. She felt her mother's kisses on her cheek, heard the French officer's excited regrets that his orders prevented his accompanying her and Lee's cool directions as to the road she must follow, and then she was in the driver's seat, steadily guiding the ambulance down the narrow lane which led away from the low building under the hill.

The sun had set, but the afterglow and a young moon made the May evening bright. She could see the main road stretch-

ing whitely before her to the poplar-bordered river Moselle, beyond which lay the village. The engine was running smoothly, and for the time her task seemed easy.

The big car in which they had come out from town still stood where they had left it for their walk to the post. The chauffeur, frightened by the bombardment, had deserted it and fled. Esther drew a relieved breath as she passed it. At least she was now out of range of rifle-fire from the German trenches. There were only shells to fear at this distance, and one had not arrived for some time. Perhaps there would be no more.

But vain hope! The now well-known shriek sounded in her ears, and in a moment a huge shell whistled directly over her head. For an instant it seemed to the young driver that she *must* stop the engine, get out of the car, and take refuge behind the stone wall on the right of the road. It was too terrible here, in this bare, exposed spot. Then she glanced over her shoulder at the silent form in the back of the ambulance and shook herself angrily. What would Leslie say, Leslie who faced this sort of thing daily, if he knew that she had even for a moment contemplated deserting such a passenger? With set teeth she increased her speed and flew on down the road.

Shell after shell passed over her head, and at one point she was obliged to slow down and drive the ambulance very carefully around a vast, smoking crater where one of the great bombs had just burrowed into the road-bed, but at last she crossed the bridge over the Moselle, threaded the unlighted, ruined streets of the village, and rolled up to the door of the hospital on the farther side of the town. Another ambulance

had just come in, and there beside it, looking very brave and handsome in his khaki, stood—Leslie!

The bombardment ended as abruptly as it had begun, and Mrs. Alden was soon able to follow her daughter to safety. The little family of three spent a happy evening together in the inn at Dieulouard, but the proudest and happiest moment Esther had ever known came the next morning when she had taken her place beside her mother in the big car which was to hurry them back to Paris.

Leslie, standing on the running-board, looked at her affectionately.

"I 'm very proud of you, little sister," he said. "I always knew you were plucky, but what you did yesterday was more than that."

"Oh, no!" Esther demurred. "I 'm not plucky at all, Les. I was sick when they were dressing my soldier's wounds, and I was scared to death out on that dreadful road."

"But you kept on just the same," Leslie said, "and that's where the courage came in. You saved that poor chap's life by getting him to the hospital so promptly. I 've just seen him and he is quite conscious and sends you his thanks. And the fellows of the corps thank you, too."

The young men of the field service were gathered at the door of the inn. Mrs. Alden bowed smilingly to those she knew, but Esther looked shyly away.

"I did n't think anybody knew," she faltered. "I did n't intend they should. I just wanted to help—to do my part for France."

"Well, you surely did it, Sis," Leslie asserted, "and for the

ambulance corps, too. We never like to slip up on a job, you know, and but for you that car would have left the post several hours too late. All the fellows are more than grateful to you, and they unanimously elected you an honorary member of Section Ten, American Ambulance Field Service."

As the automobile began to move, Leslie jumped down and stood among his mates.

The leader of the group lifted his hand, and a chorus of rousing American cheers followed the big car as it rolled away.

NOTES

Ma chère is French and means, my dear.

Madame (mä-däm) is a French word meaning my lady.

Monsieur (mo-seer′, or mōs-yûr′) is a French word meaning sir, or mister.

Ma petite is French, meaning my little. As used in the story it would mean, my little one.

Mademoiselle (măd-mwa-zĕl′). A French word meaning my young lady. It is used especially in addressing a miss or a girl.

Marne (Märn).

Aisne (Ān).

Épernay (Ā′pĕr nā′).

Débris-strewn (dā-bree′) means, rubbish-strewn, such as resulted from the destruction of the village; remains; ruins.

Corps (kōrz) An organized part or division of an army.

JATAKA TALES

ELLEN C. BABBETT

The Jatakas, or Birth-stories, form one of the sacred books of the Buddhists and relate to the adventures of the Buddha in his former

existences, the best character in any story being identified with the Master.

Quaint humor and gentle earnestness distinguish these legends. They teach many wholesome lessons, among them the duty of kindness to animals.

They contain deep truths, and are calculated to impress lessons of great moral beauty.

FELIX ADLER

I. The Merchant of Seri

There was once a merchant of Seri who sold brass and tinware. He went from town to town, in company with another man, who also sold brass and tinware. This second man was greedy, getting all he could for nothing, and giving as little as he could for what he bought.

When they went into a town, they divided the streets between them. Each man went up and down the streets he had chosen, calling, "Tinware for sale. Brass for sale." People came out to their door-steps, and bought, or traded, with them.

In one house there lived a poor old woman and her granddaughter. The family had once been rich, but now the only thing they had left of all their riches was a golden bowl. The grandmother did not know it was a golden bowl, but she had kept this because her husband used to eat out of it in the old days. It stood on a shelf among the other pots and pans, and was not often used.

The greedy merchant passed this house, calling, "Buy my water-jars! Buy my pans!" The granddaughter said: "Oh, Grandmother, do buy something for me!"

"My dear," said the old woman, "we are too poor to buy anything. I have not anything to trade, even."

"Grandmother, see what the merchant will give for the old bowl. We do not use that, and perhaps he will take it and give us something we want for it."

The old woman called the merchant and showed him the bowl, saying, "Will you take this, sir, and give the little girl here something for it?"

The greedy man took the bowl and scratched its side with a needle. Thus he found that it was a golden bowl. He hoped he could get it for nothing, so he said: "What is this worth? Not even a halfpenny." He threw the bowl on the ground, and went away.

By and by the other merchant passed the house. For it was agreed that either merchant might go through any street which the other had left. He called: "Buy my water-jars! Buy my tinware! Buy my brass!"

The little girl heard him, and begged her grandmother to see what he would give for the bowl.

"My child," said the grandmother, "the merchant who was just here threw the bowl on the ground and went away. I have nothing else to offer in trade."

"But, Grandmother," said the girl, "that was a cross man. This one looks pleasant. Ask him. Perhaps he 'll give some little tin dish."

"Call him, then, and show it to him," said the old woman.

As soon as the merchant took the bowl in his hands, he knew it was of gold. He said: "All that I have here is not worth so much as this bowl. It is a golden bowl. I am not rich enough to buy it."

"But, sir, a merchant who passed here a few moments ago, threw it on the ground, saying it was not worth a halfpenny,

and he went away," said the grandmother. "It was worth nothing to him. If you value it, take it, giving the little girl some dish she likes for it."

But the merchant would not have it so. He gave the woman all the money he had, and all his wares. "Give me but eight pennies," he said.

So he took the pennies, and left. Going quickly to the river, he paid the boatman the eight pennies to take him across the river.

Soon the greedy merchant went back to the house where he had seen the golden bowl, and said: "Bring that bowl to me, and I will give you something for it."

"No," said the grandmother. "You said the bowl was worthless, but another merchant has paid a great price for it, and taken it away."

Then the greedy merchant was angry, crying out, "Through this other man I have lost a small fortune. That bowl was of gold."

He ran down to the riverside, and, seeing the other merchant in the boat out in the river, he called: "Hallo, Boatman! Stop your boat!"

But the man in the boat said: "Don't stop!" So he reached the city on the other side of the river, and lived well for a time on the money the bowl brought him.

II. The Banyan Deer

There was once a Deer the color of gold. His eyes were like round jewels, his horns were white as silver, his mouth was red like a flower, his hoofs were bright and hard. He had a large body and a fine tail.

He lived in a forest and was king of a herd of five hundred Banyan Deer. Near by lived another herd of Deer, called the Monkey Deer. They, too, had a king.

The king of that country was fond of hunting the Deer and eating deer meat. He did not like to go alone so he called the people of his town to go with him, day after day.

The townspeople did not like this, for while they were gone no one did their work. So they decided to make a park and drive the Deer into it. Then the king could go into the park and hunt and they could go on with their daily work.

They made a park, planted grass in it and provided water for the Deer, built a fence all around it and drove the Deer into it.

Then they shut the gate and went to the king to tell him that in the park near by he could find all the Deer he wanted.

The king went at once to look at the Deer. First he saw there the two Deer kings, and granted them their lives. Then he looked at their great herds.

Some days the king would go to hunt the Deer, sometimes his cook would go. As soon as any of the Deer saw them they would shake with fear and run. But when they had been hit once or twice they would drop down dead.

The King of the Banyan Deer sent for the King of the Monkey Deer and said, "Friend, many of the Deer are being killed. Many are wounded besides those who are killed. After this suppose one from my herd goes up to be killed one day, and the next day let one from your herd go up. Fewer Deer will be lost this way."

The Monkey Deer agreed. Each day the Deer whose turn it was would go and lie down, placing its head on the block.

The cook would come and carry off the one he found lying there.

One day the lot fell to a mother Deer who had a young baby. She went to her king and said, "O King of the Monkey Deer, let the turn pass me by until my baby is old enough to get along without me. Then I will go and put my head on the block."

But the king did not help her. He told her that if the lot had fallen to her she must die.

Then she went to the King of the Banyan Deer and asked him to save her.

"Go back to your herd. I will go in your place," said he.

The next day the cook found the King of the Banyan Deer lying with his head on the block. The cook went to the king, who came himself to find out about this.

"King of the Banyan Deer! did I not grant you your life? Why are you lying here?"

"O great King!" said the King of the Banyan Deer, "a mother came with her young baby and told me that the lot had fallen to her. I could not ask any one else to take her place, so I came myself."

"King of the Banyan Deer! I never saw such kindness and mercy. Rise up. I grant your life and hers. Nor will I hunt any more the Deer in either park or forest."

III. The Wise and the Foolish Merchant

Once upon a time in a certain country a thrifty merchant visited a great city and bought a great supply of goods. He

loaded wagons with the goods, which he was going to sell as he traveled through the country.

A stupid young merchant was buying goods in the same city. He, too, was going to sell what he bought as he traveled through the country.

They were both ready to start at the same time.

The thrifty merchant thought, "We cannot travel together, for the men will find it hard to get wood and water, and there will not be enough grass for so many oxen. Either he or I ought to go first."

So he went to the young man and told him this, saying, "Will you go before or come on after me?"

The other one thought, "It will be better for me to go first. I shall then travel on a road that is not cut up. The oxen will eat grass that has not been touched. The water will be clean. Also, I shall sell my goods at what price I like." So he said, "Friend, I will go on first."

This answer pleased the thrifty merchant. He said to himself, "Those who go before will make the rough places smooth. The old rank grass will have been eaten by the oxen that have gone before, while my oxen will eat the freshly grown tender shoots. Those who go before will dig wells from which we shall drink. Then, too, I shall not have to bother about setting prices, but I can sell my goods at the prices set by the other man." So he said aloud, "Very well, friend, you may go on first."

At once the foolish merchant started on his journey. Soon he had left the city and was in the country. By and by he came to a desert which he had to cross. So he filled great water-jars with water, loaded them into a large wagon and started across the desert.

He himself with the head men stood on guard

Now on the sands of this desert there lived a wicked demon. This demon saw the foolish young merchant coming and thought to himself, "If I can make him empty those water-jars, soon I shall be able to overcome him and have him in my power."

So the demon went further along the road and changed himself into the likeness of a noble gentleman. He called up a beautiful carriage, drawn by milk-white oxen. Then he called ten other demons, dressed them like men and armed them with bows and arrows, swords and shields. Seated in his carriage, followed by the ten demons, he rode back to meet the merchant. He put mud on the carriage wheels, hung water-lilies and wet grasses upon the oxen and the carriage. Then he made the clothes the demons wore and their hair all wet. Drops of water trickled down over their faces just as if they had all come through a stream.

As the demons neared the foolish merchant they turned their carriage to one side of the way, saying pleasantly, "Where are you going?"

The merchant replied, "We have come from the great city back there and are going across the desert to the villages beyond. You come dripping with mud and carrying water-lilies and grasses. Does it rain on the road you have come by? Did you come through a stream?"

The demon answered, "The dark streak across the sky is a forest. In it there are ponds full of water-lilies. The rains come often. What have you in all those carts?"

"Goods to be sold," replied the merchant.

"But in that last big heavy wagon what do you carry?" the demon asked.

"Jars full of water for the journey," answered the merchant.

The demon said, "You have done well to bring water as far as this, but there is no need of it beyond. Empty out all that water and go on easily." Then he added, "But we have delayed too long. Drive on!" And he drove on until he was out of sight of the merchant. Then he returned to his home with his followers to wait for the night to come.

The foolish merchant did as the demon bade him and emptied every jar, saving not even a cupful. On and on they traveled and the streak on the sky faded with the sunset. There was no forest, the dark line being only clouds. No water was to be found. The men had no water to drink and no food to eat, for they had no water in which to cook their rice, so they went thirsty and supperless to bed. The oxen, too, were hungry and thirsty and dropped down to sleep here and there. Late at night the demons fell upon them and easily carried off every man. They drove the oxen on ahead of them, but the loaded carts they did not care to take away.

A month and a half after this the wise merchant followed over the same road. He, too, was met on the desert by the demon just as the other had been. But the wise man knew the man was a demon because he cast no shadow. When the demon told him of the ponds in the forest ahead and advised him to throw away the water-jars the wise merchant replied, "We don't throw away the water we have until we get to a place where we see there is more."

Then the demon drove on. But the men who were with the merchant said, "Sir! those men told us that yonder was the beginning of a great forest, and from there onwards it was always raining. Their clothes and hair were dripping with water. Let us throw away the water-jars and go on faster with lighter carts!"

Stopping all the carts the wise merchant asked the men, "Have you ever heard any one say that there was a lake or a pond in this desert? You have lived near here always."

"We never heard of a pond or a lake," they said.

"Does any man feel a wind laden with dampness blowing against him?" he asked.

"No, sir," they answered.

"Can you see a rain cloud, any of you?" said he.

"No, sir, not one," they said.

"Those fellows were not men, they were demons!" said the wise merchant. "They must have come out to make us throw away the water. Then when we were faint and weak they might have put an end to us. Go on at once and don't throw away a single half-pint of water."

So they drove on and before nightfall they came upon the loaded wagons belonging to the foolish merchant.

Then the thrifty merchant had his wagons drawn up in a circle. In the middle of the circle he had the oxen lie down, and also some of the men. He himself with the head men stood on guard, swords in hand and waited for the demons. But the demons did not bother them. Early the next day the thrifty merchant took the best of the wagons left by the foolish merchant and went on safely to the city across the desert.

There he sold all the goods at a profit and returned with his company to his own city.

NOTE

Jataka (Ya-ta'ka).

THE DAFFODILS

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
  That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,
  A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.
Continuous as the stars that shine
  And twinkle on the milky-way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
  Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
  Outdid the sparkling waves in glee—
A poet could not be but gay
  In such a jocund company!
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
  In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
  Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

NOTES

Jocund (jok'und). Merry; cheerful; pleasant.

What wealth had the show of daffodils brought to him?

A pensive mood is a thoughtful, reflective mood.

What is meant by "that inward eye"; and how can it be "the bliss of solitude"?

What caused his heart to be filled with "pleasure"?

THE BELL-BUOY'S STORY

JOHN WEATHERBY

NOTE:—A buoy (boĭ, u is silent) is something which floats, and is anchored or fastened where it can warn seamen of rocks or other dangers under the water.

A bell-buoy is a buoy to which a bell is attached in such a way as to be rung by the motion of the waves.

Sometimes these buoys break loose, and float far away from where they were intended to remain. They then falsely warn ships of danger; for, like the boy in the story who cried out, "Wolf! Wolf!" when no wolf was there, they ring out their danger signals when no danger is near.

Master Photographer, as soon as you have finished taking all the snap-shots of me you care to, I wish you would come over here. I want to tell you something. You are the first boy who has visited this yard that has not scratched his name on my old weather-beaten sides or climbed along my railing and pounded rocks at my bell until my head fairly ached; and I think all the more of you for it. I have grown to like boys,—that is, the right kind,—for you know I am a boy myself, although I do not spell my name just as you do.

You must not think, because you find me here in this navy-yard scrap-heap, with other worn-out apparatus, that I am an ordinary buoy. I have been a proud spirit in my day, and I rent the shackles that bound me to a stupid berth down the coast. I have been a rover, and have sailed the main as proudly as any vessel that floats—more, I have traveled whither I pleased, and no human hand guided my course. We

roamed together, the wind, the waves, and I, and some friends we met by the way. I have seen better days, but I am tired and am resting, and now maybe they will let me end my days ashore.

Come closer, little chap, for I like you and I will tell you my story.

For a long time I had been lying on a government dock, when, one morning, some men came and gave me a new coat of bright red. I felt very proud to have my fellows see me so gaily attired, but in a day or two they carried me off, and dropped me in the water, and towed me down the coast until we came to the southeastern shore of Florida. There they fastened a huge chain and anchor to me, and there they left me. I was supposed to warn seamen of a chain of dangerous rocks—"Keys," they call them—a little to the north of me. That, of course, would have been a useful enough occupation for any self-respecting buoy, but I soon found that I was wasting my energy in clanging away at my bell with nobody but the waves and the gulls to hear me; for, believe me, not more than a vessel or two came within sight or sound of me once in a month.

I had often talked it over with the waves, and together we had agreed with the wind that I ought not any longer to bury myself in this way. If I could have been of any use I should not have cared. They promised their help.

So in a few days the wind came hurrying down from the west, and a little later the waves came also, and the two of them tugged at me with all their might; but my anchor—one of that mushroom kind—by this time was buried deep in the

sand. A few more tugs, however, and my chain parted and I was free. *Free*—think of the joy!

The wind and the waves kept me company until we reached the warm, swift-moving waters of the Gulf Stream, and there we parted.

I thought to myself, "Now, maybe, I can see something of foreign waters"; and as the Gulf Stream was going that way, I concluded to go too.

We sailed along for a week or more, with very little adventure worth speaking of. One moonlight night, as I was blowing along at a comfortable rate, I suddenly felt the chill of icy water, and the Gulf Stream told me we were meeting the cold Labrador Current and that we must be near Nova Scotia, or more probably Newfoundland. I felt sure he was right when I saw a Canadian fishing-smack go by me. I seemed to provoke not a little interest, for the sailors peered at me as if they had never seen a bell-buoy before. I saw one of them go below, and in a moment reappear with a chart, which he spread out on the roof of the deck-house, while all hands studied it; and even after he had taken it back to the cabin, they kept talking me over and pointing at me until I was out of sight. Perhaps they thought I had no business there, just because they could not find me on their stupid old chart. But then, how were they to know that I was a free buoy and had left the service of Uncle Sam? The Gulf Stream told me that whenever he meets the cold water of that arctic current a fog sets in that is almost as difficult to see through as a mainsail, and that it has caused the end of many a fair vessel and honest fisherman.

I was nodding off to sleep that night when I heard a shout,

and, peering through the mist, I saw a small boat, and as I drew nearer I saw that there were two men in it.

"Lost off the Banks!" I said to myself. How often I had heard the waves tell of such things; but how real the thing seemed now, and how awful! They had probably rowed off from the fishing-vessel to draw a net; and the fog had shut in on them and they had lost their bearings. Poor fellows! They had heard my bell, and it reminded them of home—of the early morning bell in the little church of their Nova Scotian fishing-village; and those two lonely, lost fishermen, adrift on the broad Atlantic, at the sound of my tolling had bowed their heads in a prayer for help. How glad I would have been could I have helped them!

I moved along on the current of my good friend the Gulf Stream, when, a little after daylight, I suddenly felt something—indeed, it seemed as if there were fifty "somethings"—grasp me all over my upper framework, and then climb up on my body until I was three fourths under water. I struggled to free myself, but it was of no use. Then I heard a panting voice say: "Let me rest a minute, whoever you are, and don't let that big fellow get me."

By this time I had quite recovered from my surprise, and knew I was in the embrace of a huge cuttlefish.

"What 's the trouble?" I asked.

"Trouble enough," he said. "I have been chased by a greedy old whale until I was about ready to give up, when I saw you. I think I am safe here, for he won't want to tackle you. You are too much bone for his taste."

I let the old fellow rest awhile until he thought it was safe to go; and he swam away, the most grateful cuttlefish you ever saw.

I could not help pitying him as I thought of the majestic fellow drifting unconsciously to his doom

A few days later I had the greatest scare of my life. It was about six bells in the morning when I banged with tremendous force against a rock, as I thought; but in a moment I came to my senses, and saw before me a towering ice-wall that seemed to reach to the skies. And *oo-oo-oo,* but the water was cold! The shivers ran up my broken anchor-chain until they reached my bell, and shook it like a main pennant in a gale. I saw that the ice had been melting fast, and just as I was backing off, a loose mass from high above came toppling down, and landed squarely on my head. It hove me down until I thought I should never right again; but I am a pretty strong buoy, the engineers always said,—stronger, I imagine, than if I spelled my name as you do,—and I bounded back like those toys you boys have that always sit up straight, no matter how you lay them down. To this day I have felt strained in my upper frame from that shock.

As the berg drifted away I looked off at him, and I could not help pitying him as I thought of the majestic fellow drifting unconsciously to his doom; for I knew from the direction in which he was heading that the hot sun and the warm waters would soon put an end to him.

The next day I passed a swordfish, and I jangled my bell to attract his attention; but he was so busy chasing a school of mackerel that he would not stop. Perhaps he did not hear me. I was sorry, for I was a bit lonesome and would have enjoyed a chat.

But I must n't dwell on the sad parts so much, for really, to tell the truth, I had the best kind of a time, on the whole.

A few days after I had seen the iceberg I had an awfully funny experience. It did n't seem so funny at the time as it has since I have thought it over. It was about four hours

after sunrise, and I was bargaining with some sea-gulls, whom I wanted to clear my frame of a lot of seaweed, in return for which I was to let them ride on my back for the rest of that day, when I suddenly felt myself thrown high in the air, and as I looked down I saw beneath me the long, black body of a sperm-whale.

I was so cross—no, mad: I am afraid I was downright mad —that I took no care as to where I should "land" when I struck the water, and, as luck would have it, I came down *ker-plunk* right on the old fellow's tail! The story got around somehow, and he was the laugh of the sea for miles about. I saw him several times after that, but he never forgave me, for he was lame for a month and could scarcely swim. His little joke turned out quite differently from what he expected; at any rate, he never tried to play basket-ball with me again. If he was the same whale that chased old-daddy-long-legs cuttlefish, I am not sure but that it served him right, while I *am* sure he had only himself to blame.

I came across a forlorn old schooner during a violent thunder-storm one day shortly after this. She was a wreck—what they call a "derelict"—and nobody was on board. I followed in her wake for nearly a day, but she had so much more exposed than I that the wind finally carried her off from my course.

You will understand that I was making acquaintances all the time; but they were a restless lot for the most part, and usually did not care to bowl along at my leisurely pace.

I must tell you about some athletic sports in which I took part. One bright, clear day, shortly before sundown, I was overtaken by a jolly lot of young porpoises just let out of school. They were frisking away as happy as could be,

greeted me pleasantly and hurried along. One young rascal called back, asking if I didn't want to be towed—fancy! They had not been gone more than an hour when they came rushing back—in increased numbers, as I at once saw. The biggest one of the lot, the chap who had been saucy to me before, swam up to say that shortly after they had left me they had met another school, and the idea occurred to them that it would be good fun to have some jumping games, and that maybe I wouldn't mind if they used me as a sort of hurdle. I didn't at all like the idea at first, but they were so nice about it that I finally gave in.

I really believe that if any vessel had passed near us for the half-hour that followed, it would without doubt have thought that a submarine earthquake was taking place. Such a splashing and springing you never saw! One little chap, instead of jumping through my bell-frame between the lower cross-bar and the upper plates of my body, as the others did, had barely force enough to land him squarely upon me, and there he lay flopping about while the whole school laughed heartily—that is, they puffed and snorted at a great rate, and I presume it was what they would call laughing. The little fellow was so ashamed that when he finally rolled off he swam back to his home without waiting for the fun to be over.

And so it went; neary every day there was something new.

To make a long story short, I drifted far to the north of England, and finding nothing of interest in that direction, I turned to the southward.

By this time I was pretty tired and, I must confess, a wee bit homesick. I looked with longing after a huge passenger-steamer as she came somewhere from the southern coast of Ireland, bound back to America. I rang my bell, but too

weakly to make her hear, for she kept right on her course. I watched her longingly until she disappeared on the horizon.

Then along came a Government cruiser. How glad I was at the sight of the old flag as the vessel bore straight in my direction as if she would run me down! I was determined to be heard this time, so I clanged away at my bell with a will; but I might have saved my strength, for they had already seen me and had slowed up to meet me. It was the business of her officers, it seems, to look after waifs and runaways like me, and they certainly did their duty. Indeed, I afterward learned that they had known of my leaving those Florida Keys, and, in a way, had been on the lookout for me for many weeks. A boat was lowered and I was towed alongside, and in a few minutes was hauled aboard and finally brought back to America and my friends.

So here I am, taking a quiet rest after my long buffeting of the tireless waves.

I overheard an officer say the other day that there was a chart up in Washington somewhere showing the course they supposed I had taken. Their map may be correct, but they could never put down on a chart the many things I have seen and heard and done. That is something they know nothing about, for I am telling you some of them now for the very first time.

Notes

Explain: "I rent the shackles that bound me to a stupid berth down the coast."

The Gŭlf Strēam is a warm current in the Atlantic Ocean running from the Gulf of Mexico along the shores of the United States, and continuing over the Northeastern Atlantic.

Look on the map and locate Labrador, Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland.

Why did the sailors of the Canadian fishing-smack study the chart so carefully when they saw the bell-buoy?

Why does a fog set in when the warm water of the Gulf Stream meets the cold water of the Polar or Arctic Current?

What is meant by "Lost off the Banks!"?

A cût'tlefish is a sea animal having a soft, fleshy body, like the snail, but a foot or more in length. It has ten arms furnished with sucking cups, by means of which it attaches itself tightly to other bodies, two of these arms being longer than the rest. It has an *ink-bag,* from which, when pursued, it throws out a brownish-black liquor that darkens the water, so it is not easily seen and can escape. The material within the ink-bag, when dried, is the sepia used by printers.

Iceberg (īs'bẽrg). "Berg" means mountain. An iceberg is, then, a huge mass, or mountain, of floating ice. Where did this "berg" come from?

How did the tired bell-buoy manage to turn about and go southward?

A Government cruiser is a ship owned and sent out by the Government to cruise (krụz), or to go back and forth on the ocean, in search of something they wish to find. The Government cruiser here mentioned was evidently looking for the runaway bell-buoy.

What are and where are the Florida Keys?

SPARKLER

J. T. TROWBRIDGE

I

"Land's sake alive! What 's up?" exclaimed Mrs. Chantry, looking from the window of the old Chantry farm-house, and seeing a rabble of boys, headed by her son Clifford, leading a strange dog, turn in at the gate.

"What have you there? Where 'd you get that dog?" cried the younger brothers (aged twelve and ten), almost with one voice.

"Bought him!" replied Cliff, walking proudly on, followed by his rabble.

"Who of? What did you give? What 's he good for?" clamored the younger brothers, falling into the ranks.

"He 's a trick-dog, and he 's worth a hundred dollars!" "Now just keep quiet, and let me get him tied up in the woodhouse before you scare him to death. I 'll tell you all about it in a minute, ma!" he cried, passing on to the rear of the house.

She intercepted him at the back door.

"Tell me now! Stop right where you are!" she commanded him. "Have you been buying a dog without permission from your father or me?"

"I did n't have time to get permission; 't would n't do to let such a chance slip. He 's just the knowingest dog you ever saw or heard of. You and pa will both say it 's all right when I tell you," said Cliff, leading his prize and his mob of boys into the woodshed—a barn-like addition to the house, with one large door opening into the back yard, and a smaller one within, communicating with the kitchen.

"The boy 's out of his head!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed. "Where are *you* going, Susie?"

"I want to see the dog," said Susie, a fourteen-year-old sister of Cliff's.

"I declare, you 're crazy too! Did n't anybody ever see a dog before?" cried the mother, impatiently, but not ill-naturedly. "Run and find your father, and tell him he 'd better come quick!"

Having got Sparkler into the woodshed, and fastened him by his cord to the leg of a grindstone, Cliff told his brothers they might "just stroke his ears a little," but not to "fool with him," and charged Quint Whistler to look out for

the other boys, who were crowding around; then he went bustling into the kitchen, calling out:

"What can I feed him? Say, ma, what can I give my dog to eat?"

"That 's a strange how-d 'e-do!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed; "before you 've told me what dog it is, or how you came by him! As if I was your servant, to feed any stray creetur' you choose to bring into the house!"

"He is n't a 'stray creetur' '!" cried Cliff, "and I don't ask you to feed him; I 'll do that myself. The man I bought him of said cold chicken was particularly nice for him."

He was already on his way to the cellar, where the cold victuals were kept.

"Precious little cold chicken he or any other dog will get in this house!" his mother called after him from the head of the stairs. "And don't give him too much of that cold roast veal, either! I want enough left to hash up for breakfast. Be sure and shut the cover tight. The idee of bringing in a hungry whelp to eat us out of house and home!"

Having thus relieved her feelings by scolding him for his folly, she helped him prepare a bountiful repast for Sparkler, and even showed her interest in his strange purchase so far as to go and stand in the doorway that opened from the kitchen into the woodshed, and see the "stray creetur' " fed.

There she was found by Susie, returning from the errand to her father.

"You are not going to be crazy too, are you, ma?" said the girl, mischievously.

The good woman's countenance, which she endeavored to keep severe, beamed with kindness and curiosity.

"Law, no, child!" she said; "but I want to see that good victuals are n't wasted. I don't wonder you are surprised, father!"

"Father" was the father of her children—a sturdy, red-faced farmer, with a shaven chin hedged by long side-whiskers, who had just appeared at the outer door of the woodshed. This door had been shut to prevent the possible escape of the dog; but he opened it to the width of his broad shoulders, and looked in with a scowl of humorous amazement.

"What 's all this?" he demanded. "I should think Barnum's 'Greatest Show on Earth' had emptied itself on my premises!" Over the heads of the smaller boys he saw tall Quint Whistler standing by the grindstone, keeping back the crowd while the dog ate. "That your dog, Quint?"

"No; I don't own so much as a wag of his tail. Wish I did!" said Quint.

Just then Cliff got up from the floor, where he was kneeling by the plate, in rapturous satisfaction at the way its contents disappeared down the dog's throat.

"He 's my dog," he said, turning only the side of his flushed face toward the outer door, without venturing to look at his father. "He 's been trained to do almost anything. There 's no end to the tricks he can perform. And he 's a good watch-dog. Look at Dick's coat-sleeve! He got that tear trying to pull a coat away from him after he had been told to guard it."

The mouth between the long side-whiskers worked with grim humor, and said sarcastically:

"There seems to be another thing he can do pretty well

—dispose of a plate of victuals! Did you pick him up in the street?"

"No, I did n't. You can't pick up such dogs as this in the street, nor anywhere else," Cliff replied, with spirit.

"He bought him," spoke up his younger brother Amos, his face in a broad grin.

All eyes turned again to the father in the doorway, who gave a tugging pull at the fleece of his left whisker, and exclaimed:

"You did n't pay money for a dirty cur like that, I hope!"

"He is n't a dirty cur!" Cliff declared indignantly. "He 's just as nice as he can be. I *had* to pay a little money for him—a very little; but you won't blame me when you see the kind of dog he is. Here, ma, take the plate. He has licked it clean of everything but the cold potato. Now, stand a little farther off, boys, and I 'll show you his tricks."

II

A space was cleared for the first exhibition of Cliff's wonderful trick-dog. Some of the spectators climbed upon the piled wood; one stood on the frame of the grindstone, another on the chopping-block, two or three sat on a board placed across the tops of empty barrels, and the rest of the boys filled up the ring.

In the midst stood Quint Whistler and Ike Ingalls, in the distinguished capacity of Cliff's counselors and assistants—thus favored because they had advanced money for the purchase. Dick Swan's mother had refused to let him lend his money, greatly to his disappointment; but he had the next place, on account of the good will he had shown.

In the kitchen door stood smiling Mrs. Chantry, with Susie clinging excitedly to her elbow. Amos and Trafton were on the steps below. The father's broad shoulders and straight-brimmed straw hat were defined against the afternoon light in the partly opened woodshed door, the sarcastic smile still playing about his mouth.

Cliff held in one hand the end of the cord, which he had detached from the leg of the grindstone, and in the other a thin stick of pine kindlings. At his feet was the dog, couched on his paws, with his tongue out, looking complacent after his meal.

"Make him jump the first thing," said Ike Ingalls, proud of his part in the show. Then, turning to Mr. Chantry: "He can jump over my head; he did it down on the shore."

"Get up, Sparkler!" Cliff commanded.

Sparkler lolled, without stirring from his comfortable position.

"Say 'Look alive,' " Quint suggested in a low voice.

"Look alive!" Cliff repeated in a tone of authority.

As the trick-dog still showed no disposition to obey, he gave the cord a jerk which brought him to his feet.

"Now jump!" he said, holding his stick about eighteen inches from the floor, while Ike Ingalls made the nearest boys take a step or two backward, to give ample room for the leap.

But it was a useless trouble. Sparkler never moved.

"You hold it too high, to begin with," said Quint.

So Cliff lowered the stick a few inches, and again commanded: "Jump, now!"—with no better result.

"Lower yet!" whispered Quint.

Cliff did so, and repeated his commands, at the same time

jerking the cord to rouse the wonderful trick-dog from his indifference. But Sparkler only lolled and looked stupid.

"Lay the stick on the floor," said the whiskered face in the doorway. "Maybe he 'll walk over it."

The spectators began to titter. Cliff, confused, covered with perspiration and blushes, pulled the cord, and knocked the dog's paws with the stick, repeating sharply, "Jump, I say!" But Sparkler hung back.

The mother's face wore a look of disappointment, and of pity for her son's humiliation. But the whiskered visage in the doorway was wreathed with ironic smiles.

"He *can* jump, but he won't," said Ike Ingalls. "He 's balky."

"He did n't like it because you yanked him by the cord," Quint Whistler argued. "Don't you remember, his owner said you must never be rough with him?"

"I did n't think I was rough," Cliff replied.

He found a handkerchief somewhere in his pockets, and wiped his forehead, still looking down, with a face of perplexity and disgust, at the disobedient beast.

"Another thing he said, too, which I 'd forgotten," Quint proceeded: "he said he must be fed after a performance, not before. You could n't expect him to jump after a full meal."

"That 's so!" Cliff assented, with a long breath.

"Try making him sit up," said Dick Swan.

Cliff was averse to the attempt, in the present state of the canine appetite; but as Dick's suggestion was clamorously backed up by the crowd of boys, he stroked and coaxed him, and finally, remembering the late owner's word and gesture, threw up the hand that held the stick, and cried out cheerily:

"Look alive, now! Look alive, Sparkler!"

Sparkler looked anything but alive; on the contrary, he looked quite asleep as he stretched himself out, closing his languid eyes, by the leg of the grindstone.

"What a wonderful dog! Oh, Cliff!" jeered the boys who had previously been most envious of his purchase. "Why don't you brag some more about him?"

"There, there, boys! don't make fun," said Mrs. Chantry. "And don't feel badly, my son. The best of us are liable to be deceived in a bargain."

"Say, Cliff! how much did you give?" asked his brother Amos.

The father laughed pitilessly.

"If he gave ten cents, he got swindled," was his cruel comment. "Now, quit your nonsense, and come and help me mend the pig-pen. When I said you could go in swimming, I did n't expect you to bring home a beggarly pup to fool with all the afternoon."

Cliff stood for some moments with bent brows, eyeing the dog with extreme discontent. When he raised his head, his father's unwelcome face had disappeared, and his mother had drawn Susie back into the kitchen. The crowd was beginning to disperse, some laughing as they went, others lingering to hear what Cliff would have to say.

One lingered from a different motive; that was Ike Ingalls.

"If you 'd just as lieve pay me the three dollars and a half I lent you—" he began in a low voice, at Cliff's ear.

Cliff turned upon him a scornful scowl.

"I 'll pay you so quickly it 'll make your head swim!" he exclaimed, loud enough for all to hear. "You were glad enough to lend it and help me buy the dog, and you felt

easy enough about it till you began to think I 'd been cheated. Ame, go up to my room and get my money-pouch out of the till of my chest; and say nothing to anybody."

"Don't mind about paying me," said Quint. "I would n't ask for my money if I knew you 'd bought a worthless dog; but I don't believe you have. You could n't expect him to perform tricks in a crowd of strangers, before he 'd got well acquainted with you."

"No; he has n't got used to his new master," said Dick Swan, encouragingly. "I would n't come down on you for *my* money, would I? I 'm sorrier 'n I was before, ma would n't let me lend it to you."

"*You* 're all right, Dick; so is Quint," Cliff replied, his brows clearing. "So am I! I don't give him up as a bad job—not yet! His dinner made him sleepy; that 's what 's the matter. Then again, father looking on, the way he did, made me nervous. I knew he was just waiting to laugh at me. Ten cents!" the boy repeated, with a dismal laugh.

"You never must be nervous when you are training an animal," Quint remarked. "That 's so with horses, and it must be so with dogs. He 'll come out all right, I know! If he does n't, you need n't pay me back more than half my money; for it was partly my fault, your buying him."

"Quint!" exclaimed Cliff, with a burst of grateful feeling. "You are a whole load of bricks! But I shall pay you every cent, all the same—sometime, if not to-day. Give it here, Ame"—to the boy bringing the pouch.

Cliff untied the string, and began to count out silver half-dollars. Ike, meanwhile, feeling that his eagerness to receive back his loan contrasted unfavorably with Quint's more generous conduct, and with what Dick would likewise have done

in his place, looked around for evidences of his own waning popularity on the faces of his companions.

"Here, Ike!" said Cliff, jingling seven half-dollars in his extended palm.

Ike was conscious of a chilly social atmosphere surrounding him; but he was nevertheless glad to see his money again.

"I did n't want you to think I was in any hurry for my pay," he said, as he reached out his hand for it. "I thought—"

"That 's all right, Ike," said Cliff, without any show of resentment. "I can give you a part of yours, Quint—"

"No; leave it now," replied Quint; "or—just as you say." And, Cliff insisting, he took the last of the silver which Cliff withdrew from the pouch. "Now don't worry about the rest; let it go till later."

"Not a word, boys, about this money," Cliff cautioned his brothers. "I prefer to tell father myself. Now, fellows, I 've got to shut up here. Sorry to turn you out, but"—tying the dog's cord again to the leg of the grindstone—"father wants me, and I 'm going to leave Master Sparkler to meditate on his disgraceful conduct."

Having got the last of the boys out of the woodshed, and shut the large outer door, he beckoned Quint to remain, and said to him confidentially:

"Can't you come around this evening? When everything is quiet, and he has digested his dinner, I am going to try him again, and see if he 'll do his tricks any better on an empty stomach."

III

While the two were at work repairing the pig-pen, Mr.

Chantry forbore to ask any questions regarding the "beggarly pup" his son had brought home.

The afternoon waned, they finished their work, and the subject uppermost in one mind, if not in both, was not once mentioned. At the supper-table Susie and the younger boys could talk of nothing but the dog in the woodshed; and the mother scolded about it in her mild way, alternately blaming Cliff for bringing the "creetur'" home, and blaming the "creetur'" for ungratefully refusing to perform his tricks after he had been fed so bountifully.

After supper the cows were to be milked, and other evening chores to be done; and all the while the dog was left to his dreams in the darkening woodshed. It was deep dusk when Quint Whistler strolled in at the front gate, and Cliff went out to meet him.

He let Quint into the woodshed, and went to the kitchen for a lamp. This he brought, followed by the younger boys, whom he cautioned to "keep quiet and hold their tongues" if they wanted to see the show.

"Now, Sparkler," he said, proceeding to remove the cord from the collar, "be a good dog! Treat me well, and I 'll treat you well."

"I believe he understands," said Quint. "See how knowing he looks! I believe he 's laughing!"

"We 'll all laugh soon!" Cliff exclaimed hopefully, looking for a suitable stick in the pile of kindling-wood. "Shut that door, Susie!"

"Father says, bring the dog in," replied the girl, from the kitchen doorway.

"I can't do that!" Cliff muttered; "it 'll spoil everything. Tell him I don't want to—just yet."

Susie disappeared, but returned with a message.

"Father says, bring the dog in," from the kitchen doorway. If there 's a show, he wants to see it."

"There won't be any show if I have him looking on and making fun," Cliff growled. "I suppose I shall have to, though. When he says a thing like that, he means it. You come too, Quint, and back me up. I know he won't do a thing!" And he threw down the stick in bitter discouragement.

To his surprise, Sparkler picked it up, and stood, with wagging tail, ready to follow him.

"See that! see that!" cried Amos and Trafton together. "He 's going to perform!"

"It looks more like it, sure!" said Cliff, thrilled with joyous expectation. "Out of the way, boys!"

Preceded by the boys, and followed by Sparkler bearing the stick, Cliff entered the large, old-fashioned, lamp-lighted kitchen, Quint lagging awkwardly behind.

Mrs. Chantry at the same time came in from a room beyond, with a half-knitted stocking in her hand, and backed up toward a corner, under the clock, sat Mr. Chantry in a splint-bottomed rocker, parting his long, fleecy side-whiskers away from his shaven mouth and chin with the fingers of both hands. Cliff, without looking at him, perceived the motion, and knew that his father's lips were twitching and his eyes twinkling in a manner that meant mischief.

"Come along, Quint!" he cried, with an air of confidence. "Ame, give him a chair."

"I 'm all right," said Quint, placing a flat stick across a corner of the wood-box, and sitting on it.

Cliff made his mother sit down, and placed a chair for

himself beside the table. There was a hush of suspense, in which the old clock was heard ticking loudly, and the farmer's chair squeaking as he rocked gently.

Cliff sat down, with the dog at his feet looking up inquiringly into his face.

"Sparkler," said he, "what are you going to do with that stick?"

Immediately Sparkler got on his hind legs, holding up the stick before his new master. The youngsters shrieked with delight.

"I declare, if that is n't complete!" said the mother, staying her hands, which had begun to ply the knitting-needles vigorously.

Mr. Chantry stopped rocking; he even stopped stroking his whiskers.

Trembling with joy, yet almost afraid to ask anything else of the dog, Cliff took the stick. Sparkler sat erect, with his fore paws at his breast, and his bright, soft eyes wistfully studying his young master's face.

"Are you going to jump for me?" Cliff asked in a tone of affectionate comradeship.

The dog's whole body gave an eager start, his tail wagged, and one paw dropped.

"That means 'yes,' " Quint interpreted, from his seat on the wood-box.

Cliff could hardly keep from hugging the animal.

"Jump, then!" he said, holding out the stick. Sparkler leaped over it. "Higher!" he cried, suiting the action to the word. "Higher yet! Higher!" At each command, with its accompanying upward movement of the stick, the dog leaped to and fro, describing at each rebound a higher curve.

"Did n't I tell you so?" said Cliff, triumphantly, with tears of pride and joy shining in his eyes. "He could jump over Ame's head; but I won't have him try, on this hard floor."

"Oh, yes; let him," said Amos. "I never had a dog jump over my head."

"Well, bring a rug for him to come down on," said Cliff.

But seeing that Sparkler was panting, Quint suggested that he should be allowed to rest a minute.

Mrs. Chantry joined with the children in praising Sparkler's nimbleness and docility. Her husband forgot his whiskers, and leaned forward, with his arms on the arms of the chair, hardly less interested than the rest, although still unwilling to give a word of approval.

The rug put in place, and Sparkler having recovered his breath, he made the leap over Ame's head in a manner that brought applause from everybody but the farmer.

"Now, roll over!" said Cliff; which Sparkler promptly did, choosing the rug for his performance. Then Cliff cried, "Look alive!" and Sparkler was erect before him in a moment. "Give me a handkerchief, somebody."

Susie gave him hers, and he wrapped it around the end of the stick, which he set up between his feet.

"That 's supposed to be a fire, and he 's going to warm his hands. Warm your hands, Sparkler!"—which the dog did, sitting erect before the handkerchief, and holding up his paws before it with amusing mimicry.

"How 's that for a ten-cent pup?" Quint asked in his dry way.

"Ten cents!" exclaimed Mrs. Chantry. "You don't mean to say that 's what you paid!"

Cliff said nothing, but sat patting Sparkler's head, and breathing fast with excitement.

"That 's the price father guessed, and told Cliff he got cheated if he paid it," tittered Amos, while the father smiled and watched the dog.

"Now I 'll try his great trick, though I 'm by no means sure it will succeed," said Cliff. "How is it, Sparkler?" Sparkler sat up. "Will you do your best?"

Then Cliff laid in a row on the floor, before the kitchen sink, the handkerchief, the stick, and one of the boys' hats, calling each article by name as he placed it.

"Now, father," he said, "which shall he fetch?"

Before Mr. Chantry could speak,— if, indeed he was ready to take part in the exhibition he had expected to ridicule,— the boys clamored for the hat; and Mrs. Chantry said: "Yes, Cliff; I 'd like to see him fetch the hat."

Sparkler looked up inquiringly into Cliff's face.

"Fetch the hat," said Cliff; and the dog, obeying promptly, brought the hat and put it into his hands.

"It is past belief!" Mrs. Chantry exclaimed. "There 's witchery in it!"

"The witchery is all in his superior knowingness," said Cliff, proudly. "You 've no idea yet how bright he is. Fetch the stick, Sparkler!"

Sparkler brought the stick. Then Cliff replaced all the articles, and asked his father for a piece of money. Mr. Chantry hesitated, lifting his brows and looking doubtful, but finally put his hand in his pocket and produced a half-dollar. Cliff placed it under the hat.

"He 'll go straight for that, of course," said Amos.

"You 'll see," Cliff answered. "Ask for anything else."

So Amos named the handkerchief, which Sparkler brought, after waiting for his master to repeat the order. Then Cliff said. "Fetch the money from under the hat"—which the dog did, after some difficulty in getting the coin between his teeth.

Then Mr. Chantry for the first time opened his lips—

"How did you say you came by that dog?"

"A man by the name of Winslow sold him to me, this afternoon, down by Gibson's ice-house."

"I can't believe the owner of a dog like that would want to sell him for any such price as a boy like you would be likely to give," said Mr. Chantry, gravely. "There must be some hidden reason back of it."

"Oh, he told us the reason," Cliff replied. "He was out of money, and he was on his way to his mother in Michigan. He was clerk in the big hotel in Bennington when it was burned two weeks ago. He lost everything by the fire, and that 's how he was obliged to part with the dog."

"Big hotel in Bennington?" queried the father.

"Yes; the Stark Hotel, was n't it, Quint?"

"Stark Hotel in Bennington!" pondered the farmer. "Seems to me I saw something of it in the papers. But if he was on his way to Michigan, what brought him here? This is out of his way."

"He did n't explain that," said Cliff. "Oh, I remember! He was going to stop in Buffalo, where he has friends."

"Did he give you any bill of sale?" asked Mr. Chantry.

"Yes."

"Let me see it."

The paper was produced. Mr. Chantry read the writing, pulled his left whisker, and mused:

"So you gave ten dollars in cash?" he said, lifting his eyes and looking straight at Cliff.

"Is n't he worth it?"

"I should say he was, and a good deal more. I don't at all approve of your buying him without my advice and consent; but 't was a temptation, and I sha'n't punish you for it." All the children laughed at what appeared to them as a good joke, Mr. Chantry not being in the habit of punishing his boys. "Did you have money enough to pay for him?"

"I still owe a little that I borrowed of Quint," Cliff answered.

"Pay it up," said his father, taking out his pocket-book.

But Cliff declined the proffered assistance.

"Quint is willing to wait," he said; "and I don't want anybody to have a claim on the dog except me—"

"I guess you 'd better feed him a little now, had n't you?" said his mother. "He can have some bread and milk, as well as not."

The dog was petted and fed, and taken back to the wood-shed. Cliff gave him the rug to lie on, and patted him and talked to him as he slipped the cord once more through his collar, and made him fast to the frame of the grindstone.

"I sha'n't have to do this many times more," he said to his friend Quint, standing by; "but for a while it 's best to be on the safe side. Forgive me, Sparkler."

Taking affectionate leave of the dog, who licked his hand, he went out with Quint, and walked home with him; and they talked over the adventure under the stars, for half an hour longer, standing at Quint's gate.

"Well, good night, Quint!" he said at parting. "Has n't it been a great day? I owe ever so much to you!"

Then he returned home, to find his patient mother sitting up for him, after everybody else in the house had gone to bed.

He took a last peep at his prize, curled up on the rug in the woodshed, saw that everything was quiet and all doors fast, said "Good night" to his mother in a voice thrilling with happiness, received from her hand a candle she had lighted for him, and went up-stairs to bed. He was soon asleep, and dreaming of dogs that could swim in the air, and balance poles on their noses.

From "Two Biddicut Boys."

PRAYER FOR A PUP

WALTER A. DYER

Great God of Dogs:

Seated on thy regal throne in the high heavens, with all thy angel pack about thee, running to do thy bidding—St. Bernards and all the other saints, collies, setters, mastiffs, and Great Danes, dogs who gained heaven through much loving and profound devotion, a noble brood, heroes of flame and flood—

Great God of Dogs, look down and hear my humble prayer.

Outside thy portals this gray morn a little stranger waits, an Airedale terrier, nine months old, big-footed, awkward-limbed, rough-coated, with stubby tail held upright, wagging rapidly, ears cocked, and brown eyes full of innocent inquiry

and pained surprise at his strange plight, pleading humbly for admittance.

That 's Dusty Rhodes. He died last night in undeserved pain. His little spirit passed beyond our ken. No more our door is opened to his plaintive whine. Great God of Dogs, I pray thee, let him in.

And if he cannot read his title clear to kennels in the skies, I pray thee grant him mercy. If in his record thou dost read much mischief and some disobedience, forget not his unspoiled heart, his sweet and gentle disposition: no trace of anger did darken his young life, nor any evil mood. He teased our cat, but it was only play; he would have loved him like a brother if he could. And if on such and such a day he misbehaved and minded not his mistress, on that same day he licked the hand that punished him, and all was soon forgiven and forgot.

There be no deeds of valor to record; but he was young. He came of noble parentage; his little heart was true. Be merciful, I pray, and let him in.

His little collar hangs upon a nail, e'en the little whip, the sight of which hurts us to-day. He has no home. We cannot bear that he should wander there in outer darkness, unpatted and unloved. Is there no place in all wide heaven for him? Is there no loving hand to take his proffered paw? I pray thee, let him in.

And if there be an angel child or two whose time may well be spared, some cherub who can understand a dog, who loves to play, I pray thee to entrust him to his keeping. He will repay the care. Across the flowery fields he 'll romp and run; and if some angel stops and smiles and speaks his name, as neighbors did on earth, then there will sound the

bark of pure delight that we shall hear no more, no more; and heaven will hear a joyful noise that day.

Great God of Dogs, outside thy pearly gates this little stranger stands and begs the simplest boon. He only asks for some one he may love. Great God of Dogs, wilt thou not take him in?

LONG LIVE THE KING OF NOLAND

L. FRANK BAUM

I. The Book of Laws

One night great confusion and excitement prevailed among the five high counselors of the kingdom of Noland. The old king was dead and there was none to succeed him as ruler of the country. He had outlived every one of his relatives, and since the crown had been in this one family for generations, it puzzled the high counselors to decide upon a fitting successor.

These five high counselors were very important men. It was said that they ruled the kingdom while the king ruled them; which made it quite easy for the king and rather difficult for the people. The chief counselor was named Tullydub. He was old and very pompous, and had a great respect for the laws of the land. The next in rank was Tollydob, the lord high general of the king's army. The third was Tillydib, the lord high purse-bearer. The fourth was Tallydab, the lord high steward. And the fifth and last of the high counselors was Tellydeb, the lord high executioner.

These five had been careful not to tell the people when

the old king had become ill, for they feared being annoyed by many foolish questions. They sat in a big room next the bed-chamber of the king, in the royal palace of Nole,—which is the capital city of Noland,—and kept every one out except the king's physician, who was half blind and wholly dumb and could not gossip with outsiders had he wanted to. And while the high counselors sat and waited for the king to recover or die, as he might choose, Jikki waited upon them and brought them their meals.

Jikki was the king's valet and principal servant. He was as old as any of the five high counselors; but they were all fat, whereas Jikki was wonderfully lean and thin; and the counselors were solemn and dignified, whereas Jikki was terribly nervous and very talkative.

"Beg pardon, my masters," he would say every five minutes, "but do you think his Majesty will get well?" And then, before any of the high counselors could collect themselves to answer, he continued: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty will die?" And the next moment he would say: "Beg pardon, but do you think his Majesty is any better or any worse?" And after the king breathed his last breath the old servant became more nervous and annoying than ever.

Hearing that the king was dead, Jikki made a rush for the door of the bell-tower, but tripped over the foot of Tollydob and fell upon the marble floor so violently that his bones rattled, and he picked himself up half dazed by the fall.

"Where are you going?" asked Tollydob.

"To toll the bell for the king's death," answered Jikki.

"Well, remain here until we give you permission to go," commanded the lord high general.

"But the bell ought to be tolled!" said Jikki.

"Be silent!" growled the lord high purse-bearer. "We know what ought to be done and what ought not to be done."

But this was not strictly true. In fact, the five high counselors did not know what ought to be done under these strange circumstances.

If they told the people the king was dead, and did not immediately appoint his successor, then the whole population would lose faith in them and fall to fighting and quarreling among themselves as to who should become king; and that would never in the world do.

No; it was evident that a new king must be chosen before they told the people that the old king was dead.

But whom should they choose for the new king? That was the important question.

They sat and thought and counseled together during the whole long night, and by morning they were no nearer a solution of the problem than before.

While they were at breakfast they again discussed their future action in the choice of a king; and finally the chief counselor had a thought that caused him to start so suddenly that he nearly choked.

"The book!" he gasped, staring at his brother counselors in a rather wild manner.

"What book?" asked the lord high general.

"The book of laws," answered the chief counselor.

"I never knew there was such a thing," remarked the lord high executioner, looking puzzled. "I always thought the king's will was the law."

"So it was! So it was when we had a king," answered Tullydub, excitedly. "But this book of laws was written

years ago, and was meant to be used when the king was absent, or ill, or asleep."

For a moment there was silence.

"Have you ever read the book?" then asked Tillydib.

"No; but I will fetch it at once, and we shall see if there is not a law to help us out of our difficulty."

So the chief counselor brought the book—a huge old volume that had a musty smell to it and was locked together with a silver padlock. Then the key had to be found, which was no easy task; but finally the great book of laws lay open upon the table, and all the five periwigs of the five fat counselors were bent over it at once.

Long and earnestly they searched the pages, but it was not until after noon that Tullydub suddenly placed his broad thumb upon a passage and shouted:

"I have it! I have it!"

"What is it? Read it! Read it aloud!" cried the others.

Just then Jikki rushed into the room and asked:

"Shall I toll the bell?"

"No!" they yelled, glaring at him; so Jikki ran out, shaking his head dolefully.

Then Tullydub adjusted his spectacles and leaned over the book, reading aloud the following words:

"In case the king dies, and there is no one to succeed him, the chief counselor of the kingdom shall go at sunrise to the eastward gate of the city of Nole and count the persons who enter through such gate as soon as it is opened by the guards. And the forty-seventh person that so enters, be it man, woman, or child, rich or poor, humble or noble, shall immediately be proclaimed king or queen, as the case may be, and shall rule

all the kingdom of Noland forever after, so long as he or she may live. And if any one in all the kingdom of Nole shall refuse to obey the slightest wish of the new ruler, such person shall at once be put to death. This is the law."

Then all the five high counselors heaved a deep sigh of relief and repeated together the words:

"This is the law."

"But it 's a strange law, nevertheless," remarked the lord high purse-bearer. "I wish I knew who will be the forty-seventh person to enter the east gate to-morrow at sunrise."

"We must wait and see," answered the lord high general. "And I will have my army assembled and marshaled at the gateway, that the new ruler of Noland may be welcomed in a truly kingly manner, as well as to keep the people in order when they hear the strange news."

"Beg pardon!" exclaimed Jikki, looking in at the doorway, "but shall I toll the bell?"

"No, you numskull!" retorted Tullydub, angrily. "If the bell is tolled the people will be told, and they must not know that the old king is dead until the forty-seventh person enters the east gateway to-morrow morning!"

II. The Journey to Nole

Nearly two days' journey from the city of Nole, yet still within the borders of the great kingdom of Noland, was a little village lying at the edge of a broad river. It consisted of a cluster of houses of the humblest description, for the people of this village were all poor and lived in simple fashion. Yet one house appeared to be somewhat better than the others, for it stood on the river-bank and had been built by the ferry-

So the chief counselor brought the book—a huge old volume with a silver padlock

man whose business it was to carry all travelers across the river. And, as many traveled that way, the ferryman was able in time to erect a very comfortable cottage, and to buy good furniture for it, and to clothe warmly and neatly his two children.

One of these children was a little girl named Margaret, who was called "Meg" by the villagers and "Fluff" by the ferryman her father, because her hair was so soft and fluffy.

Her brother, who was two years younger, was named Timothy; but Margaret had always called him "Bud," because she could not say "brother" more plainly when first she began to talk; so nearly every one who knew Timothy called him Bud, as little Meg did.

These children had lost their mother when very young, and the big ferryman had tried to be both mother and father to them, and had reared them very gently and lovingly. They were good children, and were liked by every one in the village.

But one day a terrible misfortune befell them. The ferryman tried to cross the river for a passenger one very stormy night; but he never reached the other shore. When the storm subsided and morning came they found his body lying on the river-bank, and the two children were left alone in the world.

The news was carried by travelers to the city of Nole, where the ferryman's only sister lived; and a few days afterward the woman came to the village and took charge of her orphaned niece and nephew.

She was not a bad-hearted woman, this Aunt Rivette; but she had worked hard all her life, and had a stern face and a stern voice. She thought the only way to make children behave was to box their ears every now and then; so poor

Meg, who had been well-nigh heart-broken at her dear father's loss, had still more occasion for tears after Aunt Rivette came to the village.

As for Bud, he was so impudent and ill-mannered to the old lady that she felt obliged to switch him; and afterward the boy became surly and silent, and neither wept nor answered his aunt a single word. It hurt Margaret dreadfully to see her little brother whipped, and she soon became so unhappy at the sorrowful circumstances in which she and her brother found themselves that she sobbed from morning till night and knew no comfort.

Aunt Rivette, who was a laundress in the city of Nole, decided she would take Meg and Bud back home with her.

"The boy can carry water for my tubs, and the girl can help me with the ironing," she said.

So she sold all the heavier articles of furniture that the cottage contained, as well as the cottage itself; and all the remainder of her dead brother's belongings she loaded upon the back of the little donkey she had ridden on her journey from Nole. It made such a pile of packages that the load seemed bigger than the donkey himself; but he was a strong little animal, and made no complaint of his burden.

All this being accomplished, they set out one morning for Nole, Aunt Rivette leading the donkey by the bridle with one hand and little Bud with the other, while Margaret followed behind, weeping anew at this sad parting with her old home and all she had so long loved.

The first night they obtained shelter at a farmhouse. But in the morning it was found that the boy's feet were so swollen and sore from the long walk of the day before, he could not stand upon them. So Aunt Rivette, scolding

fretfully at his weakness, perched Bud among the bundles atop the donkey's back, and in this way they journeyed the second day, the woman walking ahead and leading the donkey, and Margaret following behind.

The laundress had hoped to reach the city of Nole at the close of this day; but the overburdened donkey would not walk very fast, so nightfall found them still a two-hours' journey from the city gates, and they were forced to stop at a small inn.

But this inn was already overflowing with travelers, and the landlord could give them no beds, nor even a room.

"You can sleep in the stable if you like," said he. "There is plenty of hay to lie down upon."

So they were obliged to content themselves with this poor accommodation.

The old woman aroused them at the first streaks of daybreak the next morning, and while she fastened the packages to the donkey's back Margaret stood in the stable yard and shivered in the cold morning air.

The little girl felt that she had never been more unhappy than at that moment, and when she thought of her kind father and the happy home she had once known, her sobs broke out afresh, and she leaned against the stable door and wept as if her little heart would break.

When Bud was perched upon the donkey's back and the old woman began trudging along the road to the city, Meg followed after her. Presently the sun rose over the horizon and its splendid rays shone down upon Meg and made her hair glisten gloriously.

"Ah, me!" sighed the little girl, half aloud. "I wish I could be happy again!" But she could not long remain un-

happy on such a bright, beautiful morning, and soon she laughed aloud and brushed from her eyes the last tear she was destined to shed for many a day.

Aunt Rivette turned upon her in surprise.

"What 's the matter with you?" she asked suspiciously, for she had not heard the girl laugh since her father's death.

"Why, the sun is shining," answered Meg, laughing again. "And the air is sweet and fresh, and the trees are green and beautiful, and the whole world is very pleasant and delightful." And then she danced lightly along the dusty road and broke into a verse of a pretty song she had learned at her father's knee.

The old woman scowled and trudged on again; Bud looked down at his merry sister and grinned from pure sympathy with her high spirits; and the donkey stopped and turned his head to look solemnly at the laughing girl behind him.

"Come along!" cried the laundress, jerking at the bridle; "every one is passing us upon the road, and we must hurry to get home before noon."

It was true. A good many travelers, some on horseback and some on foot, had passed them by since the sun rose; and although the east gate of the city to Nole was now in sight, they were obliged to take their places in the long line that sought entrance at the gate.

III. King Bud of Noland

The five high counselors of the kingdom of Noland were both eager and anxious upon this important morning. Long before sunrise Tollydob, the lord high general, had assembled his army at the east gate of the city; and the soldiers stood

in two long lines beside the entrance, looking very impressive in their uniforms. And all the people, noting this unusual display, gathered around at the gate to see what was going to happen.

Of course no one knew what was going to happen; not even the chief counselor nor his brother counselors. They could only obey the law and abide by the results.

Finally the sun arose and the east gate of the city was thrown open. There were a few people waiting outside, and they promptly entered.

"One, two, three, four, five, six!" counted the chief counselor, in a loud voice.

The people were much surprised at hearing this, and began to question one another with perplexed looks. Even the soldiers were mystified.

"Seven, eight, nine!" continued the chief counselor, still counting those who came in.

A breathless hush fell upon the assemblage.

Something very important and mysterious was going on; that was evident. But what?

They could only wait and find out.

"Ten, eleven!" counted Tullydub, and then heaved a deep sigh. For a famous nobleman had just entered the gate, and the chief counselor could not help wishing he had been number forty-seven.

So the counting went on, and the people became more and more interested and excited.

When the number had reached thirty-one a strange thing happened. A loud "boom!" sounded through the stillness, and then another, and another. Some one was tolling the great bell in the palace bell-tower, and people began saying

to one another in awed whispers that the old king must be dead.

The five high counselors, filled with furious anger but absolutely helpless, as they could not leave the gate, lifted up their five chubby fists and shook them violently in the direction of the bell-tower.

Poor Jikki, finding himself left alone in the palace, could no longer resist the temptation to toll the bell; and it continued to peal out its dull, solemn tones while the chief counselor stood by the gate and shouted:

"Thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four!"

Only the mystery of this action could have kept the people quiet when they learned from the bell that their old king was dead.

When Tullydub had counted up to forty the excitement redoubled, for every one could see big drops of perspiration standing upon the chief counselor's brow, and all the other high counselors, who stood just behind him, were trembling violently with nervousness.

A ragged, limping peddler entered the gate.

"Forty-five!" shouted Tullydub.

Then came Aunt Rivette, dragging at the bridle of the donkey.

"Forty-six!" screamed Tullydub.

And now Bud rode through the gate, perched among the bundles on the donkey's back and looking composedly upon the throng of anxious faces that greeted him.

"Forty-seven!" cried the chief counselor; and then in his loudest voice he continued:

"Long live the new King of Noland!"

All the high counselors prostrated themselves in the dusty road before the donkey. The old woman was thrust back in the crowd by a soldier, where she stood staring in amazement, and Margaret, stepped to the donkey's side and looked first at her brother and then at the group of periwigged men, who bobbed their heads in the dust before him and shouted:

"Long live the king!"

Then, while the crowd still wondered, the lord high counselor arose and took from a soldier a golden crown set with brilliants, a jeweled scepter, and a robe of ermine. Advancing to Bud, he placed the crown upon the boy's head and the scepter in his hand, while over his shoulders he threw the ermine robe.

The crown fell over Bud's ears, but he pushed it back upon his head, so it would stay there; and as the kingly robe spread over all the bundles on the donkey's back and quite covered them, the boy really presented a very imposing appearance.

The people quickly rose to the spirit of the occasion. What mattered it if the old king was dead, now that a new king was already before them? They broke into a sudden cheer, and, joyously waving their hats and bonnets above their heads, joined eagerly in the cry:

"Long live the King of Noland!"

Aunt Rivette was fairly stupefied. Such a thing was too wonderful to be believed. A man in the crowd snatched the bonnet from the old woman's head, and said to her brusquely:

"Why don't you greet the new king? Are you a traitor to your country?"

So she also waved her bonnet and screamed: "Long live

the king!" But she hardly knew what she was doing or why she did it.

Meantime the high counselors had risen from their knees and now stood around the donkey.

"May it please your Serene Majesty to condescend to tell us who this young lady is?" asked Tullydub, bowing respectfully.

"That 's my sister Fluff," said Bud, who was enjoying his new position very much. All the counselors, at this, bowed low to Margaret.

"A horse for the Princess Fluff!" cried the lord high general; and the next moment she was mounted upon a handsome white palfrey, where, with her fluffy golden hair and smiling face, she looked every inch a princess. The people cheered her, too; for it was long since any girl or woman had occupied the palace of the King of Noland, and she was so pretty and sweet that every one loved her immediately.

And now the king's chariot drove up, with its six prancing steeds, and Bud was lifted from the back of the donkey and placed in the high seat of the chariot.

Again the people shouted joyful greetings; the band struck up a gay march tune, and then the royal procession started for the palace.

First came Tollydob and his officers; then the king's chariot, surrounded by soldiers; then the four high counselors upon black horses, riding two on each side of Princess Fluff; and, finally, the band of musicians and the remainder of the royal army.

It was an imposing sight, and the people followed after with cheers and rejoicings, while the lord high purse-bearer

"Forty-seven!" cried the chief counselor. "Long live the new king of Noland!"

tossed silver coins from his pouch for any one to catch who could.

A message had been sent to warn Jikki that the new king was coming, so he stopped tolling the death knell, and instead rang out a glorious chime of welcome as King Bud of Noland, amid the cheers and shouts of thousands, entered for the the first time the royal palace of Nole.

Adapted

NOTES

(Part I) "Periwigs" are small wigs, worn by men for ornament or to conceal baldness.

(Part III) A *palfrey* is a horse for extraordinary occasions.

RED RIDING-HOOD

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

On the wide lawn the snow lay deep,
Ridged o'er with many a drifted heap;
The wind that through the pine-trees sung
The naked elm boughs tossed and swung;
While, through the window, frosty-starred,
Against the sunset purple barred,
We saw the somber crow flap by,
The hawk's gray fleck along the sky,
The crested blue-jay flitting swift,
The squirrel poising on the drift,
Erect, alert, his thick gray tail
Set to the north wind like a sail.

It came to pass, our little lass,
With flattened face against the glass,
And eyes in which the tender dew
Of pity shone, stood gazing through
The narrow space her rosy lips
Had melted from the frost's eclipse:
"Oh, see," she cried, "the poor blue-jays!
What is it that the black crow says?
The squirrel lifts his little legs
Because he has no hands, and begs;
He 's asking for my nuts, I know;
May I not feed them on the snow?"

Half lost within her boots, her head
Warm-sheltered in her hood of red,
Her plaid skirt close about her drawn,
She floundered down the wintry lawn;
Now struggling through the misty veil
Blown round her by the shrieking gale;
Now sinking in a drift so low
Her scarlet hood could scarcely show
Its dash of color on the snow.

She dropped for bird and beast forlorn
Her little store of nuts and corn,
And thus her timid guests bespoke:
"Come, squirrel, from your hollow oak,—
Come, black old crow,—come, poor blue-jay,
Before your supper's blown away!
Don't be afraid; we all are good;
And I 'm mamma's Red Riding-Hood!"

O Thou, whose care is over all,
Who heedest e'en the sparrow's fall,
Keep in the little maiden's breast
The pity which is now its guest!
Let not her cultured years make less
The childhood charm of tenderness,
But let her feel as well as know,
Nor harder with her polish grow!
Unmoved by sentimental grief
That wails along some printed leaf,
But, prompt with kindly word and deed
To own the claims of all who need,
Let the grown woman's self make good
The promise of Red Riding-Hood!

NOTES

Explain: "Against the sunset purple barred."

Somber means dull; gloomy.

Fleck here means streak. The gray hawk flying "along the sky" looked like a gray streak.

Poising means balancing.

Explain: "And eyes in which the tender dew Of pity shone."

Eclipse means to darken or hide. Explain what is meant by "the frost's eclipse."

"She floundered" means that she struggled in the deep snow with much motion.

What was "the misty veil" which was "Blown round her by the shrieking gale"?

What is meant by "shrieking gale"?

Who were her "timid guests"?

Why are they called *guests?*

Bespoke means to speak to. She spoke thus to her timid guests.

The last stanza of this beautiful poem is a prayer that Red Riding-Hood will pity, love, and care for the birds, and all who need her help, when she becomes a grown woman, just as she does now, when a little child. The last two lines really explain the entire stanza.

AN ALPINE ADVENTURE

GRACE WICKHAM CURRAN

The Mortimer family had but the night before arrived at the tiny Alpine village in the high Bernese Oberland.

The next morning Arthur, Mr. Mortimer's thirteen-year-old son, clamored for an expedition, and immediately after breakfast donned his stout, hobnailed shoes, seized his alpenstock, and with the rest of the family party set forth by a little path through the meadows and forest to some rocky crags beyond, a famous view-point of the locality.

Not a breeze stirred, not a sound could be heard save the drone of insects among the flowers. All at once Arthur was startled by a few clear, musical notes, which seemed to come from beyond a pile of rocks ahead of him. He started to a sitting posture, and in an instant the air about him, the sky overhead, was filled with wonderful strains of music, like the chanting of some great cathedral choir. For a time, Arthur sat bewildered and enchanted by the strange, weird music, which was again and again repeated. Finally, tiptoeing forward, he peeped around the intervening rocks. There, stretched on the ground beside a long Alpine horn, was a rugged, sun-tanned Swiss lad of his own age. His had been the few clear notes, and the after-music was the wonderful echo of the same back and forth among the overhanging crags.

Just then the horn-blower raised his head, and, looking about him, caught sight of Arthur.

"Good morning," exclaimed Arthur, in his most polite

school-German, as he stepped out into view, and received a courteous welcome.

"Won't you let me look at your horn? Is it hard to blow? I should like to try it, and see if I could make the echo answer. Did you make the horn yourself? I believe I could make one. Do you do this all the time? Do they pay you for it? Do you like to do it?"

All these questions, in a jumble of German and English, tumbled out of Arthur's lips in rapid succession, as he came forward and examined the horn with great interest and curiosity. After a little, by repeating his questions more slowly, he succeeded in making himself understood, and better still, in getting answers in German-Swiss, whose meaning he partly caught and partly guessed at. By the time his father and the rest of the party had appeared, Arthur had acquired a brief outline of the Swiss boy's past history, his present mode of life, and his future ambitions, and had even tried a note or two on the horn himself.

The others had also heard and been captivated by the notes of the horn and the exquisite music of the echo. Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer, smiling at Arthur's enthusiasm, exchanged greetings with the player and slipped a few bright coins into his hand before continuing on their way.

"Good-by," said Arthur, "I 'm coming up here every day to hear you play, and you will teach me to do it, too. I shall not forget."

"He is just my age, father," continued Arthur, as they went on up the path. "His name is Ulric Baumann. His father was a guide, but fell and was killed on one of the big mountains. Ulric is going to be a guide when he is old enough. His uncle, who is also a guide, is going to train

him. He blows the horn all summer to earn money for his mother and three little sisters. The tourists give him money for the echo music. His mother works in the potato field and his oldest sister helps take care of the goats, and they get along very well, but when he is old enough to be a guide, they will be quite rich, he says, for guides often get a hundred francs for one trip, and then he will build a chimney in his mother's house like those in the valley."

"Well, my boy, you have learned a great deal in a short time," said Mr. Mortimer.

Little by little this chance acquaintanceship ripened into a warm friendship. Perhaps this was due to the very contrast of the boys' natures, for while the one was quick, impulsive, heedless, and inclined even to recklessness, the other was slow, sure, cautious, and faithful in the minutest detail. As Ulric was charmed and entertained by Arthur's glowing accounts of the outside world, and especially of the wonders of America, Arthur, in turn, was fascinated and enraptured by the store of mountain tales which Ulric related to him, as they sat for long hours on the cushiony heather in the open, sunny pasture.

The topic which they discussed the most, however, was a guide's life, his possible adventures, his certain dangers, his chances for fame and his responsibilities.

Arthur envied Ulric his future and regretted the plans for college and professional life which his father had laid for him.

"Oh, Ulric! think of your chances! This glorious mountain life forever, and the opportunity to climb to the top of those highest peaks. Oh, it makes me sick to think of that stuffy office and revolving chair to which I shall be tied all my

life! Never mind, I shall try to make money enough in it so that I can come every summer to Switzerland, and you shall be my own special guide and we 'll do some 'stunts' in mountain climbing that will surprise the world."

At words like these, Ulric would shake his head slowly.

"No, I can never be your guide. I think too much of you, and you do not know the obedience which is necessary. It is a terrible thing to be a guide—for there is always the fear that you may make some mistake, and lives depend upon your strength and wisdom! Then so many of the foreign gentlemen who come to climb are not wise and do not obey. They think because they know so much of other things that they know even more than their guides of the mountain ways and secrets, and then comes the disaster! Sometimes I think I will give it all up, but it is in the blood. My father was a guide, my grandfather, and his father before him. Oh! you can not get away from it when it is in the blood!"

Though Arthur went on many long tramps and expeditions with his father, he longed for some real mountain climbing. His father had no adventurous tastes, and all of Arthur's pleadings could not tempt him beyond perfectly safe and secure pathways.

One day Ulric said to Arthur, "Do not come up to the echo field to-morrow, for I shall not be there. My Uncle Hans, the guide of whom I told you, is going across the Eiger Glacier, and says he will take me to give me a lesson in glacier work."

"Oh, Ulric! I wish I could go, too. Do you think your uncle would take me? My father would let me go with a real guide, I am sure."

Ulric shook his head thoughtfully. "My uncle would not

object, but, Arthur, you are so quick. I am afraid you would not think the little things necessary to obey."

But Arthur begged so hard, and promised so faithfully, that Ulric's fears were silenced, and with his father's permission and Uncle Hans' consent, he joined them the following morning early, before the sun had risen, as there was a long tramp and climb to be taken before reaching the edge of the glacier.

How beautiful the mountains looked in this morning twilight! The deep valleys were still mysterious with the purple shadows of night. Far over head the topmost peak of the snowy Jungfrau was tinged with the faint rosy glow preceding sunrise. By the time they had reached the upper pasture of the Wengern Alp and paused at the herder's summer station for a drink of warm milk, the whole face of the great mountain was aglow.

Before setting forth, Uncle Hans explained to the boys the treacherous surface with which they had to deal, full of unexpected cracks and crevasses, owing to the slow and steady moving of the great ice river.

"Although I crossed here ten days ago," he said, "I may find, where there were unbroken stretches then, deep cracks, difficult to cross, and we must go slowly and carefully. We shall tie ourselves together with this rope, Master Arthur in the middle, as he is our guest; and you must remember, boys, never to let the rope grow loose. Keep it always tight and then if one should slip and fall the rest of us can easily pull him to his feet again. But beware of a loose rope, for a sudden fall may snap and break it."

All went well, and long before noon they were far out in

the midst of the icy field. Arthur was happy, for they had crossed a number of difficult cracks and he felt himself to be already an expert. After eating a lunch of bread and good Swiss cheese, they started on with refreshed vigor. As it was necessary for Uncle Hans at the head of the line to look ahead and watch and plan their route, it was Arthur's task to watch the space of rope between them, and Ulric's to take care of the distance between him and Arthur. At the wider cracks they all stopped until the whole party were safely across, but it was easy to bestride many, indeed the majority, of the narrower ones, and progress would have been too slow if all had stopped for each of them. Uncle Hans and Arthur had just passed one of these narrow cracks, which, they had noticed in passing, looked unusually deep, and Ulric was on the point of stepping over. Arthur, thoughtlessly, seeing the unbroken stretch ahead of them, and having already forgotten the crevasse he had just crossed, hurried ahead to ask some questions of Uncle Hans, thereby allowing the rope between them to loosen considerably. His sudden start ahead gave an unusual pull on the rope behind, causing Ulric to jerk forward and his foot to slip on the very edge of the crevasse. Ulric clutched wildly in the air trying to regain his balance, but the treacherous ice was too slippery and he shot swiftly downward, dragging Arthur backward over the ice because of the slackened rope ahead. Then came the inevitable result. The swiftness of the fall and Ulric's weight, for he was a large and heavy boy for his years, snapped asunder the rope and he fell with violent force into the depths of the crevasse. Fortunately, some forty feet down the ice walls narrowed so that his fall was checked,

but he was so tightly wedged in that he could move neither hand nor foot.

Arthur had been dragged swiftly backward almost to the edge of the crevasse, and he scarcely realized what was happening until he felt himself stopped by the sudden snapping of the rope. Uncle Hans, with cool courage and resourcefulness of the Swiss guide, was at the edge in a moment, calling down heartening words to Ulric and devising a means of rescue. Noosing one end of his extra coil of rope, he lowered it, calling as he did so:

"Fasten it under your arms, Ulric, my boy, and we 'll soon have you up again."

At first Ulric found it impossible to free his arms from the ice, but exerting his utmost strength he finally succeeded and fastened the rope according to his uncle's directions, with fingers already growing numb with the cold.

But pull as they might, they could not move him, for from the waist down he was tightly jammed between the walls, driven in by the force of his fall. Then as Arthur was too weak to lower Uncle Hans, Arthur himself was lowered, pick in hand, to make an effort to chop away the ice. But the crevasse was so narrow that it was difficult to wield the implement, and the task soon proved too great for his experience and lack of strength. Uncle Hans quickly came to the conclusion that the only thing remaining to do was for him to return as swiftly as he might and secure help.

"I cannot take you with me, Master Arthur, as I must make haste or Ulric will die of the cold before we can get him out."

"Indeed, I would not go with you, if I could," answered Arthur, almost angrily. "Do you think I would leave Ulric

here alone? Before you go, lower me again to him and give me the brandy bottle. I can keep him awake and give him courage till you come back. It is all my fault! Oh, if I had only remembered—only obeyed!"

"It is a good idea—that of lowering you. I should not have thought of it. Down you go then. Keep the lad awake, for if he goes to sleep in the cold he will never wake again. And do not sleep yourself. Your own danger is not great, for you can move about and exercise. Good-by," and he was off.

A great loneliness came over Arthur as the two boys were thus left alone in the icy desert, deep in that cruel ice crack, and a more vivid sense came over him of the desperate danger which faced Ulric. Indeed, it faced them both, for if by any chance Uncle Hans should slip and fall, or be prevented from returning, Ulric certainly, and probably he, too, would be frozen to death before any search-party would be sent to seek them out.

Ulric was a brave lad and a mountaineer, and knew the danger he was in. Now that his arms were free, he began to use them continually and vigorously in exercise, swinging them up and out, and inhaling deep breaths to keep up his circulation. Now and then Arthur gave him a tiny swallow of the fiery brandy, which started the sluggish blood afresh and sent it down into his rapidly chilling legs and feet. Arthur himself kept plying the ice-pick, more to keep himself warm than anything else, for he seemed to be able to make no impression on the solid walls which imprisoned Ulric.

The minutes seemed hours, and the hours dragged themselves out interminably. At length Arthur began to notice

that Ulric's efforts at exercise grew weaker, that the brave, cheerful talk which he had thus far kept up, slackened. He began chafing his hands and wrists, beating his back and shoulders. Oh, those pitiless green walls on either side! Oh, the bitter cold!

"Ulric—don't stop trying! You *must not* sleep!"

Even as he spoke he saw Ulric's eyelids begin to droop, his head to sway. He murmured drowsily:

"Don't—mind—Arthur. Let me sleep—one minute—then I will wake."

The lad's head fell forward on his breast and his eyes closed. Arthur, in an agony of fear, seized him by the shoulders and shook him fiercely, desperately, pried open his jays and poured a great draught of brandy down his throat. "Wake, Ulric, *wake!*"

Just then from far up and across the ice he heard a sound of faint hallooing, which increased with every instant, drawing nearer. It was Uncle Hans and his band of helpers, shouting as they came to give courage to the helpless and almost frozen boys.

Laughing aloud in his relief, Arthur shook and pounded Ulric with fresh energy, and kept the drowsy eyes open a little longer, until the help came. Strong arms soon cut the almost frozen boy loose and carried him up into the sunshine. Restoratives were applied, and the life, which had almost slipped away forever, was in a little while brought back for a long period of useful service.

Arthur had learned a lesson which he never forgot. His thoughtlessness had almost cost his friend's life, but his brave courage and resourcefulness in staying by him, in some measure atoned for the fault of that day, and the bond of

friendship between these two has never been weakened by time nor by the wide ocean which rolls between them.

NOTES

Bernese Oberland (Ō′-ber-länt′). The Bernese Alps mountain region in Switzerland.

Alpenstock. A long staff, pointed with iron, used in traveling among the Alps.

Heather (hĕth′er). A small evergreen shrub, growing on heaths.

Heath. Land that produces only heather.

Disaster. Misfortune, calamity.

Eiger (Í′gẹr). A mountain in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland, 13,045 ft. high.

Jungfrau (Yŏong-frow). A mountain peak in the Bernese Alps, Switzerland, 13,671 ft. high.

What is meant by "the herder's summer station"?

Explain: "cool courage and resourcefulness."

Noosing. To tie in a running knot, which binds the closer the more it is drawn.

The Alps are the highest mountain system in Europe. Alps means white, and was the name given to these mountains because their tops are always covered with snow.

A RUSSIAN CHRISTMAS

COUNT ILYA TOLSTOY

On Christmas Eve priests arrived and celebrated vespers. On Christmas Day we put on our best clothes when we got up, and in the *zala,* instead of the dining-table, stood a big bushy Christmas tree filling the whole room with a pleasant wild forest smell of fir needles. We hurried over dinner, anxious to get done as quickly as possible and run back to our part of the house. Then the doors of the *zala* were locked and the grown-ups decorated the Christmas tree and

spread out our presents on little tables. Twenty times in the afternoon we would go running to the door to ask if it would soon be ready and peep through the key-hole, and the time passed very very slowly.

At last we were called. The door into the small drawing-room was unlocked and we all rushed through higgledy-piggledy into the *zala*.

We were dazzled by the brilliant blaze of the Christmas-tree candles and stood bewildered, not knowing what to do next. But this lasted only for a second; one soon recovered one's wits, and went to look for one's own table on which one's presents were laid neatly out; a doll that shut its eyes, a big pencil, a calendar, a pen-knife, a kitchen range with pots and pans, and so on. One examined everything carefully and ran to see what the others got. Their presents were better still. Another doll was bigger than mine, and shut its eyes like mine when you laid it flat; but besides that there were two strings under its frock with blue beads at the end and when you pulled them it cried "papa" and "mama." There was a gun which fired off a cork with a loud pop, and a tin watch with a chain to it.

Meanwhile mama was distributing dolls and gingerbread to the village children. They had been let in by another door, and stood close together on the right-hand side of the Christmas tree, without coming over to our part of the room.

Then one of the grown-ups sat down at the piano and struck up a lively *trepák*.

Suddenly every one made way for an old man who appeared from no one knows where, with a long tow-beard, leading a bear on a rope.

"Come along, Misha, give us a dance! Show us how

the village children steal peas from the kitchen garden! Show us how the old woman turns over on the top of the stove! Show us how the village girls paint their faces with white and red," he said, putting on a deep bass voice, and the bear danced and crawled and lay down on one side and turned slowly over. We looked round at all the grown-ups to make sure whether they were all still there, and suddenly noticed that papa was missing. He had been there a moment ago and we had never noticed him go. Then we guessed that this was he, playing the bear in a fur coat turned inside out, and we were no longer afraid of the bear, but came boldly up and stroked his shaggy coat.

The first Christmas tree I remember was in the balcony room which my father used as a study in later years. After that it was always in the newly-built *zala*.

I was five years old then.

That year I was given a big porcelain tea-cup and saucer. Mama knew that a tea-cup and saucer had long been the dream of my life and she got it for me as a Christmas present. When I saw the cup on my table I did not stop to examine the rest of my presents, but caught it up in both hands and ran to show it to the others. As I ran across from the *zala* into the small drawing-room, I caught my foot on the step in the doorway and fell down, and my tea-cup was smashed to smithereens.

Of course I set up a loud howl and pretended that I was much worse hurt than I really was. Mama came running to comfort me and said that it was my own fault because I had been careless. This made me very angry and I cried that it was not my fault but the fault of the beastly architect, who had gone and put a step in the doorway, and if it had

not been for the step I should never have tumbled down.

Papa overheard this and burst out laughing: "It 's the architect's fault, it 's the architect's fault!" and I felt angrier than ever and could not forgive him for laughing at me.

The phrase "It 's the architect's fault" was thenceforth adopted as a saying in our family, and papa was fond of repeating it whenever any one tried to throw the blame for anything on anybody else. And one always had to give in and confess oneself in the wrong.

NOTES

Count Leo Tolstoy was the greatest Russian of the nineteenth century. Although a Count, and rich at the time of his story, when he became a man, he always wore a peasant's smock, and lived like a peasant. His eyes were sharp and piercing; and when old he wore a long white beard. He wrote many celebrated books; some of which told about the hard, sad life of the poor peasants. He was born in 1828, and died in 1910. Ilya Tolstoy is a son of Count Leo.

Vĕs'pers. The evening song, or evening service, in the Roman Catholic church.

The *zala* is the chief room of a house, corresponding to the English drawing-room, but on a grand scale.

Trepák, a sort of brisk religious dance, in which there is much stamping and leaping.

Misha, diminutive of Michael, the name given to all bears in Russia.

THE FLAG'S CHRISTMAS

EDGAR A. GUEST

This morning, as I look and see
The Flag still waving over me
I lift my eyes to it and say:
"Old Flag, a Merry Christmas Day!

May every friend of yours be true,
May every sky above be blue,
As blue as is that field divine
Wherein your stars of glory shine!
To-day some give their blood to shed
To tint your stripes a deeper red,
And some bring gifts of courage rare
To keep you fine and splendid there.
My Christmas gift must be to you
My heart's devotion, through and through.

"God grant that men shall never see
The day when you must cease to be!
That never strong or cunning foe
At you shall strike a deadly blow!
May children's laughter and their song
Of gladness, as you pass along,
Be yours to hear; may mothers fair
Rejoice to see you dancing there;
May all men, under God's great sky,
Bareheaded stand as you go by,
And when these days of care are o'er,
May every joy be yours once more!
Oh, finest friend to man, I pray
For you a Merry Christmas Day!"

CHRISTMAS 1917

THE SELFISH GIANT

OSCAR WILDE

Every afternoon, as they were coming from school, the children used to go and play in the Giant's garden.

It was a large lovely garden, with soft green grass. Here and there over the grass stood beautiful flowers like stars, and there were twelve peach-trees that in the springtime broke out into delicate blossoms of pink and pearl, and in the autumn bore rich fruit. The birds sat on the trees and sang so sweetly that the children used to stop their games in order to listen to them. "How happy we are here!" they cried to each other.

One day the Giant came back. He had been to visit his friend, the Cornish ogre, and had stayed with him for seven years. After the seven years were over he had said all that he had to say, for his conversation was limited, and he determined to return to his own castle. When he arrived he saw the children playing in the garden.

"What are you doing there?" he cried in a very gruff voice, and the children ran away.

"My own garden is my own garden," said the Giant; "any one can understand that, and I will allow nobody to play in it but myself." So he built a high wall all round it, and put up a notice-board:

TRESPASSERS
WILL BE
PROSECUTED

He was a very selfish giant.

The poor children had now nowhere to play. They tried to play on the road, but the road was very dusty and full of hard stones, and they did not like it. They used to wander round the high wall when their lessons were over, and talk about the beautiful garden inside. "How happy we were there," they said to each other.

Then the Spring came, and all over the country there were little blossoms and little birds. Only in the garden of the Selfish Giant it was still winter. The birds did not care to sing in it as there were no children, and the trees forgot to blossom. Once a beautiful flower put its head out from the grass, but when it saw the notice-board it was so sorry for the children that it slipped back into the ground again, and went off to sleep. The only people who were pleased were the Snow and the Frost. "Spring has forgotten this garden," they cried, "so we will live here all the year round." The Snow covered up the grass with her white cloak, and the Frost painted all the trees silver. Then they invited the North Wind to stay with them, and he came. He was wrapped in furs, and he roared all day about the garden, and blew the chimney-pots down. "This is a delightful spot," he said, "we must ask the Hail on a visit." So the Hail came. Every day for three hours he rattled on the roof of the castle till he broke most of the slates, and then he ran round and round the garden as fast as he could go. He was dressed in gray, and his breath was like ice.

"I can not understand why the Spring is so late in coming," said the Selfish Giant, as he sat at the window and looked out at his cold white garden; "I hope there will be a change in the weather."

But the Spring never came, nor the Summer. The Autumn gave golden fruit to every garden, but to the Giant's garden she gave none. "He is too selfish," she said. So it was always winter there, and the North Wind, and the Hail, and the Frost, and the Snow danced about through the trees.

One morning the Giant was lying awake in bed when he heard some lovely music. It sounded so sweet to his ears that he thought it must be the King's musicians passing by. It was really only a little linnet singing outside his window, but it was so long since he had heard a bird sing in his garden that it seemed to him to be the most beautiful music in the world. Then the Hail stopped dancing, over his head, and the North Wind ceased roaring, and a delicious perfume came to him through the open casement. "I believe the Spring has come at last," said the Giant; and jumped out of bed and looked out.

What did he see?

He saw a most wonderful sight. Through a little hole in the wall the children had crept in, and they were sitting in the branches of the trees. In every tree that he could see there was a little child. And the trees were so glad to have the children back again that they had covered themselves with blossoms, and were waving their arms gently above the children's heads. The birds were flying about and twittering with delight, and the flowers were looking up through the green grass and laughing. It was a lovely scene, only in one corner it was still winter. It was the farthest corner of the garden, and in it was standing a little boy. He was so small that he could not reach up to the branches of the tree, and he was wandering all round it, crying bitterly. The poor tree was still quite covered with frost and snow, and the North Wind

was blowing and roaring above it. "Climb up! little boy," said the Tree, and it bent its branches down as low as it could; but the boy was too tiny.

And the Giant's heart melted as he looked out. "How selfish I have been!" he said; "now I know why the Spring would not come here. I will put that poor little boy on the top of the tree, and I will knock down the wall, and my garden shall be the children's playground for ever and ever." He was really very sorry for what he had done.

So he crept downstairs and opened the front door quite softly, and went out into the garden. But when the children saw him they were so frightened that they all ran away, and the garden became winter again. Only the little boy did not run, for his eyes were so full of tears that he did not see the Giant coming. And the Giant strode up behind him and took him gently in his hand, and put him up into the tree. And the tree broke at once into blossom, and the birds came and sang on it, and the little boy stretched out his two arms and flung them round the Giant's neck, and kissed him. And the other children, when they saw that the Giant was not wicked any longer, came running back, and with them came the Spring. "It is your garden now, little children," said the Giant, and he took a great axe and knocked down the wall. And when the people were going to market at twelve o'clock they found the Giant playing with the children in the most beautiful garden they had ever seen.

All day long they played, and in the evening they came to the Giant to bid him good-by.

"But where is your little companion?" he said: "the boy I put into the tree." The Giant loved him the best because he had kissed him.

"We don't know," answered the children; "he has gone away."

"You must tell him to be sure and come here to-morrow," said the Giant. But the children said that they did not know where he lived, and had never seen him before; and the Giant felt very sad.

Every afternoon, when school was over, the children came and played with the Giant. But the little boy whom the Giant loved was never seen again. The giant was very kind to all the children, yet he longed for his first little friend, and often spoke of him. "How I would like to see him!" he used to say.

Years went over, and the Giant grew very old and feeble. He could not play about any more, so he sat in a huge arm-chair, and watched the children at their games, and admired his garden. "I have many beautiful flowers," he said; "but the children are the most beautiful flowers of all."

One winter morning he looked out of his window as he was dressing. He did not hate the Winter now, for he knew that it was merely the Spring asleep, and that the flowers were resting.

Suddenly he rubbed his eyes in wonder, and looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. In the farthest corner of the garden was a tree quite covered with lovely white blossoms. Its branches were all golden, and silver fruit hung down from them, and underneath it stood the little boy he had loved.

Downstairs ran the Giant in great joy, and out into the garden. He hastened across the grass, and came near to the child. And when he came quite close his face grew red with anger, and he said, "Who hath dared to wound thee?"

For on the palms of the child's hands were the prints of two nails, and the prints of two nails were on the little feet.

"Who hath dared to wound thee?" cried the Giant; "tell me, that I may take my big sword and slay him."

"Nay!" answered the child; "but these are the wounds of Love."

"Who art thou?" said the Giant, and a strange awe fell on him, and he knelt before the little child.

THE FROST SPIRIT

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! You may trace his footsteps now
On the naked woods and the blasted fields and the brown hill's withered brow.
He has smitten the leaves of the gray old trees where their pleasant green came forth,
And the winds, which follow wherever he goes, have shaken them down to earth.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! from the frozen Labrador,
From the icy bridge of the Northern seas, which the white bear wanders o'er,
Where the fisherman's sail is stiff with ice, and the luckless forms below
In the sunless cold of the lingering night into marble statues grow!

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! on the rushing Northern blast,
And the dark Norwegian pines have bowed as his fearful breath went past.
With an unscorched wing he has hurried on, where the fires of Hecla glow
On the darkly beautiful sky above and the ancient ice below.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! and the quiet lake shall feel
The torpid touch of his glazing breath, and ring to the skater's heel;
And the streams which danced on the broken rocks, or sang to the leaning grass,
Shall bow again to their winter chain, and in mournful silence pass.

He comes,—he comes,—the Frost Spirit comes! Let us meet him as we may,
And turn with the light of the parlor-fire his evil power away;
And gather closer the circle round, when that firelight dances high,
And laugh at the shriek of the baffled Fiend as his sounding wing goes by!

NOTES

John Greenleaf Whittier, sometimes called the "Quaker Poet," was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm, at shoe-making, and later taught school during his vacations, to pay for his education. He was an author and a poet. He died September 7, 1892.

Hecla, is the name of a volcanic mountain in Iceland. It is cone shaped, with a snow-clad summit, 5,110 ft. high. At one time, when visited, the principal crater was about 100 ft. deep, and the bottom contained much snow. There have been only 43 eruptions of Hecla since the 10th century, but every one has been very violent.

Torpid. A thing becomes torpid when its power of motion is lost.

Glazing is the act of setting glass in window sashes or picture frames. Here, the Frost Spirit causes the water of the lake to be still, as it becomes ice with a glass-like surface.

Explain what is meant by: *"naked* woods," *"blasted* fields," "the brown hill's *withered* brow" and, "has *smitten* the leaves."

What are "the luckless forms" which "into marble statues grow"? Why called "marble statues"?

Who is the "baffled Fiend"?

What is the meaning of "the shriek of the baffled Fiend"?

BAYARD

JAMES BALDWIN

Above the door of a small country inn near the village of St. Renaud, in southern France, there hangs a quaint old signboard, dingy with age and battered with the storms of many winters. The paint upon it, which was doubtless of the brightest colors when first laid on, has been almost entirely worn away, yet enough remains to reveal the figure of a long-backed charger, with flowing mane and tail, astride of whom are four doughty knights, fully armed. The legend beneath the picture is very indistinct, but if one has good eyes and a lively imagination, he may make out the three words, *Quatre Fils Aymon.* If the keeper of the inn should see you examining his signboard, he will give you no peace until he has told you its meaning and history. "That sign," he will say, "has hung above this door for hundreds of years—for

a thousand years, for all anybody knows. It was there when my grandfather's grandfather kept the inn, in the days of Louis the Great; and I have heard it said that it was an old sign even then. The great Louis himself once stopped in the middle of the road there, to admire it, while my ancestor fetched him a cup of cold water."

And then he will make you sit down on the bench beside the door and listen to this story:

In the days of Charlemagne there lived for a time in the forest of Ardennes a rebel chieftain, Aymon the Duke of Dordon, with his four sons, Richard, Adelhart, Guichard, and Reinold. At one time the duke had stood high in the favor of the king, and had held from him many castles and great estates. Indeed, it had not been long since he was able to raise ten thousand fighting men under his own banner, and there were few names in all France that were feared more than his. But he was proud and selfish, and cruel not only to his enemies but to his dependents. The noblemen who supported him could not endure his tyranny, and, one by one, they attached themselves to other leaders. One by one, also, his castles, with the broad lands surrounding them, became the property of his rivals. Finally he rebelled against the king, and became an outlaw, hiding in the forest and with a small band of desperate men making unexpected forays into the neighboring villages.

It was in vain that rewards were offered for his capture; in vain that the king's soldiers continually patrolled the country in search of him. He always appeared where he was least expected. If he was seen one day in the direction of Liége, the next day he would be hovering about Châlons, a hundred miles away. So swiftly, indeed, did he pass from

one place to another, and so skilful was he in evading his enemies, that no one could account for it until it was discovered that he rode a fairy horse, that was gifted with the speed of lightning and the wisdom of a man. The name of this horse was "Bayard"; and those who had seen him declared that in beauty and strength and swiftness he had not his equal in all the world. With Aymon, also, was a cunning dwarf, named Malagis, who was skilled in the power of magic, and who advised him with reference to all his enterprises. It was believed that if either the horse or the dwarf could be captured, it would not be hard to bring the rebellious outlaw to terms.

A blacksmith who had a smithy in a cavern among the mountains, and who was himself somewhat of a magician, contrived one night, by disguising himself as the duke's old groom, to steal the horse from the stable which the outlaws had built for him in the forest. Having muffled Bayard's feet in leathern bags half filled with feathers, he led him out of the wood, and then, mounting him, rode with all speed to his smithy. He had little trouble in leading the horse into the cavern, and in placing him in a well-hidden nook at the rear. Then he piled his forge with fuel, and, plying his bellows with all his might, he soon had the smithy so full of smoke that the sharpest eyes could not have seen the spot where Bayard stood.

When Aymon went out in the morning to saddle his good steed for another foray, he was astonished to find the stable empty. He called, "Bayard! Bayard!" but there was no response. He fancied that some one in the forest was mocking him, and he sat down on a stone and bewailed his hard fortune. He was tired of the long contest he had waged

with the king, and he felt ready to give himself up and suffer whatever punishment might be imposed. While he was thus grieving and pondering, some one at his elbow pronounced his name, and looking around, he saw the ugly visage of Malagis the magician.

"What is the matter, my lord?" asked the dwarf.

"Matter enough," answered Aymon. "They have gotten Bayard at last, and now there is nothing left for us to do but to give ourselves up to our enemies."

"Nonsense!" said Malagis, picking up a horseshoe-nail from the ground. "I know who has the good steed. Wait a little while and he shall be yours again."

Then without another word he turned and walked away. At the hut of a forester whom he knew, he disguised himself as a country lad, and then set out by the nearest route to the blacksmith's cavern. The horseshoe-nail which had fallen from the thief's pocket had told the whole secret. But the journey into the mountains was a longer one than the dwarf had supposed, and, a magician though he was, he lost his way more than once. It was not until the evening of the second day that he arrived in front of the smithy. The smith, who was sitting in the door of his cavern, was a most pitiable object to see. A bloody handkerchief bound about his head half concealed an ugly wound in his forehead. His face was swollen, and there were black and blue marks beneath his eyes, the lids of which he could scarcely separate. One of his arms was broken and tied up awkwardly in a sling, and his right foot was bruised and bleeding. When he saw Malagis approaching he fetched a deep sigh of relief and cried out, "Ah, my dear boy, how glad I am that you have come! I knew that my prayers would be answered. But I had to wait

Aymon, the Duke of Dordon, with his horse Bayard and the dwarf Malagis

a long time, and had you delayed until morning I surely would have died!"

"What is the matter, sir?" asked Malagis.

"I have met with a great accident," answered the smith. "Only see my head and my arm and my foot. Yesterday morning—and yet it seems much longer ago—I was trying to shoe a horse that a strange knight had brought to me. I have shod many horses, but never such a one as this. Oh, how vicious he was, and how strong! He fairly leaped upon me, and I escaped, as you see, only with my life."

"But where was the knight, the owner?"

"The knight? Ah, the cowardly fellow! He ran away as fast as his legs would carry him. And not a soul has been near the smithy since, and I have sat here helpless and prayed to the saints that they would send help."

"Where is the horse?"

"The horse? Ah, he is in there—tethered to the iron ring, at the farther end of the cavern. It was lucky I put him there, otherwise he would have overturned my forge and broken my anvil and ruined me entirely."

"I have heard," said Malagis, "that you want to employ an apprentice, and I have come to see if you will take me. There is nothing in the world that I would like so well as to learn the trade of a smith."

"Certainly, I 'll take you," cried the smith impatiently. "And the first thing you do you must help me to bed; and when you have dressed my wounds then you must get me some food, for I am almost starved."

Malagis hastened to relieve the necessities of the poor man, and so skilfully did he do it all that the smith was filled with astonishment that a mere country lad could know so much.

Yet he kept his thoughts to himself, and after he had eaten heartily of some broth he dropped asleep. Only once during the night did he rouse himself from slumber, and then merely to exclaim: "A horse? Ah, yes, and what teeth he has, and what heels! Don't go near him, for your life!"

At the break of day Malagis built a fire in the forge and heaped dry sticks upon it until the flames leaped up almost to the roof. But the smith still slept soundly, nor seemed to be in the least disturbed. When every corner of the cavern was lighted up so that the smallest object could be plainly seen, the dwarf went to the farther end to look at the horse. It was indeed Bayard, but he did not know Malagis in his disguise. The animal leaped at the magician in great fury, and would have torn him in pieces if he could. But when the disguised dwarf spoke, and said, "Bayard, good Bayard! Let us hasten to your master," all the creature's anger vanished, and he became as gentle as a lamb. He suffered Malagis to untie the halter that held him, and to lead him out of the smithy.

An hour later the smith awoke and looked around him. The sunlight was streaming in through the wide-open door; some flickering flames were still leaping up from the forge: and his eyes, no longer swollen and painful, took in the whole cavern at a glance.

"A horse!" he exclaimed. "Ah, yes; and I am so glad that he is gone, and the boy with him!"

Duke Aymon was overjoyed when Malagis returned to him with Bayard. He caressed the horse fondly, and called him many endearing names. But he was heartily tired of living as an outlaw, and when Charlemagne soon afterward offered on certain conditions to pardon him and his four sons,

he accepted the pardon and renewed his allegiance to the king. His restless disposition, however, would not allow him to tarry about the court; and so, after spending some time in Spain, fighting the Moors, he retired to his former home in Dordon.

Aymon's four sons remained for a long time in the neighborhood of the Ardennes, and with them stayed Bayard. Sometimes the young men were loyal to the king and were among the staunchest and bravest of all his warriors. Then, at the slighest provocation, they would act rashly, turn against all their old friends, and again be exiled to lead a life of outlawry in the forest. Through these changes of fortune their most faithful ally was the horse Bayard. They needed no other steed, for he was large enough and strong enough to carry them all. It was even said of him that, like our modern dinner-tables, his back could be adjusted to suit circumstances. Whether one of the brothers or all four wished to mount him, he was always just the right size to accommodate them. And then he could be kept when necessary without any expense; for he would thrive and grow fat on leaves as readily as other horses would on corn.

At length the four brothers, leaving the Ardennes, made their way into southern France and visited their father's castle of Dordon. A sorrier set of outlaws were probably never seen than they when they presented themselves barefooted and wholly wretched at their mother's door, and begged her, for the love of God, to give them food and clothing. But all this has little to do with Bayard, who was still with them, and the most contented of the whole company. They were next heard of at Tarascon, where they joined forces with Ivo, the feudal lord of that territory, against a band of

Moorish invaders who had crossed over the mountains. And here it was that Bayard first distinguished himself in battle. Reinold had ridden him to the field, and had dismounted in order to engage in a hand-to-hand fight with the Moorish chieftain, who had challenged him to single combat. The horse remained quietly in his place, and all went well until he saw signs of treachery on the part of the Moors. Then Bayard, with a shrill neigh, leaped forward and ran with great speed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. Men and beasts were overthrown by the fury of his onset, and such was the surprise and fright which it caused among the Moors that they were easily and quickly put to flight. Duke Ivo was so highly pleased with this exploit that he gave Reinold a beautiful mountain-castle, which he called Montalban.

There Reinold, after he had married the daughter of Duke Ivo, took up his abode; and there, with Bayard as one of his family, he lived in peace for many years. But as he grew older, he longed to become reconciled to King Charlemagne and to know that the wicked follies of his youth had been forgiven. Embassy after embassy was sent to Charlemagne begging that he would pardon the four sons of Aymon. Then their mother, the Duchess Ava, who was the king's own sister, journeyed to Paris and besought her brother to have mercy on her children. But at first the king refused to listen to her entreaties and bade her return to Dordon. Finally, however, he said to her:

"There is one condition, and only one, upon which I will consent. If Reinold will give Bayard to me to be drowned, then I will not only pardon your four sons, but I will restore to them all the fiefs and possessions which would have been theirs had they never rebelled against me. But I cannot

pardon the beast Bayard, for he has done me more harm than all the others."

When Aya returned to Montalban and told Reinold the conditions upon which the king would pardon him, he was furious.

"Better remain an outlaw," he cried, "than betray my dearest and most faithful friend! Tell Charlemagne that I will not accept his conditions."

But his mother and his wife pleaded with him to consider the consequences that would follow. They said to him that so long as he remained unreconciled with the king, not only he himself, but all his family, would be considered as outlaws. "And for such outlaws," they said, "the gallows of Montfaucon are ready—and the inscription which future generations will read thereon is: 'Here Reinold gave up his wife and children to die a shameful death for the sake of a dumb animal.' "

"Mother! Wife!" cried Reinold. "You shall have your will. But when Bayard is slain, I too shall die."

At that moment, Bayard, who had heard all that was said, whinnied softly and came and laid his head upon his master's arm. The warrior burst into tears and turned away.

On a dark day in autumn the long bridge across the Seine at Paris was crowded with foot-soldiers and horsemen; and on the banks of the river gathered a rabble of citizens who had heard that the great Bayard was that day to be drowned. It is even said that Charlemagne and his peers were there to see the execution of the poor animal, but of the truth of this statement there are many doubts. The noble horse was led to the middle of the bridge, where iron weights were attached to his feet. It would seem, indeed, that the animal's strength

as well as his marvelous wisdom had deserted him; for we are told that at a given signal a party of men pushed him suddenly over the edge, whereupon he fell with a great splash into the Seine. But, notwithstanding the immense weights that were hung to his feet, he rose three times to the surface, each time mutely fixing his sorrowful eyes upon Reinold, who stood weeping upon the bank. When he saw this Charlemagne was beside himself with anger.

"The horse is bewitched!" he cried. "He is no mere animal, but a fiend. Beware, Count Reinold! He is looking to you for aid. If you are keeping him alive by any tricks of enchantment, I will refuse my pardon."

Reinold's mother, terrified at the words of the king, threw her arms around her son's neck and covered his eyes with her hand so that he could not see Bayard's appealing gaze as the horse rose for the fourth and last time. The count freed himself from his mother's embrace, and breaking his sword in two threw it into the river.

"Lie there, good blade, trusted friend and companion!" he cried. "Lie there with my Bayard, the faithfulest comrade that any man ever yet had! Never more, so long as I live, will I mount a horse or draw a sword!"

Then he turned and fled out of Paris, and paused not nor took any rest until he had left the city far behind him. Coming, toward evening, into a wild forest, he sank down upon the ground, where he lay for two days overwhelmed with grief and distress. After this he made his way painfully on foot to Montalban. To a pilgrim whom he met on the way he gave his golden spurs in exchange for the man's gray robes, for he was resolved to become a pilgrim himself and to seek in the Holy Land forgiveness and peace.

"Who will teach our sons to be true knights and noble men," cried his wife, "if you go and leave them thus?"

But Reinold turned away and departed on his long and toilsome journey, while his family wept for both him and Bayard. It is said that after he reached the Holy Land he remembered his vow and neither wielded a sword nor mounted a horse. Nevertheless, in the contest then going on between the Christians and Saracens he was no mere looker-on; but, armed with a mighty club, he fought like a hero in the Christian ranks.

And there are those who say that Bayard was not drowned in the Seine, after all. For when he saw, upon rising the fourth time, that there was no hope of aid from Reinold, he freed himself by a mighty effort from the weights fastened to his feet and, concealed by a fog which had risen upon the river, swam far down the stream. Then, making for the shore, he escaped into the Ardennes, where on still moonlight nights he may yet sometimes be heard galloping from point to point among the old haunts in the woodland which he loved when he was alive.

Such is the story which the innkeeper at St. Renaud will tell you. And when you ask him what connection it has with the old sign that swings over his door, he will tell you that half the country inns in France were once named after the four sons of Aymon, and that his sign is the last evidence of the once general admiration for the horse Bayard.

Notes

Bayard (Bī′ĕrd).

Charlemagne (Char-le-mān′) was the French name of Charles the Great. He was king of the Franks. The Franks were a people who

lived in parts of what we now call France and Germany. He was born in 742 and died in 814.

The forest of Ardennes (Är-dĕn′), is a dense oak and beech forest, which covers large tracts of country on both banks of the Meuse River in France.

Aymon (Ā′mon).

Guichard (Gē̇′shär).

Aymon was a robber. He made "unexpected *forays*" into near villages. This means that he would suddenly enter these villages to rob and plunder the people living there.

Liége (Lēj). A place in Belgium.

Châlons (Shä lō̇n′). A place in France.

Magician. One skilled in magic.

Ally (al-lī′). One who is associated with another for mutual help.

Tarascon (Tȧ′rȧ skôn). A town in France on the Rhone River.

Moorish. Belonging to the Moors, who were natives of North Africa. They were of dark complexion.

Treachery means, a cheating or trickery; a violation of faith and confidence.

Montfaucon (Môn fō̇ kôn′).

Sar′acens. The name given to a race of people who lived in northern Africa, and who invaded France.

Seine (Sān). One of the principal rivers of France.

St. Renaud (Rȧ̇-nō̇′).

NORTHERLY

MARY MAPES DODGE

When the wind is east, they say,
We may have a rainy day;
When it travels from the west
Waving fields have little rest.
Warm and soft it is, we know,
When the southern breezes blow;
But this north wind puzzles me,—
Who knows *what* the weather 'll be!

WAHB

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

Wahb never was sweet-tempered like his sister, and being teased by his many foes was making him more and more sour. Why could not they let him alone in his misery? Why was every one against him? If only he had his Mother back! If he could only have killed that Black bear that had driven him from his woods! And that spiteful Bobcat, that took advantage of him; and the man that had tried to kill him. He did not forget any of them, and he hated them all.

Wahb found his new range fairly good, because it was a good nut year. He learned just what the Squirrels feared he would, for his nose directed him to the little granaries where they had stored up great quantities of nuts for winter use. It was hard on the Squirrels, but it was good luck for Wahb, for the nuts were delicious food. And when the days shortened and the nights began to be frosty, he had grown fat and well-favored.

He traveled over all parts of the cañon, living mostly in the higher woods, but coming down at times to forage almost as far as the river. One night as he wandered by the deep water a peculiar smell reached his nose. It was quite pleasant, so he followed it up to the water's edge. It seemed to come from a sunken log. As he reached over toward this, there was a sudden *clank,* and one of his paws was caught in a strong, steel Beaver-trap.

Wahb yelled and jerked back with all his strength, and tore up the stake that held the trap. He tried to shake it off,

then ran away through the bushes trailing it. He tore at it with his teeth; but there it hung, quiet, cold, strong, and immovable. Every little while he tore at it with his teeth and claws, or beat it against the ground. He buried it in the earth, then climbed a low tree, hoping to leave it behind; but still it clung, biting into his flesh. He made for his own woods, and sat down to try to puzzle it out. He did not know what it was, but his little green-brown eyes glared with a mixture of pain, fright, and fury as he tried to understand his new enemy.

He lay down under the bushes, and, determined to crush the thing, held it down with one paw while he tightened his teeth on the other end, and bearing down as it slid away, the trap jaws opened and the foot was free. It was mere chance, of course, that led him to squeeze both springs at once. He did not understand it, but he did not forget it, and he got these not very clear ideas: "There is a dreadful little enemy that hides by the water and waits for one. It has an odd smell. It bites one 's paws and is too hard for one to bite. But it can be got off by hard squeezing."

For a week or more the little Grizzly had another sore paw, but it was not very bad if he did not do any climbing.

It was now the season when the Elk were bugling on the mountains. Wahb heard them all night, and once or twice had to climb to get away from one of the big-antlered Bulls. It was also the season when the trappers were coming into the mountains, and the Wild Geese were honking overhead. There were several quite new smells in the woods, too. Wahb followed one of these up, and it led to a place where were some small logs piled together; then, mixed with the smell that had drawn him, was one that he hated—he remembered

Wahb yelled and jerked back

it from the time when he had lost his Mother. He sniffed about carefully, for it was not very strong, and learned that this hateful smell was on a log in front, and the sweet smell that made his mouth water was under some brush behind. So he went around, pulled away the brush till he got the prize, a piece of meat, and as he grabbed it, the log in front went down with a heavy *chock*.

It made Wahb jump; but he got away all right with the meat and some new ideas, and with one old idea made stronger, and that was, "When that hateful smell is around it always means trouble."

As the weather grew colder, Wahb became very sleepy; he slept all day when it was frosty. He had not any fixed place to sleep in; he knew a number of dry ledges for sunny weather, and one or two sheltered nooks for stormy days. He had a very comfortable nest under a root, and one day, as it began to blow and snow, he crawled into this and curled up to sleep. The storm howled without. The snow fell deeper and deeper. It draped the pine-trees till they bowed, then shook themselves clear to be draped anew. It drifted over the mountains and poured down the funnel-like ravines, blowing off the peaks and ridges, and filling up the hollows level with their rims. It piled up over Wahb's den, shutting out the cold of the winter, shutting out itself: and Wahb slept and slept.

From "The Biography of a Grizzly."

THE CHEVALIER OF FLIGHT: CAPTAIN GEORGES GUYNEMER

Of all the heroes of the World War, Georges Guynemer, the "gallant flying boy" of France, most appeals to the imagination. "A hero of legendary power, he fell in the wide heaven of glory after three years of hard fighting" reads the inscription set up in his memory in the Pantheon, that classic Hall of Heroes in Paris. The very sound of his name stirs the heart. He has been called "the knight of the air," "the wingèd sword of France," and the story of his miraculous exploits is already linked with that of Jeanne d'Arc. Like her, he seems to stand for the eager, unquenchable spirit of France.

He was born on Christmas Eve, 1894. "I lead a charmed life," he used to say laughingly when his companions protested that he took too many risks. "You see it is not easy to hurt a chap who was born on Christmas Eve!"

He was a child of frail body and strong will. See the picture of him, a lad of twelve, among his mates at school. He is slighter and paler than them all, but his dark eyes burn with intense fire that defies all restraint.

As a tiny lad, he knew that his parents had grave concern because of his health. There were many consultations with physicians; there were journeys in search of health and strength. His education began at home under the governess of his two sisters.

"No doubt it is best," complained his father, a retired army officer, whose fondest dream it was that his only son should

win a place among those who serve their country, "but it looks as if we may have one petticoat too many in the family."

There were walks with the father, and many long talks about the glories of the past that their town had shared. The chief enthusiasm of the father was history, and there was not one of the streets where they walked but could furnish a text. . . . But every walk to the palace, the abbey, or to the forest, was somehow incomplete if they did not go by the open square of the Hotel-de-ville, where a maiden in armor stood lifting the standard of France to the sky.

"Who is she?" asked the child.

"Jeanne d'Arc."

Again and again he stood there gazing at the figure of the young girl who had led the armies of her country to victory and crowned her king, as he demanded to hear yet again about the miracle of her short life. It appeared that history was not all made by the wise and prudent like his father, but that children, too, had been able to do glorious things. Something seemed to draw him to that bronze maiden, who stood there straight as a sword, bearing her banner aloft. His heart burned within him, and a whisper came that guided all his days.

"It is not how long we live that matters, but how and what we live. Life is not measured by the clock, but by noble heart-beats and brave deeds." . . . The thought became clearer each time he stopped before the statue of the Maid. Surely she had lived as much for herself and the world as any one, no matter how many years and honors he might have to his credit.

At the age of twelve, little Georges Guynemer entered Stanislas College at Compiègne as a day pupil. They tell

us that he was no book-worm—that he was too "tameless and swift and proud" to be held down by routine exercises. His quickness of intelligence and ready wit were recognized, and his "ambition of the first rank." At the end of the first year, Georges had won first prize in arithmetic, but it was on the playground in games that demanded agility and daring that the slight boy most distinguished himself.

One game delighted the boy above everything else. The group of boys was divided into two armies, each commanded by a general chosen by themselves. All the soldiers strove to defend bands of color which they wore as armlets, and also to preserve from capture flags which floated from a wall, tree, or some other selected spot. A boy whose armlet was seized was *hors de combat*—a dead soldier. It is interesting to note that the boy who was most lacking in physical strength was a leader in this game. His energy, quickness of eye and wit, as well as his darting swiftness of movement and daring originality of attack, won for him first place. But it is to be noted also that he was never chosen general. His gifts were too much needed in the ranks of those who fought, and besides, he loved the struggle for its own sake. How he delighted in attacking the strongest and the most distinguished scholars of them all, conquering by a sudden turn before the other could tell what was happening;—and then the triumph of bearing the trophies to his general! He had no desire for leadership that would give him a rôle apart and aloof, leaving to others the chances and thrills that belong to the heat of the fray. So Georges Guynemer was always a *simple soldier.*

In spite of frequent illness, he succeeded in keeping abreast of his class and in graduating at the age of fifteen. The

next autumn he returned to go on with his studies in preparation for the Polytechnic, specializing in mathematics and physics. At the same time his native interest in mechanics engaged not only most of his spare time but also many hours stolen from his regular tasks. His room was a veritable curiosity shop, where coils of wire, wheels, chemicals, batteries, and all sorts of mechanical odds and ends were jumbled together with note-books, staid texts, and articles of clothing.

A friendship made during these days at school had a great influence on the particular development of his interests. Jean Krebs, son of the manager of the Panhard motor car factory—that Colonel Krebs whose name is associated with the early progress in the production of aërial motors—became young Guynemer's constant companion. The workshop of his room or even the college laboratory was too narrow now. His real school was the motor factory, where he eagerly mastered the fascinating details of workmanship and management of the various engines and mechanical contrivances.

One day during the last year of preparation for the Polytechnic, his father carried him off for a much-needed rest to his grandmother's in Paris, after which he spent some weeks in travel with his mother and sisters. Then, one day, his father drew him apart for a serious talk.

"You have had, my son, your years of preparatory study, and some leisure to think of the future. What profession do you plan to follow?"

Without a moment's pause or change of expression, as if he were not aware of saying something extraordinary, Georges replied, "Aviator."

"But that is not a profession," said the amazed father. "That is only a sport. You run through the air as an auto-

mobilist chases along the highways of the country. Then after spending your best years in the pursuit of pleasure, where are you?"

Then Georges told his father what he had not breathed before to a living soul, not even his friend, Constantin, or Jean Krebs. "I have no other desire. One morning from the grounds of the college I saw an aviator fly over high in the air. I cannot explain what happened, but something new took possession of me. You must trust me, my father, when I beg you to let me go with the aëroplanes."

"You do not know what it is that you ask, my boy," replied the father, moved by his son's extraordinary earnestness. "You have no knowledge of a flying machine except from below. It is a far-away romance to you."

"You are wrong," replied Georges, "I have been up in one."

A few weeks later Georges was denied admission to the Polytechnic because of his frail health. "He will not live to complete the course," declared the examining professors. It was the first real disappointment of the boy's life—the first closed door. Heretofore he had not felt that his weak body was a particular handicap; his spirit had risen triumphant over every limitation. But now it appeared that others had the power to rule for him, and to prevent his entering the life he felt must be his.

To Biarritz they went for the mellow sunshine and soft sea breezes of the famous resort. Surely such golden days would bring health and strength. There were, however, other possibilities besides loitering on the sands and bathing at Biarritz. The beach made a fine landing-place for aëroplanes. It was not accident, you may be sure, that brought young Guynemer to the spot when one of the great birds swept down

The late Captain Georges Guynemer

to earth. He examined the motor and every detail of the machine; he talked to the pilot. He never doubted that he was born to fly!

But then, as in a day, the gay world of study and adventure was changed. A heavy cloud obscured the sunshine even at Biarritz. His country was plunged into war. In a moment former dreams and longings passed away with the sunshine. Even flying was forgotten as something unreal and far away. Georges stood before his father, breathless with suspense.

"I must enlist," he said.

"It is your right," replied the ex-captain, looking at his son proudly.

"You will permit—"

"I envy you," was the firm answer.

But again a closed door! Three times the youth presented himself, and three times he was refused. They could not see beyond the slight form and the delicate chest, and recognize the spirit that would push on and triumph in real warfare for his country, as the frail child had overcome the strongest at school in the game of war. He felt that life held nothing for him; it seemed that he was helpless to lift himself out of the slough of despond.

Then, one day, a glimpse of his old friend, the gallant Maid who stood as ever, holding aloft the standard of her country, quickened his spirit. She, too, had known the torture of feeling herself held back when all her soul was urging her forward, but she had kept on and saved France. It was not always by strength and might that history was made. . . .

As in a flash he saw what he could do. His old dreams revived in a new guise, and he saw the path ahead. He was

on the sand when an aëroplane came to earth that day, and he talked earnestly for a moment with the sergeant-pilot.

"How does one enlist in the aviation service?" he asked.

"See the Captain at Pau," was the reply.

And the lad had his wish. On the morrow he presented himself before Captain Bernard-Thierry, who was in command of the aviation camp at Pau. It seemed as if his heart would burst, and the eager words fairly tripped over each other.

"My Captain, do me but this favor. Take me in! Employ me at anything at all, even cleaning the machines. You are my last chance. Let it be through you that I am permitted to do something in this war."

The Captain looked at the slender boy with the burning eyes and flushed cheeks. He saw more than the slight form; he saw something of the power of the spirit within.

"I can take you as pupil-mechanic," he said.

Guynemer drew a long sigh. This door at least was not shut. "Good!" he cried. "I have some knowledge of motors."

That was in November, 1914. After two months as mechanic he had won a place among the ranks of student aviators, and on February first he made his trial trip aloft as pilot.

The splendid abandon and sublime courage of his adventures in the air won the adoring admiration of all his comrades, and accounts of his exploits were passed eagerly from mouth to mouth.

In the summer of 1917, the young hero's friends sought to prevail upon him to take some much-needed rest.

"You wanted to bring down fifty; that was the goal that you set for yourself. Can you not now be satisfied for a little?" pleaded his father.

"They will think I have stopped because I have won all the honors they have to give; they will think that I fought for the prizes!" said Georges. "It is my life to fly."

On September 10, the day before his last flight, he attempted to set out in three different machines, but all proved contrary and forced him back to earth. That evening his companions, despairing of making him listen to reason, telephoned to his old commanding officer to come and carry him off before he did himself a mischief. Commander Brocard wired Guynemer that he was coming to see him at nine o'clock the next morning.

It seemed as if the young eagle divined their schemes to cage him. At eight o'clock, calling a Lieutenant to accompany him, Guynemer set out on his last flight. As in the case of the greatest heroes, his passing was shrouded in mystery. The French peasants declare that he was never brought to the ground, but that his dauntless wings carried him straight up to heaven. All that his companion could tell was this: Guynemer sighted an enemy machine and flew to the attack, leaving him to watch those in the distance. They turned off in another direction, however, without seeing the eagle circling above. When the lieutenant returned to his station, the eagle had passed out of sight. "Surely," he thought, "he brought down his game and followed to see the finish."

But that was the last that was seen of the leader of the "Storks."

It may be that the children and the untaught peasants are right when they say that the life of the marvelous boy ended in a miracle. At any rate his fiery spirit left no cold ashes to be returned to Mother Earth, even to the sacred soil of his

beloved France, when it passed into the eternal sky—fire unto fire!

NOTES

Chevalier (shĕv-a-leer′) a knight.

Joan of Arc, or Jeanne d' Arc (Zhän dark′). The "Maid of Orléans." French heroine.

Compiègne (Kôn′-pē̤-āñ′).

Agility. Quickness of motion; nimbleness.

What is meant by "daring originality of attack," and "the triumph of bearing the trophies to his general"?

Explain: "He had no desire for leadership that would give him a *rôle* apart and *aloof,* leaving to others the chances and *thrills* that belong to the heat of the fray."

Look up the words, rôle, aloof, thrills and fray in your dictionary.

Polytechnic. A school in which many branches of art or science are taught, especially with reference to their practical applications.

Biarritz (Bē′är′rĭts′). A village in France. A watering-place.

Slough (slou) (gh silent). A hollow place filled with mud; a mire.

Explain: "It seemed that he was helpless to lift himself out of the *slough* of *despond.*"

What does "in a new guise" mean?

Captain Bernard-Thierry (Bĕr′när′-Tee-airy).

Why do you think that Captain Guynemer was called "The Chevalier of Flight"?

ABBIE ANN'S JOURNEY

GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN

Abbie Ann, as she skipped along the platform of the little railroad station by her father's side, turned her head to see her new sash. Perhaps she was wishing there was some one beside herself to admire it; but the tracks, the switches, the station, made Coal City, as it was some twenty years ago.

Beyond the bend, nearer the coke ovens, were the rows of frame houses occupied by the miners and their families.

Abbie Ann's father was tall and close-bearded and he looked absent-minded; he was leading her along by the hand as if he had forgotten entirely that she was there, and she was skipping, not only because the general tune of life is one to skip to, but because he went so fast.

He paused at the open door of the station and Mr. McEwan the agent, within, looked up. Next to her father, Abbie Ann, who was nine years old, long ago had decided she cared for Mr. McEwan more than for any one else in the world. Now her world, beside father and Mr. McEwan, consisted of Coal City and its inhabitants, the miners and their families.

He looked up as they darkened the doorway, and the telegraph instrument clicked on under his rapid fingers.

"May I leave Abbie with you for an hour or more?" asked her father, stepping into the room.

Mr. McEwan looked at Abbie Ann. He wore glasses, and when he opened his eyes wide and blinked them quick, the glasses winked. They winked at Abbie now.

"Why not?" said he.

Another thing about Mr. McEwan was, that when he raised his eyebrows interrogatively, it lifted his hair too, which was red and which stood up like a brush. When his glasses winked and his hair lifted, Abbie had come, long ago, to know that he was pleased.

This being the case now, and his little daughter provided for, Abbie Ann's father turned hastily and went back to the wagonette where the gentlemen who had come to see the mine, were waiting. When money is being sought to further de-

velop a coal mine, would-be investors are to be given undivided attention. So Abbie Ann was left behind and father and the gentlemen drove off.

She went over to the desk and stood beside Mr. McEwan who, looking up, surveyed her with a speculative air. Then he shook his head dubiously.

"You really don't look it," he said.

"What?" asked Abbie Ann.

"A young barbarian."

Abbie grew violently red. Mr. McEwan was quoting the lady who had gone off on the evening train the night before last. She had been engaged to come to Coal City in the interests of Abbie Ann and her general welfare and education and had departed after making a discouraging short trial of the situation, and therefore Abbie now grew red.

But here the telegraph instrument, which never had stopped, began to click frantically, and Mr. McEwan transferred his attention from her to it.

Abbie was used to every one being busy; her father was always absent-minded, being a part owner, and the superintendent of the mine; everybody in Coal City was busy, the miners, their wives, the children, all, it would seem, but Abbie Ann and the babies.

It was hot in the telegraph office and it proved just as hot in the waiting room. Also the benches around the walls were hard, and she knew the old faded railroad posters by heart, so she tried to see her new sash in the cheap little looking-glass which hung, tilted, opposite the ticket window. She had bought the sash herself, that morning, at the store, her father allowing her to choose anything she preferred, for staying behind with Mr. McEwan. It was a rich magenta

and the great amount of linen in its composition gave it a stiff and elegant gloss indeed. Abbie considered the effect against her pink gingham dress very fine.

She had a fear that her father had not tied it right, though it had taken him some time, but the glass hung too high for her to get a view of it. She could see her face, however, and since it was smiling at her, she smiled back at it, then tipped her hat a little to observe the effect that way.

She was obliged to admit that her hair was red; Mr. McEwan always told her so, but then it was not the red of *his,* and it was not straight. Abbie Ann called hers "brown red" and she called his "red red," and she consoled herself further with the fact that hers curled.

When Mr. McEwan wanted to tease he told her that her temper was the color of her hair, at which for a long time she used to stamp her foot, but lately she had stopped, since he asked if that did not prove what he said?

The glass tilted on the wall also showed Abbie's cheeks to be red, and her eyes brown. She felt she would hate not to be as pretty as she was, but she felt also, she would feel worse to have Mr. McEwan know she thought she was pretty. He declared even now that when she wore a new dress or a new hat she strutted. On all such occasions he was used to drawl:

"How loves the little Abbie Ann
To dress so fine each hour,
And spend her money for a fan
Or artificial flower."

When Abbie found that any way she tiptoed, she could not see her sash, she went out on the platform. She had her new August magazine, but the platform was reeking and resinous

even in this early morning sun, so fierce was the day. Across the main tracks on a switch, upon which the shadow of Black Diamond Mountain still fell, stood a flat-car. A few tarpaulins lay together on it. That Abbie was forbidden to play on the tracks or to walk on the switches was true enough, but there are always reasons to apply to the especial case at hand. It looked cool and shady and inviting on the flat-car, and the tarpaulins offered a comfortable nook. It was n't a flat-car suddenly, as she looked over at it, it was a house, her own little house in which she lived and looked out on the rest of the world.

And here Abbie jumped down off the platform and ran across and clambered up on it.

It was snug, and cosy, and far-off, even as she had pictured, and crouching down on the other side of the tarpaulins she laughed to think what a hunt Mr. McEwan would have when he came to look for her.

She would not let him hunt too long, because there was sure to be an apple for her, or maybe a candy pipe if he had been to the Junction lately, or perhaps a chocolate mouse. Once it had been popcorn, and in the box with it was a ring set with a green diamond. Mr. McEwan said it was a rare thing, a green diamond, a rare gem, he called it. Next to her father, Abbie was sure she cared most for him.

While Mr. McEwan had been at college, he became sick. Later he came to Coal City, away off in the Allegheny Mountains because he could get a job and get well, too. At first he used to say he meant to go back to college.

"When?" Abbie Ann had asked him, for even that long ago she hated to spare him.

"Some time," he always assured her.

"Why some time?" Abbie had worried him to know, "Why not *what* time?"

"Because time 's money," Mr. McEwan always said.

But later on he stopped saying he was going. Abbie asked him why again.

"Because I 'm finding time is n't," said he.

"Is n't what?" queried Abbie.

"Money."

It was very hard to follow Mr. McEwan sometimes. Abbie did not try to that day. While she waited for him to come hunting her, she read her magazine. There was a discouraging number of words she had to spell. Her father one day said she was backward in her reading, but she told him he was wrong, that she always spelled right ahead.

Somehow, to-day, the reading seemed harder than ever, and Abbie found it warmer than it had looked in the car; the click, click, click, of the telegraph instrument reached her far off and faint, and—presently her head fell over against the piled up tarpaulins and she forgot to lift it—and——

A bump, a rush of air, the noise of a locomotive waked her. Scrambling from the tarpaulin little Abbie Ann stood up, but lost her balance and sat down again. The flat-car was one of a long train leaving the switch, Coal City already behind, its little square station gleaming yellow against the mountainous background, and growing smaller every moment. A brakeman was walking the long line of cars ahead. Abbie screamed to him, but her voice was lost in the bumping and grinding of the brakes.

Had the train been going westward toward the Junction, she knew she could have gotten off in an hour and waited

for the afternoon train back to Coal City, but they were rushing in the opposite direction. The mountains loomed strange and dark, it was somber in this defile and chill and tunnel-like. The flat-car jerked and bumped.

Abbie Ann swallowed tears and lumps and sulphur smoke all together. Ever after she never knew whether terror meant a sulphur taste on the tongue, or whether a sulphur taste brought back terror. Or does a falling-away at the pit of the stomach mean both?

She screamed, and screamed again to the vanishing station, and choked between times. It was as if, across the increasing space, she yet clung with desperate little fingers to father, to Mr. McEwan, to the known, the familiar, the habitual, and one by one the fingers were being torn from their hold.

She screamed, and screamed again, then with a sudden sense of futility such as can come even to a baby, the little red-headed girl in the pink dress and magenta sash, with the grim fir-clad Alleghenies looming either side over her, threw herself on the gritty car floor and clung to the tarpaulins and cried and beat with her feet against the boards. It was rage. Abbie Ann was one to shake furious little fists in the face of contrary Fortune.

After how long she did not know, little Abbie, clinging to the tarpaulins for very terror of this swaying, rocking fury of the rush through space, sat up.

Not long before, in the night, her father had wrapped her in a blanket and carried her to the window. It was a red-eyed monster, with a fiery trail behind, speeding through the skies, she looked out on, called a comet. Herself a mere speck on the trail of this rushing thing, Abbie found herself thinking of that monster now. Yet seeing trains go by Coal

City every day, ordinarily Abbie Ann called them locomotives and freight cars. She even knew their numbers and the names of the engineers.

With a gone feeling everywhere, the small object on the flat-car gazed at the flying scene, a brawling river churning itself to foam on one side, steep walls and dark-clad slopes of mountains on the other, and each moment of it carrying her away from father.

She even thought of jumping, but she was afraid. The cinders fell thick, the rush thundered back upon her in the echo. And on they went, over bridges, the brawling river beneath, through tunnels where the smoke blinded and choked and strangled the little numbed soul clutching at safety and the tarpaulins, in and out of the gloom and somber grandeur.

At last when rage and terror and the numb despair all had died away to apathy, when she could not even cry, as the train took a curve Abbie Ann saw the brakeman traveling over his route, from car to car. Do things always begin to come our way when once we have given in? This time the brakeman was traveling backward over the train. He reached the rear end of the box-car next to her flat-car. It was Jim, a trainman Abbie had talked to often, on the switch at Coal City. He used to smile when he talked and his eyes and teeth, all shiny white, would look funny out of the grime of his face.

"Jim," she cried, "Jim, oh Jim!" Her little voice, naturally, was lost, but since in her joy to see him, she had crawled out to the middle of the swaying flat-car, Jim as he climbed down saw her. Now one is not looking for a red-headed little girl to roll out of tarpaulins on a freight train.

"Great Scott!" he roared, almost losing his balance in the

suddenness of his surprise. Abbie Ann smiled through tears. It was different now Jim had come.

"It 's the little Coal City kid," he gasped.

Abbie Ann explained in hysterical screams. His face of mingled grime and concern made her laugh.

Jim bent to speak to her. "Hold on," he roared, "wait here till I come back."

As if she could do anything else, Jim was so funny, but everything was all right now, and with an amazing sudden sense of light-heartedness, she watched him go on his clambering way. It was Jim's responsibility now. Even the mountains seemed lower. Or were they foothills along here?

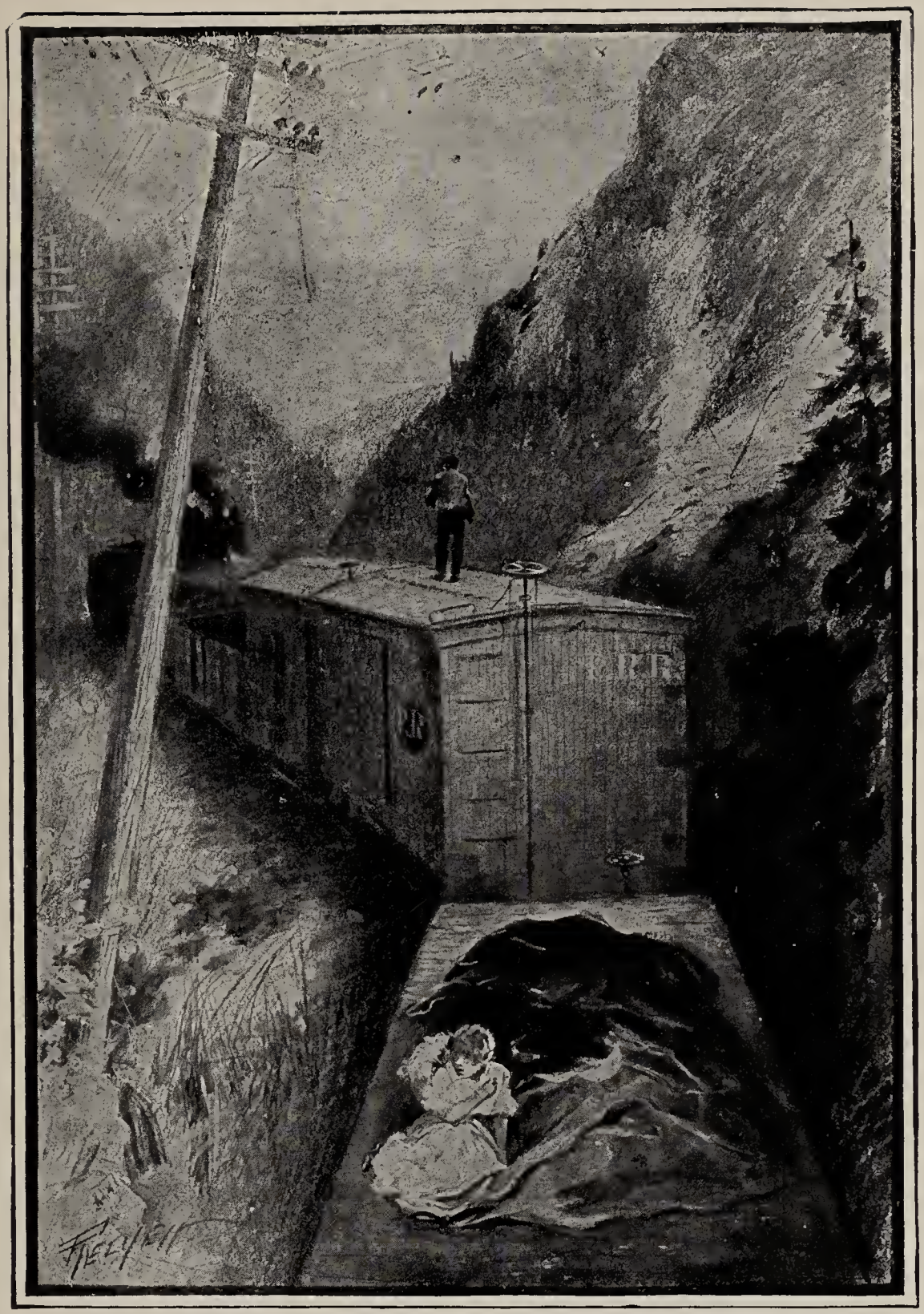
But she had time to think that terrible things had befallen him before he returned. He did n't come, and he did n't come. Had Jim forgotten her? Had he fallen off the train? Never, never would she see her father again.

Just then he came clambering back, and, reaching her, sat down on the tarpaulin and wiped the smoke and grime from his face.

"We 're going to put you on the passenger we meet at Lynn, at five-ten. We 're side-tracked there. That 'll get you at Coal City at eleven. We 'll telegraph your father our next stop. It 's three now. I reckon he 's about crazy."

"But it will be all right when I get there," said the now cheerful Abbie Ann hopefully.

At Lynn, two hours later, Jim carried her off, and took her over to the hotel and got her some supper, but first he asked a girl there to wash her face. Abbie Ann caught a glimpse of it in a gilt-frame mirror on the wall. Her eyes and her little teeth gleamed white through grime, but she



A bump, a rush of air, the noise of a locomotive waked her

did not laugh as she had when it was Jim's face. It was a nice girl he asked this favor of, a girl with red cheeks, and she even stayed while Abbie Ann, perched on a high stool at a counter, ate supper. Jim asked her how she would like a ring on the order of Abbie Ann's. She laughed. "Go 'long," she said. When the express thundered in, Jim boarded it with Abbie Ann. His own train was puffing on the switch. He explained the matter to the conductor, to whom Abbie had often nodded from the Coal City platform.

"Richardson of the Black Diamond? I 'll see she reaches him," he said, and off into the night the Express thundered westward. They reached Coal City at eleven where the conductor handed off a plump, red-headed little girl half asleep. In her arms were a bag of candy, one of fruit, a toy puzzle, and a picture paper, given her by the conductor, the porter, the butcher boy, and a lady on the sleeper. Abbie Ann had quite enjoyed the trip.

She saw Mr. McEwan first. His hair was standing up brushier than ever, and he looked strange and wild. When he grabbed her from the conductor, the clutch of his hand hurt.

"She 's here!—and safe!" he called. And then his breath seemed to catch. And as the Express rushed on into the darkness, he handed her over to her father next behind him. The whole of Coal City seemed to be there too, men, women, visiting gentlemen and all. They had been hunting Abbie from noon until the telegram came in the afternoon.

Generally her father was preoccupied. Now he held her close.

"My little girl—my little girl," he kept saying under his breath, all the way up the cinder road, while the strange

gentlemen followed after, past the coke ovens, throwing their deep glow out into the darkness, to the big house next the store, where she and her father lived. And when for answer, Abbie Ann rubbed her cheek against his, she found his was wet.

Notes

Coke oven. An oven in which the gas is expelled from coal, leaving the coke; which when burned produces great heat with no smoke.

Interrogatively means in the form of a question. "He raised his eyebrows interrogatively, as if asking a question."

Wagonette. Kind of open carriage with seats lengthwise.

"Surveyed her with a speculative air," means he looked at her thoughtfully, to see if the lady were right. To see if Abbie Ann were really "a young barbarian."

Dubiously, means doubtfully.

Magenta is a color, which might be described as a purple rose. It does not harmonize with pink.

Tarpaulin. A piece of canvas covered with tar, or some other preparation, to make it water-proof.

"It was very hard to follow Mr. McEwan sometimes," means that it was hard to understand what he meant.

Habitual means here, that which she was in the habit of seeing about her.

"Sense of *futility.*" She suddenly realized the *uselessness* of screaming.

Explain: "Abbie Ann was one to shake furious little fists in the face of contrary Fortune."

"At last when rage and terror and the numb despair all had died away to apathy," means—at last when she was no longer angry or frightened, she became indifferent and hopeless, and did not care what happened.

"Mingled grime and concern" means, that his face was black with smoke and soot but full of anxiety about her.

What was Jim's responsibility?

Why did the mountains seem lower?

Why did Mr. McEwan look strange and wild?

When he grabbed her, why was his clutch so hard that it hurt Abbie Ann?

What does preoccupied mean?

THE ROAD TO FAIRYLAND

ERNEST THOMPSON-SETON

Do you seek the road to Fairyland?
I 'll tell; it 's easy, quite.
Wait till a yellow moon gets up
O'er purple seas by night,
And gilds a shining pathway
That is sparkling diamond bright.
Then, if no evil power be nigh
To thwart you, out of spite,
And if you know the very words
To cast a spell of might,
You get upon a thistledown,
And, if the breeze is right,
You sail away to Fairyland
Along this track of light.

BABETTE

MARY A. WINSTON

I

Babette's short life of sixteen years had been a stormy one. Though she had a lovely home, pretty clothes, servants to wait upon her, and masters to teach her languages, music, painting, and everything that a lady of the noble class should know, yet she lacked the one essential of happiness—love.

On this particular morning, as Babette's little hands were busy over her painting of golden roses, her heart was very heavy. Her father was at home on a flying visit, and only the night before he had complained regretfully that Babette was not a boy so that she might join the army and help the poor king drive back his innumerable enemies.

Babette had cried herself to sleep. Ah, why must she be such a disappointment, when her heart was so full of love for them all and ached so with the longing to serve them? This thought was running over and over in Babette's weary brain, when she heard the voices of her father and his guest, General Kuhland, as they strolled among the palms at the other end of the conservatory.

It was the ever-memorable year 1758, when Frederick the Great of Prussia stood like some great giant with all Europe snarling like wolves about him, ready to devour him. The Cossacks, were upon him, and the Austrians encamped on his frontiers. Truly, those were troublous times for Prussia, and no one realized the fact more keenly than did Babette's father, who occupied an upper corner of the little kingdom, near the border. He had come with a detachment from the main army to defend his acres.

"We are planning the attack for next Thursday," Babette's father was saying to his friend. "My troops are ready for a call at any moment; but there is one thing lacking to complete our preparations. You know the old mill up the river opposite my northeast forest-land? Well, I have not visited it since I was a boy, so I can't be sure that there is still a room left there with water-tight roofing. If there were, we might smuggle provisions and ammunition over there in readiness for the campaign. The Russians, however, keep

this border-land closely guarded by bands of mounted Cossacks. I do not venture to send any of my men across to investigate; for, in case they are captured, the fact that we have sent scouts will warn the Russian rascals to be on the watch for an attack. Then our whole scheme would be spoiled."

Babette, sitting with brush in the air, did not hear General Kuhland's reply. She was thinking of her father's words. The men could not go, for that would warn the Russians. An idea dawned in Babette's mind. She was not a man—why could she not go across the river and examine the ruins for her father? Even if the Cossacks did capture her, that could not possibly suggest an attack to the Russians. There would be no risk to her father's plan through her going.

The question she had been asking so sorrowfully all her life had its answer now. Why had she been born a girl? Why, for this: to aid her father in saving their beautiful home from the enemy—ay, more than that, she would be helping King Frederick in his struggle with his foes. All this she could do, and could do only because she was a girl.

In a few minutes she escaped to her own little tower-room, and ran to the casement to "plan her expedition."

II

At some distance from the mansion, a stream wound in and out like a silver thread through the green fields. To the chance visitor at the castle, this stream had an interest beyond the beauty that it added to the view, for it formed the boundary line between Prussia and Russia. Its opposite banks were enemies to each other. Babette was thinking of this one day as she drifted in her boat along the German side.

"It is a good thing," she concluded, "that the river talks a language of its own, so that those Russian daisies over there and the dear little German forget-me-nots on this side can both understand what these little waves are whispering about."

Many a delightful hour had Babette dreamed away in the old scow on the river, but she decided that it must serve her for another purpose this morning. She must slip away from the castle prepared for a sketching trip, to avoid inquiry. She would hasten to the northeast woods, row the scow across the river to the Russian side, land, make her investigations at the old mill, and hasten back before her father and General Kuhland returned to camp headquarters.

Babette gathered together her painting-materials, then stopped to pin a little note on her pillow, "for Father to read if I do not come back"—and even brave little Babette shuddered at the possibility. She well knew how war prisoners were treated by Cossacks, for neither youth nor womanhood gained mercy from that fierce and barbarous people.

As she was about to jump into the boat, she hesitated whether to leave her easel and paint-box behind or not. She thought at first they would only be in her way. The next moment, however, she turned back and threw them in.

"Now," she said to herself, as she pushed off, "if the Cossacks come and find me only painting, perhaps they will think that it is harmless and let me alone." Babette had an active brain under that thatch of wayward brown curls.

III

Babette paddled the scow slowly across the river, selected a good place to land, and then cautiously crept up the forbidden

bank. As it was war-time, no Prussian had any right upon that soil, even if the trespasser was but a few rods away from his own ground.

Babette with a beating heart stole softly through the woods along the riverside. She almost prayed that the branches and shrubs might not crackle under her feet. Her every sense was on the alert. Once she startled a timid gray rabbit in the wood; and he in turn made her heart jump when he leaped through some dry, fallen twigs. But she began to feel more reassured when she reached the little footpath leading to the ruins of the old mill, for still no one was in sight.

The ancient stone pile stood near the edge of the river; it had long been deserted and useless, but the ivy and beautiful red trumpet-creepers had seized upon it and made it their own as soon as man had forsaken it. Babette entered cautiously at the weather-beaten entrance, over which drooped the long trailing vines. She began to examine the premises carefully.

The main part of the building, where the grain had been ground, was entirely unroofed, and the blue sky arched over it; a soft carpet of green moss covered the stone flagging of the floor; here and there, parts of the walls were gone, and through these loopholes glimpses of the silvery waters of the river were to be seen.

Babette sighed: "I am afraid it will do Father no good, after all. It is beautiful, but ruined utterly."

The rest of the one-story building seemed to have been used as a kind of store-room for the grain-sacks. This part was in a worse state than the main wing. Babette was bitterly disappointed. It had not occurred to her that her errand might be a fruitless one even if she escaped discovery. With

these thoughts in her mind, she was standing looking away through a broad gap in the wall to the leafy aisle of woodland bordering the river.

Suddenly she said to herself: "I wonder what can be seen from that high opening in the other wall, over there—above this great pile of stones. I believe I will climb up and see. There must be a view of the river on that side."

Up Babette sprang from one stone to the other, like a big, tawny squirrel, and at last she could peer through the opening. There, to her surprise, she found that she was looking down into what had once been in all probability the mill-owner's little private office.

It opened only into the store-room. The one entrance to the store-room was blocked by the fallen walls, and had escaped Babette's notice. She observed with joy that this room was in a better condition than the rest of the building. To be sure, the floor was partly gone, and Babette, looking down through the hole, could see the old water-wheel, moss-covered, but gay in its silent old age with the scarlet blossoms of a day.

True, there was a place where the window had once been, but it could easily be boarded over or blocked up. And as for the hole in the floor, that could do no harm, for the rest of the flagging was strong and safe, the supports underneath being firm still. Nay, this very hole might be of excellent service, since the men with the stores of powder could creep from the riverside, past the old water-wheel, to the ruins, and hand up their treasure through the hole to one of their number above in the room.

Babette's quick mind grasped these possibilities at once. Then she perched herself on the pinnacle of stones, and drew

a plan of the ruin, showing especially the position of the miller's office. The soft breeze from the river stirred the damp curls about Babette's flushed face.

Her heart beat happily now, and everything seemed to accord with her mood. How glad and proud she should be to show that plan to her father, with Aunt Elise and General Kuhland standing by! She folded the paper and hid it inside the bosom of her gown. That done, she decided to descend and sketch the approach from the river-bank, past the mill-wheel.

Babette felt very safe down behind the ruins, securely hidden from the sight of any one in the path above. So, when she had finished the second drawing for her father's inspection, she could not resist the temptation to sketch the mossy old wheel. Then she wanted to try her hand at the colors, and set up her easel and fell to work painting. The artist in Babette was uppermost now, and her fears were forgotten. No sound broke the stillness except the murmur of the little ripples on the shore. Surely there could be no danger in staying just a little longer. "There is nothing like this for beauty on our side," she murmured to herself.

She was absorbed in mixing her colors to get just the right shades of gray and green combined in the picturesque old wheel, when she became conscious of the sound of horses' feet on the highway above. Her heart stood still. It must be the Cossacks! Oh, why had she not gone before, when she might safely have done so?

Voices soon reached Babette's ear. She picked up her brushes, which she had thrown down in her first terror.

"There is n't time to get away. They must find me painting," she gasped, and fell to work desperately.

Fate had doomed Babette to discovery; for had she remained above in the heart of the ruins she would not have been seen. But the Cossacks, for such the new-comers were, decided to lead their horses to water at the river and then rest themselves awhile in the shade behind the old mill, as it was hot and dusty riding that day. Soon, therefore, six or seven tall, savage-looking figures issued from around the corner of the mill. They tied their horses to some trees, and lay down near by. Babette could hear them jabbering away in their strange fashion.

By and by one of these great sons of Mars happened to turn his lazy length over, and in so doing caught a glimpse of Babette's yellow gown. He spoke a few words to his companions, and the group was instantly alive with interest. Babette heard them approach; the evil day was upon her. But somehow, in the face of real danger there arose in Babette's heart a feeling of courage which made her ready for any fate. For she was the daughter of a race of warriors.

The half-dozen grim and cruel faces were very near now. Such a wild, company they were, with their matted beards and mustaches, and outlandish caps! The tallest and gauntest Cossack rushed forward to seize Babette. He was about to clutch her arm, when Babette raised her brush and coolly drew it across the intruder's face, painting a wide scarlet streak upon his cheek. The fellow stumbled back in confusion at this, while his companions roared with laughter. Then they all caught sight of Babette's picture. In an instant the whole group was transformed from wild beasts to small children. In a twinkling of the eye, the wild Cossacks of the plains were tamed. They had never seen a picture before!

Babette was soon startled by a wolf-like visage peering over

her shoulder, then another—and another, until the whole group had crowded around her, silently, almost breathlessly, watching her put in rapid strokes to finish the picture.

A strong wind began to blow, and it hindered Babette. It threatened to blow away easel, picture, and all. By signs she made the giant Cossack leader understand that she wished him to steady the easel and hold down the picture upon it. He obeyed without a word, and stood patiently while Babette went on painting unconcernedly.

When the picture was done, Babette arose and gave it to one of the Cossacks. While they were all quarreling violently as to which of them should have the treasure, Babette gathered up her traps and hastened away through the woods. The soldiers in their noisy altercation did not notice her flight until it was too late, for Babette was just pushing the old scow off into the stream again.

IV

It was not long, you may be sure, before Babette was safe on German territory once more. She burst into the stately banquet-hall at the castle, where Aunt Elise presided and her father was talking politics with General Kuhland. Babette's curls were flying and her eyes sparkled.

"Oh, Father," she cried, "I have a diagram of the old mill on the Russian side, and it is safe for use! I heard you talking about it in the conservatory this morning, and I thought it would n't make any difference if I were captured, because—because"—here the sobs would come up in brave little Babette's throat, though she had not wept to see the fierce Cossacks—"because nobody wanted me here at home—because I—I am a girl."

And Babette finished her story with a confused burst of tears.

The next moment Babette found herself where she had so often longed to be—in her father's arms, and he was looking at her with pride and tenderness shining in his eyes. He led his daughter to the old warrior on the other side of the table.

"General," he said, "here is one whom Prussia may be proud to call her own!"

Babette then explained the plans which she had drawn. There was nothing lacking in the description, every detail was as clear as noonday.

"She ought to have been a boy!" exclaimed General Kuhland. "What rare campaigns she would plan—and execute too! She ought to have been a boy!"

"And, by my sword, she shall be—or as good as one!" cried the great Frederick when he heard of her exploit, for he knew the shadow that hung over Babette's home—the lack of a male heir.

So, under his own hand and seal, the good king cut off the entail in the succession to the estates, as they express it; and little Babette, by stroke of the royal pen, became, in law, a boy, and heir to all her father's possessions.

NOTES

Cos'sacks. A race of people who lived in the south of Russia. They were so skillful in horsemanship, that they formed an important part in the Prussian army, as light cavalry.

"Sons of Mars." In ancient Roman myths or legends, Mars was the god of war.

The Cossacks crowded around her, watching her put in rapid strokes to finish the picture

ESKIMO HOME LIFE

HARRY PAYNE WHITNEY

Upon entering the igloo I saw spread about the floor in careless fashion great pieces of walrus, seal and bear meat or blubber—hundreds of pounds of it. Suspended from the ceiling are fox, hare, seal and other skins stretched out to dry. On the side of the igloo opposite the entrance is the bed upon which all of the inhabitants of the igloo sleep. It is a platform raised slightly above the floor, and spread thickly with musk-ox, deer, dog and bear skins.

On either side of the platform are native lamps burning seal, walrus or narwhal oil. These lamps are blocks of stone hollowed out to receive the oil. The hollow is cut with one straight and one curved side. Moss or other available material answers for the wick, which is distributed along the straight side. The lamps vary in size from small lamps with the straight side ten inches in length to larger ones where it may be fifteen inches long. If well cared for, the light is fair, and gives out considerable heat, with little smoke; but if not carefully watched it smokes badly, and becomes very offensive.

While Eskimos eat much of their meat raw and relish it so, they prefer it cooked when conditions permit of cooking. It can be understood how difficult it is to cook it, when it is remembered that the only fire they possess is the meager one supplied by the stone lamp. Over this lamp ice and snow must be melted to supply water for the household.

If one happens into an igloo at meal time, the host or hostess will wipe carefully, with the feathered side of a bird-skin, a tin can or plate, if the igloo boasts such a dish, and

in it serve the visitor with such food as may be prepared. When I called upon Kulutinguah, the day following our return from Cape Russell, I dined with him. The menu consisted of boiled walrus meat, which was not at all bad, though of a strong fishy flavor.

Eskimos, particularly during the winter night, not only take advantage of every moment of moonlight but often hunt when it is so dark one can scarcely see how it is possible for them to find or kill game. Even at times when they cannot hunt, through stress of weather, they do not sit idle, but busy themselves in making harpoons or other needed implements, or in carving ivory. When one comes to think of it, a great deal of meat is needed to feed a wife and the two or three youngsters, which nearly every Eskimo has dependent upon him, as well as a big team of dogs. And let it be said for the Eskimos that they are possessed of a full sense of their responsibility in this matter.

The Eskimo has deep affection for his family. He will do and sacrifice more for his children than any people I have ever known, without exception. This kindness extends not alone to his own flesh and blood, but to orphans and other dependents, who are unable to care for themselves. It is so rare for an Eskimo to inflict physical punishment upon a child, that I may say he never resorts to that means of correction; and, I may safely add, it is rarely, if ever, that an Eskimo child deserves punishment, particularly for disobedience.

One day I awoke to the realization that it was December first, and my birthday. Of course I had to celebrate; excuses for celebrations come too infrequently in the Arctic to let a birthday pass unnoticed. I searched around my stores, and

dug out all the little delicacies I could find for a feast.

I opened for the Eskimos a bucket of candy, which Mr. Peary had left with me and gave each one in the settlement some of it. This was a great treat for them, and only after much difficulty was I able to make them understand that I gave it to them in honor of my birthday, and that I expected nothing from them in return. Yet in a little while after I had distributed the candy and returned to my shack, two women came over from the igloo, and one presented me with a little ivory boat, the other with an ivory sled with six ivory dogs attached to it—beautiful tokens of respect and friendship by the people.

The morning after my birthday—though we had no daylight we divided the twenty-four hours into night and day periods—while I was at breakfast an Eskimo woman crying and much excited rushed into the shack and begged me to go with her at once. I put on warm clothes and, following her, was conducted to a near-by igloo. Here I found a litle boy, about nine years of age whom I had nicknamed "Tommy," apparently suffocating. He could draw his breath only with painful effort, and the people believed he was dying. After listening to his lungs, I decided that the trouble was in his throat, administered a teaspoonful of vaseline, rubbed his throat well with strong liniment—the only available remedies—and had him wrapped in one of my old flannel shirts; he responded at once to this treatment, and his mother expressed deep appreciation of my efforts. When, several hours later, I returned with the liniment to apply it again, Tommy was much better, and protested vigorously against the liniment. Its strong, pungent odor made the Eskimo sick. This was a smell to which Eskimos were unaccustomed, and I have no

doubt was as offensive to them as the terrible odor of their igloos was to me. A few days of this treatment brought Tommy through his illness, and I won a reputation as a great and wonderful physician.

By this time my supplies were getting low, and with a moonlit period approaching, I felt that I had better move on. So in a few days I said good-by to my friends, and, with my dogs and sledge, was soon off across the gleaming snow.

NOTES

Igloos. An Eskimo word, and the name of the snow huts in which the Eskimos live.

Harpoon. A pointed weapon for striking and killing seal, walrus, etc.

A FAMOUS TEST OF SPEED

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

One of the greatest feats of speed was carried out on the Lake Shore road, when five locomotives in relays, driven by picked men, set out to beat all records in a run of 510 miles from Chicago to Buffalo. This was in October, 1895, and I suppose such elaborate preparations for a dash over the rails were never made. All traffic was stopped for the passage of this racing special; every railroad crossing between Chicago and Buffalo was patrolled by a section-man—that alone meant thirteen hundred guards; and every switch was ready half an hour before the train was due. The chief officials of the Lake Shore road proposed to ride this race in person, and, if possible, smash the New York Central's then recent world's record of 63.61 miles an hour, including all stops, over the 436⅓ miles between New York and Buffalo. They

At the throttle

had before them a longer run than that, and hoped to score a greater average speed per mile; but they wished to come through alive, and were taking no chances.

It was half-past three in the morning, and frosty weather, when the train started from Chicago, with Mark Floyd at the throttle, and various important people—general managers, superintendents, editors, etc.—on the cars behind. There were two parlor-coaches, and a millionaire's private car, one of the finest and heaviest in the country, which made a total load, counting engine and train, of something over two hundred tons.

The first relay was 87 miles to Elkhart, Indiana, and the schedule they hoped to follow required that they cover this distance in 78 minutes, including nine "slow-downs." Eighty-seven miles in 78 minutes was well enough; but the superintendent of the Western Division had set his heart on doing it in 75 minutes, and had promised Mark Floyd two hundred good cigars for every quarter of a minute he could cut under that time. But alas for human plans! Between up grades and the darkness they pulled into Elkhart at five minutes to five, which was 85 minutes for the 87 miles—not bad going, but it left them seven minutes behind the schedule, and left Mark to console himself with his old clay pipe.

One hundred and thirty-one seconds were lost at Elkhart in changing locomotives, and it was three minutes to five when big 599, with Dave Luce in the cab, turned her nose toward the dawning day and started for Toledo, 133 miles away. Great things were expected in this relay, for about half of it was straight as a bird's flight and down grade, too, so that hopes were high of making up lost time, especially as Luce had the reputation of stopping at nothing when it was a ques-

tion of "getting there." He certainly did wonders, and five minutes after the start he had the train at a 62-mile gait, and ten minutes later at a 67-mile gait. Then they struck frost on the rails and the speed dropped, while the time-takers studied their stop-watches with serious faces.

At ten minutes to six they reached Waterloo and the long, straight stretch. As they whizzed past the station, Dave pulled open his throttle to the last notch and yelled to his fireman. Here was where they had to *do things*. Butler was 7½ miles away, the first town in the down grade, and they made it in 6 minutes and 40 seconds, nearly 68 miles an hour. In the next 7 miles Dave pushed her up to 70 an hour, then to 72½, and let her out in a great burst which made the passengers sit up, and showed for several miles a topnotch rate of 87 miles an hour. Nevertheless, taking account of frost and slow-downs, they barely finished the relay on schedule time, so that for the whole run they were still seven minutes behind time; the schedule they had set themselves called for such tremendous speed that it seemed almost impossible to make up a single lost minute.

The third relay was 108 miles to Cleveland, and they did it in 104 minutes, including many slow-downs and a heart-breaking loss of four minutes when a section-hand red-flagged the train and brought it to a dead stop from a 70-mile gait because he had found a broken rail. The officials were in such a state of tension that they would almost have preferred chancing it on the rail to losing those four minutes. There is a point of eagerness in railroad racing where it seems nothing to risk one's life!

The train drew out of Cleveland 19 minutes behind the

time they should have made for a world's record. Every man had done his best, every locomotive had worked its hardest, but fate seemed against them and hopes of beating the Central's fast run were fading rapidly. The fourth relay was to Erie, 95½ miles, and some said that Jake Gardner with 598 might pull them out of the hole, but the others shook their heads. At any rate, Jake did better than those who had preceded him, and he danced that train along at 75, 80, 84 miles an hour, so the watches said, and averaged 67 miles an hour for the whole relay.

Still, in spite of these brave efforts, they pulled out of Erie 15 minutes late, and started on the last relay with gloomy faces. It was 86 miles to Buffalo, the end of the race, and they must be there by eleven thirty-one to win, which called for an average speed of over 70 miles an hour, including slow-downs. No train in the world had ever approached such an average, and their own racing average since leaving Chicago was much below it. So what hope was there?

There was hope in a tall, sparely built man named Bill Tunkey, whom nobody knew much about except that he was a good engineer with a rather clumsy ten-wheel locomotive not considered very desirable in a race. All the other locomotives had been eight-wheelers. Still, the new engine had one advantage, that she carried water enough in her tank for the whole run, and need not slow up to refill, as the others had done. She had another advantage—that she carried Tunkey, one of those men who rise up in sudden emergencies and *do* things, whether they are possible or not. It was not possible, everybody vowed, to reach Buffalo Creek by eleven thirty-one. "All right," said Tunkey, quietly, and then—

Within forty rods of the start he had his engine going 30 miles an hour, and he pressed her harder and harder until 11 miles out of Erie she struck an 80-mile pace, and held it as far as Brockton, when she put forth all her strength and did a burst of 5 miles in 3½ minutes, one of these miles at the rate of 92¼ miles and hour, as the watches showed. "And I never want any more of that in mine," said the superintendent.

The next town was Dunkirk, where a local ordinance put a 10-mile limit on the speed of trains. Tunkey smiled as they roared past the station at more than 80. A crowd lined the tracks here, for the telegraph had carried ahead the news of a hair-raising run. That crowd was only a blur to staring, frightened eyes at the car-windows. The officials were beginning to realize what kind of an engineer they had ahead this time. Whizzzzz! How they did run! Wahr! Wahr! barked the little bridges and were left behind! H-o-o-o! bellowed a tunnel. And rip, whrrr! as they slammed around a double reverse curve with a vicious swing that made the bolts rattle in the last car. Men put their mouths to other men's ears and tried to say that perhaps Mr. Tunkey was getting a *little* too eager. Much good that did! Mr. Tunkey had the bit in his teeth now and was playing the game alone.

At eleven-six they swept past Silver Creek with 29 miles to go and 25 minutes to make it in. Hurrah! They had made up time enough to save them!

At eleven-twenty they passed Lake View.

"Twelve miles more, and 11 minutes," yelled somebody, waving his hat.

"Toboggan-slide all the way," yelled somebody else. "We 'll do it easy. Hooray!"

They passed Athol Springs at eleven-twenty-four, all mad with excitement. They had 7 minutes left for 8 miles, and were cheering already.

"We 'll make it with half a minute to spare," said the only man in the private car who was reasonably cool. He was six seconds out of the way, for they crossed the line twenty-six seconds before eleven thirty-one, and won the race by less than half a minute, beating the New York Central's record per mile on the whole run by the fraction of a second, and beating the whole world's record in the last relay by several minutes, the figures standing—*Tunkey's* figures—86 miles from Erie to Buffalo in 70 minutes and 46 seconds, or an average speed of 72.91 miles an hour.

"Do?" said the official. "What did we do? Why, we—we—" He paused helplessly, and then added, with a grin: "Well, we did n't do a thing to Tunkey!"

NOTES

Explain what the following words and expressions mean, as they are used in the story—"at the throttle," "relay," "schedule time," "section hand," "red-flagged," "sudden emergencies," and "Toboggan-slide all the way."

RIDING À LA MODE

EDWIN L. SABIN

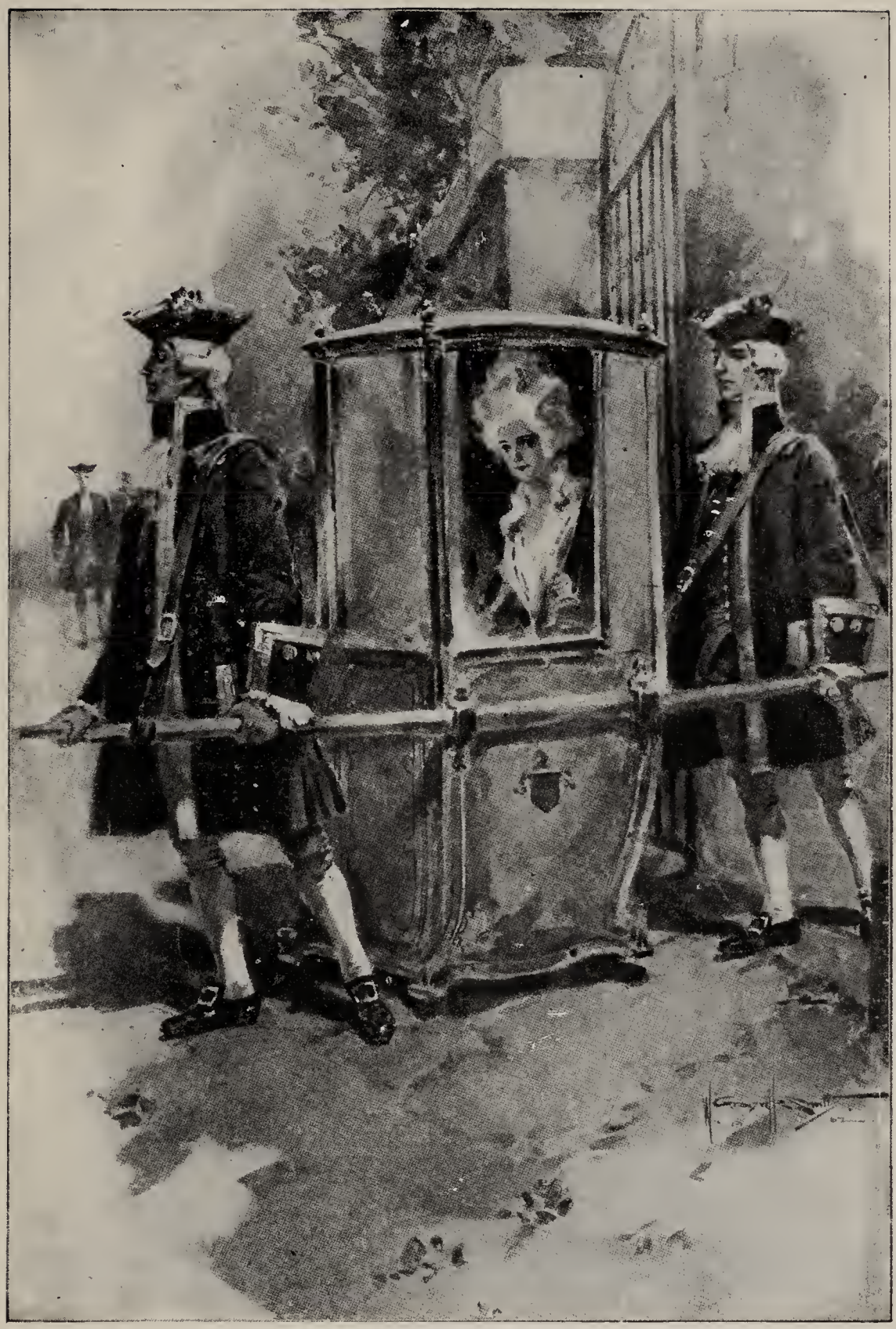
When Lady Betty took the air
  In old-time London town,
They tucked her in a quilted chair—
  Self, pompadour, and gown;
And swinging on its gilded staves

In silken pomp and pride,
Betwixt two sturdy, liveried knaves
My lady had her ride.

Across the seas her daughter went,
'Mid mingled doubts and fears;
And in Virginia she spent
Some fifty happy years.
But when she rode, with bow and smile,
Along Colonial ways,
'T was in a coach of massive style,
Behind two ambling bays.

In turn *her* daughter left the nest,
The chroniclers aver,
And out into the rugged West
A husband fared with her.
Now ranging vale and mountain o'er
The dauntless pair we find
Together jogging—he before,
She, pillion-perched, behind.

To-day *her* daughter's daughter needs
Not coach nor horse nor man;
She hath no use for ambling steeds,
Nor pillion nor sedan;
But o'er the pave she smoothly glides,
With whirl of silent wheel,
As here and there she deftly guides
Her nimble, swift 'mobile.



When Lady Betty took the air

NOTES

"Along Col-ō′ni-al ways" means, along roads or ways in or belonging to the Colonies, which later became the United States of America.

"Behind two ambling bays," "Ăm′bling" refers to a peculiar gait or manner of walking of a horse, in which both legs on one side are moved at the same time. A horse that ambles is called a pacer.

"Bāys"—horses that are red or reddish, inclining to a chestnut color.

"She, pillion-perched, behind," means that she is seated on a pillion (pil′yun), which is a pad or cushion attached to the hīnd′er part of her husband's saddle.

"Sedan," as used in the last stanza of the poem, refers to the kind of "quilted chair" mentioned in the first stanza; a chair carried by means of two poles or "gilded staves" by two men-servants—"knaves."

TRAMPING THROUGH FRANCE

H. A. FRANCK

Taken from "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by H. A. Franck, a story of Mr. Franck's own tramp-life abroad. He left Canada without a penny, working his way across on a cattle ship, and, landing at Glasgow, has wandered down into France.

The month of August was drawing to a close when I started southward. At first I had to pass through noisy, dirty villages filled with crying children and many curs. Beyond, travel was more pleasant, for the national highways are excellently built. The heaviest rain raises hardly a layer of mud. But these roads wind and ramble like mountain streams. They zigzag from village to village even in a level country, and where hills abound there are villages ten miles apart with twenty miles of tramping between them.

I passed on into a pleasant rolling country. Beyond Ne-

mours, where I spent the second night, I came upon two tramps. They were sitting in the shade of a giant oak, enjoying a breakfast of hard bread which they dipped, now and then, into a brook at their feet. They invited me to share their feast, but I explained that I had just had breakfast. After finishing they went on with me. They were miners on their way to the great coal-fields of St. Étienne. We were well acquainted in a very short time. They called me "mon vieux," which means something like "old man" in our language, and greeted every foot-traveler they met by the same title.

There are stern laws in France against wandering from place to place. I knew that the three of us, traveling together, would be asked to explain our business. We were still some distance off from the first village when I saw an officer step from the door of a small building and walk out into the middle of the road to wait for us.

"Where are you going?" he demanded sternly.

"To St. Étienne."

"And your papers?"

"Here!" cried the miners, each snatching a worn-looking book from a pocket under his coat.

The officer stuffed one of the books under an arm, and began to look through the other. Between its greasy covers was a complete history of its owner. It told when he was born and where; where he was baptized; when he had been a soldier, and how he had behaved during his three years in the army; and so on, page after page. Then came pages that told where he had worked, what his employer thought of him, with wages, dates, and reasons why he had stopped

working at that particular place. It took the officer a long time to look through it.

He finished examining both books at last, and handed them back with a gruff "Well!"

"Next yours," he growled.

"Here it is," I answered, and pulled from my pocket a letter of introduction written to American consuls and signed by our Secretary of State.

With a puzzled look, the officer unfolded the letter. When he saw the strange-looking English words he gasped with astonishment.

"What!" he exclaimed. "What is this you have here?"

"My passport," I answered. "I am an American."

"Ha! American! Zounds! And that is really a passport? Never before have I seen one."

It was not really a passport, although it was as good as one; but as the officer could not read it, he was in no position to dispute my word.

"Very good," he went on; "but you must have another paper to prove that you have worked."

Here was a difficulty. If I told him that I was a traveler and no workman, he would probably put me in jail. For a moment I did not know what to do. Then I snatched from my bundle the paper showing that I had worked on a cattle-boat.

"Bah!" grumbled the officer. "More foreign gibberish. What is this villain language that the evil one himself could not read?"

"English."

"My, but that is a queer thing!" he said thoughtfully,

holding the paper out at arm's length, and scratching his head. However, with some help he finally made out one date on the paper, and, handing it back with a sigh, allowed us to pass on.

"Wait!" he cried before we had taken three steps. "What country did you say you came from?"

"America," I answered.

"L'Amérique! And, being in America, you come to France? Oh, my soul, what idiocy!" And, waving his arms above his head, he fled to the shade of his office.

We journeyed along as before, showing our papers at each village, and once being stopped in the open country by an officer on horseback. By the time we reached Briare in the early afternoon, the miners looked so lean with hunger that I offered to pay for a meal for three. They needed no second invitation, and led the way at once to a place that looked to me like nothing but an empty warehouse. The miners pushed open a door, and we entered a low room, gloomy and unswept. Around the table to which we made our way, through a forest of huge wine barrels, were gathered a dozen or more peasants.

The keeper of the place set out before us a loaf of coarse bread and a bottle of wine, and then went back to his seat on a barrel. His shop was really the wine cellar of a restaurant that faced the main street. The fare would have cost us twice as much there. One of the miners asked me if he might order two *sous*' worth of raw salt pork. Having obtained my consent, he did so, and he and his companion ate it with great relish.

I left my companions behind soon after, for they could not

walk the thirty miles a day that I had planned for myself, and passed on into the vineyard and forest country. In the fields left bare by the harvesters, peasant women were gathering with the greatest care every overlooked straw they could find, and, their aprons full, plodded homeward.

The inhabitants were already lighting their lamps when I entered the village of La Charité. The bells of a gray church began to ring out the evening angelus. Squat housewives gossiped at the doors of the stone cottages that lined the road. From the neighboring fields heavy ox-carts, the yokes fastened across the horns of the animals, lumbered homeward. In the dwindling light a blacksmith before his open shop was fitting with flat iron shoes a spotted ox tied up on its back in a frame.

I inquired for an inn, and was directed to a ramshackle stone building, one end of which was a stable. Inside, under a sputtering lamp, huddled two men, a woman, and a girl, around a table that looked as if it had held too much wine in its day and was for that reason unsteady on its legs. The four were so busy eating bread and soup that they did not see me come in.

Walking forward to attract attention in the dim light, I stepped on the end of a loose board that supported two legs of the tipsy table, causing the bowl of soup to slide into the woman's arms and a loaf to roll to the earthen floor. That was unlucky but it made them notice me. One of the men was the proprietor, the other a tramp who spoke very queer French. All the evening, waving his arms above his head, he talked excitedly of the misfortunes he had lived through.

At last the girl agreed to show me to a room. She led the way out of doors, up an outside stairway, to a hole about four feet high over the stable. Here I spent the night, and at daybreak I resumed my journey.

At that season half the highways of France were lined with hedges heavy with blackberries. At first I was not sure they were blackberries, and I was afraid to eat them; for I had noticed that the thrifty French peasant never touched them, letting them go to waste. But, coming one morning upon a hedge fairly loaded with large, juicy fruit, I tasted one, discovered that it was a real blackberry, and fell to picking a capful. A band of peasants, on their way to the fields, stopped to gaze at me in astonishment, and burst into loud laughter.

"But, *mon vieux,*" cried a plowman, "what in the world will you do with those berries there?"

"Eat them, of course," I answered.

"Eat them!" roared the countrymen. "But those things are not good to eat." And they went on, laughing louder than before.

NOTES

Nemours. A town in France.

St. Étienne (Sănt′ ā tē̆-ĕnn′). A mining town in France.

"Mon vieux" (mong vee yu′. My old fellow.

L'Amérique (Lä mer-ic). America.

Briare (Brē′är′), a town in France.

Sou (sōō), plural sous pronounced the same, (sōō). It is a French coin, less than one cent in value.

La Charité (Lä Shä′rē′tā′).

Angelus. A prayer to the Virgin, used by Roman Catholics.

DUTCH CHEESES

H. M. SMITH

Among the daintiest and best of the numerous kinds of foreign and domestic cheeses that may be bought in nearly every American city and town, are the small round cheeses with red or yellow coats which come to our markets from Holland. The ancient town of Edam, on the shore of the Zuyder Zee, has given its name to this product, and almost everywhere in America we ask for Edam cheese when we want this particular kind; but while Edam produces Edam cheese, this sleepy little town long ago ceased to hold a high place in the cheese world, and neighboring towns now monopolize the trade in this article, which holds a leading place in the farm products of Holland.

The most extensive and celebrated of the cheese-markets is that of Alkmaar, which has the advantage of being located on a railroad as well as on the North Holland Canal. Every visitor to the Netherlands should arrange to spend at least one day at Alkmaar, easily reached from Amsterdam or Haarlem.

The market is held every Friday; but in order to observe all of its features, a visitor should go to Alkmaar the day before, and see the preliminary preparations. The market-place is a large stone-paved space in the open air, with business houses on three sides, a canal on the fourth side, and a weigh-house at one end. During Thursday the dairymen from the surrounding country arrive with their families and their cheeses, coming in carts, wagons, and canal-boats; and by the afternoon

of that day, there is a great bustle, which continues far into the evening.

Throughout the night bands of young peasants, both men and women, parade the streets of Alkmaar, singing and sky-larking; and cheese-carts continue to arrive and clatter along the stony streets, so that little sleep is possible for the residents and visitors.

An essential part of the cheese-market is the official weigh-house, which was built more than three centuries ago, out of an already existing church. Its shapely clock-tower has moving figures of horsemen in a tourney, and a beautiful set of chimes, one of whose airs is the well-known wedding march from Wagner's "Lohengrin." In the main room on the ground floor are four huge balances which, before the opening of the market, are carefully adjusted with much ceremony by an official in silk hat and frock-coat.

When the cheeses are on their way to market from the farms, they are handled with great care, so as to prevent bruising or crushing; and whether in wagons or boats, they are arranged in layers separated by light boards. As the wagons and boats arrive at the market-place, spaces are assigned to them, and the unloading begins, the cheeses being arranged in regular square or oblong piles on pieces of canvas, with narrow walks between. The size of the piles depends on the number of cheeses the individual farmers have to dispose of, but usually the piles are eight to ten cheeses wide, thirty to fifty long, and always two layers deep. At the market attended by the writer, the largest pile contained nine hundred cheeses.

The unloading of the wagons and boats is one of the most

interesting sights of the market. Standing in a wagon or boat, one man takes a cheese in each hand and throws them to another man, sitting or kneeling on the ground, who arranges the cheeses in regular piles. Long practice has made the farmers very skilful in tossing and catching; the cheeses go through the air in pairs as though tied together, and may be thrown as far as thirty feet. During very active times, the yellow balls are flying thickly in all directions.

As soon as a farmer has arranged his stock of cheeses, he covers the piles with canvas, and often also with rush mats, grass, or straw, in order to protect them from sun or rain, and to prevent the drying of the surface. Before the sale, the venders liberally anoint the cheeses with oil to make them look fresh and inviting.

Shortly before ten o'clock a large number of aged porters meet in a room of the weigh-house, and soon emerge dressed in scrupulously clean white trousers and shirts, with black slippers and straw hats. The hats are of blue, green, yellow, red, or other bright colors, with ribbons of the same shade hanging down behind; and the men wearing the same colors work together in pairs.

Promptly as the clock in the weigh-house tower strikes the hour of ten, the cheese-market formally opens. The covers are removed from the piles of cheeses, and the whole market-place bursts into bloom. Sales are preceded by much bargaining, and the cheeses are felt, smelled, and tasted. When a price is agreed upon for a particular lot, the buyer and the seller clasp hands; and then, the half-hour having struck, the porters begin their labors, which consist in carrying to the weigh-house loads of cheeses on sled-like trays hanging from

their shoulders by long straps, receiving a check from the master of the scales, and returning their certified fares to the owners, who thus have a basis for determining the aggregate weight and value of each lot sold.

So rapidly do the selling and weighing proceed that by eleven o'clock the market is over. Then the cheeses are removed to the warehouses of the purchasing merchants, the farmers depart in their boats and wagons, and when the grand noonday burst of the chimes comes the Alkmaar cheese-market exists only as a memory.

NOTES

Zuyder Zee (Zoi'der Zā), a gulf 45 miles long, German Ocean, in Netherlands.

Alkmaar (Älk-mär') a town in Holland.

Wagner (Wăg'ner or Wäg'ner), German musical composer, born 1813 and died 1883

Aggregate weight, means the combined weight.

THE SONG OF THE PADDLE

JOHN B. MAY

This is the song my paddle sings, as it dips with rhythmic plash,
Scarce rippling the brown wood waters where the speckled beauties flash
And the deer come down at dusk to drink from the stream of the Pemigash.

I

From the strong clean spruce of the Northern woods

I was shaped by the cunning hand
Of old François the Trapper,
Who dwelt in the Micmac land.
In the long cold nights of winter,
When the ghost dance flared in the sky,
He whittled and shaved and smoothed me
And tested me with his eye,
Till my blade was thin and shapely
And my staff was straight and strong,
While he crooned in the flick'ring firelight
A Micmac hunting-song.
For many moons that followed,
As François' trusted friend,
I roamed the Micmac country,
Where birch and poplar bend
Beside wild-rushing rivers,
And spruce-clad mountains rise
Above calm, mirrored lakelets
Beneath clear Northern skies.

II

But now I 've left old François
For Winnetaska's shore,
And I 've only mem'ries' pictures
Of the happy days of yore.
Each spring, when the snows were melting
And the geese came north once more,
François would take his birch canoe
Down to the lake's wild shore,
And, hid in a blind of branches

And cattails brown and sere,
We 'd wait till the great gray bird came down
To rest on the waters near.
Then a twang of François' bowstring,
A splashing and beating of wings,
As the fatal arrow buzzes
And like a hornet stings;
And the flock is off on its way again,
With its leader left behind
To furnish food for François
And a warning to its kind.

III

On quiet summer mornings,
While the fog lay soft and white,
We 'd stalk the bull moose, drinking
From the stream before 't was light;
Or creep like a silent shadow
Into a sheltered bay
Where the timid deer were feeding,
Before the break of day.
I can see their dim forms looming
Like phantoms in the mist,
While the rippled clouds above us—
The first the sun has kissed—
Are tinted with rose and scarlet,
And mottled with pearl and gray.
Then the sun comes up truimphant,
And the glory fades away.

IV

Again, when the night had fallen,
And the moon shone clear and round,
And the salmon had answered the mystic call
To seek their spawning-ground,
With flaring torch of yellow birch
We 'd seek a shallow pool
Above a rushing rapid
Where the tired fishes school.
And François' slender son, Ba'tiste,
Has gone as helmsman now,
And François, like a sturdy pine,
Is standing in the bow.
Now a great fish breaks the water
Beneath the torch's glare—
A flash—the lithe spear plunges—
He struggles in the air—
As François lifts him from the pool
The water flies in spray—
The finest, fattest salmon
We 've seen in many a day!
Then again the silent waiting
While François watches, keen,
Till we catch once more the flashing fin,
The salmon's silver sheen.

V

But clearest of all the pictures
From my far-off Indian home
Are the rapids we ran in the springtime

In a smother of mist and foam.
Oh, the onward rush with the current,
As François guides us down,
And we toss and roll on the cresting waves
Like a leaf on the waters brown!
And never our light craft falters,
Though ledges hem us in,
Where a single touch of their cruel teeth
Would rend our bark's frail skin!
Then, after the plunge through the boiling chute,
In a quiet pool we lie—
François the old, and the young Ba'tiste,
The birch canoe, and I.

NOTES

François (Frong-swä').
A "spawn'ing-ground" is a place where fish deposit their eggs.
"Where the tired fishes school" means, where the tired fishes gather in large numbers.

CAPTAIN JUNE AND SEKI SAN

ALICE HEGAN RICE

I

June's father was a young army officer stationed in the Philippines. June was born there, but when still a baby he had been desperately ill and the doctor had sent him back to the States and said he must not return for many years. It was a great grief to them all that they had to be separated, but Capt. Royston had gotten two leaves of absence and

come home to them, and now this summer June and his mother had come all the way from California to meet him in Japan.

June was not his real name. It was Robert Rogers Royston, Junior, but mother said there never could be but one Robert for her, and father did not like Rogers for a Christain name so they called him Junior, and Junior soon got bobbed off into June. The name suited him, too, for a sunshinier little chap you never saw. He never seemed to know that he was not so strong as other boys, and when his throat was very bad and his voice would not come, why he sat up in bed and whistled, just the keenest, cheeriest, healthiest whistle you ever heard.

It was on the indoor days that Seki San, his little Japanese nurse, used to tell him about her wonderful country across the sea, of the little brown houses with the flower gardens on the roofs, of the constant clatter, clatter of the wooden shoes, and the beautiful blossoms that rained down on you like snow.

"Where are the blossoms?" he demanded, suddenly turning in his chair. "You said they came down thick and white and that I could let them fall over my face."

Seki San did not answer; she was kneeling beside a very disconsolate figure that lay on the bed with face buried in the pillows. When June spoke, his mother sat up and pushed back her tumbled hair. She was a very little mother with round eyes and lips as red as June's, only now her eyes were red and her lips trembling.

"You may go in the other room, Seki San," she said, "I want to talk to June by himself."

June sidled up cautiously and took a seat near her on the

bed. The one unbearable catastrophe to him was for his mother to cry. It was like an earthquake, it shook the very foundations on which all his joys were built. Sometimes when the postman forgot to leave a letter, and occasionally when he was sick longer than usual, mother cried. But those were dark, dreadful times that he tried not to think about. Why the tears should come on this day of all days he could not understand.

She put her arm around him and held him close for a long time before she spoke. He could feel the thump, thump of her heart as he leaned against her.

"June," she said at last, "you are going to be a soldier like Father, are n't you?"

June's eyes brightened. "Yes, and carry a sword!" he said.

"There is something more than a sword that a soldier has to have."

"A gun?"

Mother shook her head. "It 's courage, June! It 's something I have n't got a scrap of. You 'll have to be brave for us both!"

"I 'm not afraid," declared June. "I go to bed in the dark and go places by myself or anything."

"I don't mean that way," said his mother. "I mean doing hard things just because they are right, staying behind for instance when—when somebody you love very much has to go away and leave you."

June sat up and looked at her. "Who 's going away?" he demanded.

Mother's voice faltered. "Father 's terribly ill with a fever, June. The letter was waiting here, it is from our old doctor

in Manila; he says, 'Come on first steamer, but don't bring the boy.' " The earth seemed suddenly to be slipping from under June's feet, he clutched at his mother's hand. "I am going too!" he cried in quick alarm, "I won't stay behind, I can't, mother!"

Her arm tightened about him. "But I don't dare take you, June, think of the terrible heat and the fever, and you are the only little boy I 've got in the world, and I love you so!"

"I won't take the fever," protested June. "I 'll be good. I 'll mind every word Seki says."

"But Seki is n't going. She wants to take you home with her down to a little town on the Inland Sea, where there are all sorts of wonderful things to do. Would you stay with her, June, while I go to Father?"

Her voice pleaded with eagerness and anxiety, but June did not heed it. Slipping from her arms, he threw himself on the floor and burst into a passion of tears. All the joys of the enchanted country had vanished, nothing seemed to count except that mother was thinking of leaving him in this strange land and sailing away from him across the sea.

"Don't cry so, June, listen," pleaded his mother. "I have not decided, I am trying to do what is best."

But June refused to be consoled. Over and over he declared that he would not stay, that he would rather have the fever and die, than to be left behind.

By and by the room grew still, his mother no longer tried to pacify him, only the ticking of the little traveling clock on the table broke the stillness. He peeped through his fingers at the silent figure in the chair above him. He had never seen her look so white and tired, all the pretty smiles and

dimples seemed gone forever, her eyes were closed and her lips were tightly drawn together. June crept close and slipped his hand into hers. In an instant her arms were about him.

"I don't know what to do, nor where to turn," she sobbed. "I am afraid to take you and afraid to leave you. What must I do?"

June was sure he did not know but when mothers are little and helpless and look at you as if you were grown up, you have to think of a way. He was standing beside her with his arm around her neck, and he could feel her trembling all over. Father often said in his letters, "Be sure to take care of that little Mother of yours," but it had always seemed a joke until now. He sighed, then he straightened his shoulders:

"I 'll stay, Mudderly," he said. Then he added with a swallow, "Maybe it will help me to be a soldier when I get big!"

II

The new life which opened up for June was brimming over with interest. Seki San lived in a regular toy house, which was like a lot of little boxes fitted into one big box. One whole side was open to the garden and a tiny railed balcony ran around outside the rooms. The walls were made of white paper, and when the sun shone all sorts of pretty shadows danced on them, and when it rained everybody ran about to put up the wooden screens, and fasten the house up snug and tight until the shower was over. A flight of low steps cut in the rock led down to a bamboo wicker, and here green lizards sunned themselves all day and blinked in friendly fashion at the passer-by.

The night June arrived he had looked about blankly and said:

"But Seki, there is n't any furniture in your house; have n't you got any bed, or chairs or table?"

And Seki had laughed and told the others, and everybody laughed until June thought he had been impolite.

"I like it," he hastened to add. "It 's the nicest house I ever was in, 'cause, don't you see, there is n't anything to break."

It was quite wonderful to see how easily one can get along without furniture. After one has sat on his heels, and slept on the floor and eaten off a tiny table no bigger than a footstool, it seems the most sensible thing in the world. June did hang up one picture and that was a photograph of his mother. She had left him two, but one was taken with her hat on.

"I don't like for her always to look as if she was going away!" he said to Seki San when she wanted to put them both up.

The life, interesting as it was, might have proved lonely, had it not been for Seki's younger brother, Toro, who was two years older than June. Although neither could understand a word the other said, yet a very great friendship had sprung up between them. "We understand just like dogs," June explained to Seki San.

All day long the two boys played down by the river bank, paddling about in the shallow shimmering water, building boats and putting them out to sea, sailing their kites from the hill top, or best of all, sitting long hours on the parade grounds watching the drilling of the soldiers.

Sometimes when they were very good, Seki San would get permission for them to play in the daimyo's garden, and

those days were red-letter days for June. The garden was very old and very sacred to the Japanese, for in long years past it had belonged to an old feudal lord, and now it was the property of the Emperor.

There were picnics up the river, with lunches cooked on the bank, there were jolly little excursions in sampans, and trips to the tea-houses, and flower shows, and an endless round of good times. Seki San kept June out of doors all day, and watched with glee the color return to his cheeks, and the angles of his slender body turn into soft curves.

At night, she and June and Toro, with Tomi frisking and sneezing at their heels, would join the happy, chattering crowd that thronged the streets, and would make their way to the flower market where tall flaming torches lit up the long stalls of flowers, and where merchants squatting on their heels spread their wares on the ground before them—curious toys, old swords, and tea-pots with ridiculous long noses. And in front of every door was a great shining paper lantern with queer signs painted on it, and other gay lanterns of all shapes and sizes and colors went dancing and bobbing up and down the streets like a host of giant fireflies.

It was no wonder that June hated to go to bed when so much was happening outside. Only the promise of a story moved him when Seki gave the final word. But for the sake of a story he would have gone to the moon, I believe.

When at last he was bathed and cuddled down in his nest on the floor with a huge kimono—four times as big as the ones Seki wore—spread over him, Seki would sit on her heels beside him, sewing with an endless thread, which she only cut off from the reel when the seam was finished. And June

would watch her pretty, plump little hands, and the shadows of her moving fingers as he listened to queer tales of the sea-gods and their palace under the waves. Sometimes she would tell of the old samurai and their dark deeds of revenge, of attacks on castles, and fights in the moats, and the imaginary clashing of swords and shouts of men would get so real to June that he would say:

"I don't want any more scareful ones to-night. Please tell me some sleepy ones.

After Seki had put out the light and joined the rest of the family in the garden, June would lie very still, and the thoughts that had been crowded down in the bottom of his heart all day would come creeping up and whisper to him. "Mother is a long way off; suppose she has gotten lost and never comes back again. Perhaps I have n't got a father any more, maybe the soldiers have put him in the ground as they did Teddy's papa. Suppose I have to live here always and grow up to be a Japanese man, and never see the ranch in California nor my pony any more?" And a big sob would rise in his throat and he was glad of the dark, for the tears would come no matter how hard he tried to keep them back. But he never called Seki, nor let any one know. Sometimes he got up and got his little gun and took it back to bed with him; it was so much easier to be a soldier if you had a gun in your hand.

III

But one morning when he awoke, two delightful things happened. First he saw up in the air, apparently swimming

about over the house-tops, an enormous red fish as large as he was, and when he ran to the door there were others as far as he could see waving and floating about tall poles that were placed outside nearly every house.

Without waiting to be dressed he rushed into the garden to ask Seki San what it all meant. When she saw him, she dropped the letter she was reading and came toward him as fast as her little pigeon toes would carry her.

"It 's from your mother," she cried, her face beaming with joy. "She did never get losted at all. She is with your father now, and he will have the strength again, and they will come back so sooner as he can journey. Oh! I could die for the happiness!"

June jumped up and down, and Seki San giggled, and Tomi barked until the family came out to see what was the matter.

"And what did she say? Tell me!" demanded June.

"All this, and this, and this," said Seki, spreading out the closely written sheets. Then with many pauses and much knitting of brows and pointing of fingers, she read the letter aloud. There was very little about the sad journey, or the dreadful fever, or the life at the hospital. It was mostly about June, whether he was well, whether he was very unhappy, if he coughed at night, if he missed her very much.

"And these at the end I sink I can not read," concluded Seki, pointing to a long row of circles and dots.

June looked over her shoulder. "Why Seki!" he exclaimed, "that 's the only part I can read! They are kisses and hugs, I showed her how to make them. That long one

"It's a festival," Seki explained; "this is the boy's day"

is a pink kiss, and this starry one is silver with golden spangles," he laughed with delight; then his eye catching sight of the fish overhead, he said:

"Say Seki, why did they put out the fish? Is it because my father is getting well?"

Seki San smilingly shook her head.

"It 's a festival," she explained; "this is the boy's day and wherever a boy live, they put out a big paper fish with round mouth open so—and when the wind flow in, the fish grow big and fat and make like swim in the air."

"But why do they put out fishes?" persisted June.

" 'T is the carp fish," said Seki San, "because the carp very strong and brave, he swim against the current, fight his way up the waterfall, not afraid of the very bad discouragings, like good boy should be."

June was much more interested in the fish than in the moral, and when Toro brought a big red one for him and a paper cap and banner, he hastened away to be dressed so that he could be ready for the festivities.

Taking it all in all, it was about the happiest day he had ever spent in his life. When he and Toro started forth the streets were already full of people, men and women in holiday attire, little girls in bright red petticoats and fancy pins in their hair, every boy with a fish on a stick, small children with baldheaded babies tied on their backs, all trotting merrily along to the festival.

Everywhere June went a crowd went behind him, for a little foreign boy with gray eyes and fair hair, and strange foreign clothes, was one of the greatest sights of the day. Sometimes a woman would stop him and look at his hat or his shoes, and

a circle would close in and Toro would be bombarded with questions. But the people were always so polite, and their admiration was so evident, that June was rather pleased, and when he smiled and spoke to them in English, they bowed again and again, and he bowed back, then they all laughed.

It was a terrible trial to June not to be able to ask questions. He was brimful of curiosity and everything he saw or heard had a dozen questions hanging to it. Usually Seki San supplied the answers, but to-day Toro was in command, and while he was a very careful little guide, keeping tight hold of June's hand, pointing out all the interesting sights, and trying to explain by sign and gesture, still he did not know a single word of English.

After passing through many gay streets they came to a tall red gate which June had come to recognize as the entrance to sacred ground. But inside it was not in the least like any churchyard he had ever seen. It was more like the outside of a circus where everything delightful was happening at once. On one side was a sandman making wonderful pictures on the ground with colored sand. First he made a background of fine white sand, then out of papers folded like cornucopias he formed small streams of black and red sand, skilfully tracing the line of a mountain, using a feather to make the waves of the sea, and a piece of silver money to form the great round moon, and before you knew it there was the very picture you had seen on fans and screens and tea-pots ever since you could remember, even down to the birds that were flying across the moon.

Then there were jugglers and tight-rope walkers, and sacred pigeons that lit on your head and shoulders and ate corn out of

your hand. June thought he had never seen such greedy pigeons before. Two or three perched on his hand at once, and scolded and pushed each other, and even tried to eat the buttons off his blouse!

Up the mountain-side, with a row of stone lanterns on each side, ran a wide flight of steps, and at the top was the gateway to the temple itself. On each side were huge cages, and in them the most hideous figures June had ever seen! They were fierce-looking giants with terrible glass eyes and snarling mouths with all the teeth showing, just as the Ogre's did in the fairy tale. One was painted all over green, and the other was red, and they held out clutching fingers as if ready to pounce upon the passer-by. While June was looking at them and feeling rather glad that they were inside the cages, he saw two old men, dressed in white, climb slowly up the steps and kneel before the statues. Bowing their heads to the earth and muttering prayers, they took from their belts some slips of paper, and, after chewing them into wads, began gravely to throw them at the fierce green demon behind the bars.

June giggled with joy, this was something he could quite understand. Taking advantage of Toro's attention being distracted, he promptly began to make wads too, and before Toro could stop him he was vigorously pelting the scowling image. In an instant there was angry remonstrance and a group of indignant worshipers gathered around. Fortunately Seki San appeared on the scene in time to prevent trouble.

"But I was only doing what the others did!" explained June indignantly.

"It is no harm done," said Seki, reassuringly after a few words to those about her, "you not understand our strange

ways. These are our Nio or temple guardians that frighten away the evil, bad spirits."

"What makes the pilgrims throw at them, then?" asked June.

"They throw prayers," answered Seki San very seriously. "They buy paper prayers from the old man at the gate, and throw them through the grating. If the prayer sticks, it is answered, if it falls down it is not answered. Come, I will show you!"

They went very close, and looked through the bars; there on the grating, on the floor and even on the ceiling above them were masses of tiny paper wads, the unanswered prayers of departed thousands.

"Well, three of mine stuck!" said June with satisfaction. "Do you suppose it 's too late to make a prayer on them now?"

Seki thought after considering the matter that it was not.

"But I have n't got anything left to pray for!" said June, regretting the lost opportunity. "Father 's getting well, and he and Mother are coming home, and I have got pretty near everything I want. I believe I 'd like another fish though, and oh! yes, I want a little pug dog, jes' 'zactly like Tomi."

"It 's tiffin time," said Seki San, "and after that will be the fire-work."

"In the day-time?" asked June.

"Oh yes, very fine nice fire-work," said Seki.

They left the temple grounds, and made their way up the river road, where everybody was having a tea-party out under the trees. Seki San secured a tiny table for them and they sat on their heels and ate rice out of a great white wooden bucket, and fluffy yellow omelet out of a round bowl, and the sunshine came dancing down through the dainty, waving

bamboo leaves, and everybody was laughing and chattering, and from every side came the click-clack of the wooden shoes, and the tinkle of samisens and the music of falling water.

NOTES

From "Captain June."
What, and where are the Philippines?
What is meant by "the states"?
Manila. A city in the Philippines.
Sampans are Chinese or Japanese boats, 12 to 15 feet long, and are sometimes used for homes.
Tiffin. A lunch between breakfast and dinner.

THE LIGHTHOUSE-BUILDER'S SON

ARIADNE GILBERT

If you had lived in Edinburgh sixty years ago you might have met, coming out of the first house on Inverleith Terrace, a four-year-old boy in blue coat, trimmed with fur, and a big beaver bonnet. You would have noticed nothing very unusual about this child except that he had a pale, delicate, little face and enormous, shining eyes, and that he seemed very fond of his pleasant-looking nurse. This little boy was Robert Louis Stevenson, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stevenson.

Mr. Stevenson, Louis's father, was a lighthouse-builder, and belonged to a family of famous lighthouse-builders. His father, Louis's grandfather, built the Bell Rock lighthouse, off the eastern coast of Scotland. How hard this was to

build you can imagine when you remember that it stood on a dangerous reef, which the sea uncovered for only a few hours at low tide, so that the men had to have a special little workshop built on supports which were fixed in the rock. Then, too, as they worked on the iron foundation of the lighthouse, up would roll the sea and put out their fire. Yet Stevenson's grandfather had the determination and skill to push the work forward.

It helps us to understand Robert Louis's life. He loved the sea and felt at home on it; and perhaps he would have learned to build lighthouses himself, if he had not wanted so much more to build stories. His love of writing must have come from his mother's side of the family. Although Mrs. Stevenson did not write, she was very fond of other people's writing, especially of poetry, and she taught her son to love it, too. Besides this, her father, Louis's other grandfather, was a minister, so that he wrote sermons, although he did not write books. Stevenson said of himself, however, that he was like this grandfather in only one respect—that he would rather preach sermons than hear them.

From his mother's side of the family Stevenson inherited something else, too, and that was a frail body and weak lungs; so that from his very babyhood he was delicate, and when he grew older he was ordered to travel and to spend much of his time out of doors, in order to live at all.

There is no better way to get the story of Stevenson's life than from his own writings. It is possible to get it almost from the beginning. His "Child's Garden of Verses," although it is not every word about himself, gives us a good idea of his sickly and lonely childhood. Nearly every poem is a little picture. If you read the "Land of Counterpane" you

will see him amusing himself when he is sick; you can imagine how, with a little shawl pinned round him, he would sit up, propped against the pillows, to play with his lead soldiers. In others you find out that he was sent to bed early, and that he often lay there listening to the wind or to the people passing in the street below. In "Winter Time" you will find that he had to be all muffled up so as not to take cold. In almost every one, though, you feel how fond he was of play; how he loved the wild March wind, which did him harm, and the garden and the sunshine, which could harm no one; and how, in every way, he yearned to be as rugged as other boys.

Although he had the most loving care, still we cannot help feeling that he was often lonely, if we judge so only from the pathetic poem called "The Lamplighter." We can imagine him sitting, with his thin little face against the pane, waiting for Leerie, and saying perhaps, as many Scotch lads were taught to say, "God bless the lamplighter," and then thinking wistfully,

> "And O! before you hurry by with ladder and with light,
> O Leerie, see a little child and nod to him to-night!"

Yet, with all his parents' companionship, Louis would have missed a good deal of childish fun if he had not had over fifty cousins.

In the summers a crowd of them visited at the "Manse," the home of his minister grandfather; there were two, especially, that he loved to play with most, a boy and a girl about his own age. One of their favorite games was that they were fleeing from a giant, whom in the end, of course, they always killed. Sometimes they played that they were on exploring tours. A favorite place for this game was a

sandy isle in Allan Water where they "waded in butter-burrs" and where, with the plashy water all round them, they felt delightfully secure from grown-up people. On Sundays they went to church, where they heard the beautiful white-haired grandfather preach. When he was in the pulpit, he seemed very great and far-away to Louis; but when he was at home the child was not afraid of him. He tells us that once he learned a psalm perfectly, by heart, in the hope that his grandfather would give him one of the bright Indian pictures which hung on his walls and which he had brought with him from his travels. When, after the psalm was recited, the old man only gathered him in his arms and kissed him, Louis was much disappointed. Just at that time, a picture had a real value; a kiss a most uncertain one.

Part of the summer was usually spent, not at this grandfather's manse but at the seashore. There, of course, Louis found the same delight that other children find in the beating and roaring of the waves, and in the natural fountains of spray that played on the rocks. One of his friends says that he often built "sea-houses," or great holes with the sand banked all round, in which he and his playmates would hide, there to wait, all excitement, until the creeping tide, coming ever nearer, should at last wash over their bulwark of sand and soak the children intrenched behind it. We cannot help wondering where Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson were when delicate little Louis led his friends in this charming game.

From these stories you will see that, on the whole, Stevenson had as much playtime as most children. But, of course, he had to go to school. His school-life was broken, however, because his parents, who had to travel for their

health, took him with them to Germany, Holland, Italy, and many places in Scotland. Stevenson was sent to private schools in these different countries, and for the rest of the time he had tutors. There was really only one lesson, however, that Stevenson thoroughly enjoyed, and that was "composition." His compositions were remarkable for their bad spelling. He could not spell well even when he was a man, and yet writing was almost a passion with him.

Nearly everything he read made him want to write. He enjoyed all his "composition" work, but he did not enjoy the writing that he did in school nearly so much as that he did of his own accord. In his other lessons, his teacher considered him thoroughly lazy. All through his boyhood, he was eagerly trying to write. When he grew older, he always carried with him two books, one to read, and one to write in; and as he walked on the heathy hills, through the woods, or by the sea, his mind was busy trying to fit his thoughts to words. Sometimes he tried to describe exactly the thing he was looking at; sometimes he wrote down conversations from memory. He says he practised to learn to write as boys practise to learn to whittle.

All this time, while Louis was growing from childhood to boyhood, his father was watching him closely and planning for him to follow his own profession and that of so many in the family—the brave profession of lighthouse-building. With this in view, from the time Louis was fourteen his father took him on sea-trips in the *Pharos* all among the rock-bound islands off the Scottish coast. While Mr. Stevenson inspected the lighthouses or studied the "ugly reefs and black rocks" where there was a "tower to be built and a star to be lighted,"

Louis talked with the captains or watched the brave builders, whom he heartily admired, so eager they were in their dangerous work. He was happy, too, tossing about on the deep water, and he knew no fear in the great storms. These thoughts, however, did not turn his mind to lighthouse-building, but to story-building, and it was this life on the ocean which helped him to write "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," so popular with all young people.

All the rest of his life was spent in searching for health in many lands, but yet, with all his weakness, he was not idle. Everywhere he went he found something worth seeing and worth writing about; and again the story of his young manhood may be read in his own books, just as the story of his childhood may be read in the "Garden of Verses." And we find him full of cheer, as a child and as a man. The little boy said,—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

NOTES

Robert Louis Stevenson was born at Edinburgh (Ĕd'in-bŭr-rō), Scotland, November 13, 1850. He died in Samoa, an island in the Pacific, on December 3, 1894.

Phāros, a name given to any lighthouse for the direction of seamen.

THE BRAVE AT HOME

T. BUCHANAN READ

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,

The while beneath her drooping lash
  One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
  And fame shall never know the story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
  As e'er bedew'd the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
  Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
  What though her heart be rent asunder,
Doom'd nightly in her dreams to hear
  The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
  Was pour'd upon a field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
  While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
  Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
  To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
  Received on Freedom's field of honor.

NOTES

Who are the "brave at home"?

Dissembles means to put an untrue appearance upon, to disguise. The maid smiled when she felt like weeping.

Explain the meaning of the last two lines of the first stanza.

Explain the line—"What though her heart be rent asunder."

What is meant by "The bolts of death around him rattle"?

Explain the last stanza.
Who are "the brave at home"?

A PARABLE

HELEN HUNT JACKSON

Once there was born a man with great genius for painting and sculpture. It was not in this world that he was born, but in a world which was governed by a wise ruler, who had such wisdom and such power that he decided before each being was born what he should do in life; he then put him in the place best suited for him to do the work he was to do; and he gave him a set of instruments to do the work with.

There was one strange thing about these instruments; they could never be replaced. On this point this great and wise ruler was decided. He said to every being who was born into his realm:

"Here is your set of instruments to work with. If you take good care of them, they will last a lifetime. If you let them get rusty or broken, you can perhaps have them brightened up a little or mended, but they will never be as good as new, and you can never have another set. Now you see how important it is that you keep them always in good order."

This man of whom I speak had a complete set of all tools necessary for sculptor's work, and also a complete set of painter's brushes and colors. He was a wonderful man, for he could make very beautiful statues, and he could also paint very beautiful pictures. He became famous while he was very young, and everybody wanted something that he had carved or painted.

Now, I do not know whether he did not believe what the good ruler told him about his set of instruments, or whether he did not care to keep on working any longer, but this is what happened. He grew very careless about his brushes, and let his tools lie out overnight when it was damp. He left his brushes full of paint for weeks, and the paint dried in, so that when at last he tried to wash it out, out came the bristles by dozens, and the brushes were entirely ruined. The dampness of the air rusted the edges of some of his finest tools, and the things which he had to use to clean off the rust were so powerful that they ate into the fine metal of the tools, and left the edges so uneven that they would no longer make fine strokes.

However, he kept on painting, and making statues, and doing the best he could with the few and imperfect tools he had left. But people began to say, "What is the matter with this man's pictures? and what is the matter with his statues? He does not do half as good work as he used to."

Then he was very angry, and said the people were only envious; that he was the same as he always had been, and his statues were as good as ever. But he could not make anybody else think so. They all knew better.

One day the day the ruler sent for him and said to him: "Now you have reached the best time of your life. It is time that you should do some really great work. I want a great statue made for the gateway of one of my cities. Here is the design; take it home and study it, and see if you can undertake it."

As soon as the poor sculptor studied the design, his heart sank within him. There were several parts of it which required the finest workmanship of one of his most delicate

instruments. That instrument was entirely ruined by the rust. The edge was all eaten away into notches. In vain he tried all possible ways to bring it again to a fine sharp edge. Nothing could be done with it. The most experienced workmen shook their heads as soon as they saw it, and said: "No, no, sir; it is too late. If you had brought it to us at the first we might possibly have made it sharp enough for you to use a little while with great care; but it is past help now."

Then he ran frantically around the country, trying to borrow an instrument from some one. But one of the most remarkable things about these sets of instruments given by the ruler of this world I am speaking of, was that they were of no use at all in the hands of any one except the one to whom the ruler had given them. Several of the sculptor's friends were so sorry for him that they offered him their instruments in place of his own; but he tried in vain to use them. They were not fitted to his hands; he could not make the kind of stroke he wanted to make with them. So he went sadly back to the ruler, and said: "Oh, Sire, I am most unhappy. I cannot make this beautiful design for your statue."

"But why cannot you make it?" said the ruler.

"Alas, Sire!" replied the unfortunate man, "by some sad accident one of my finest tools was so rusted that it cannot be repaired. Without that tool, it is impossible to make this statue."

Then the ruler looked very severely at him, and said: "Oh, sculptor, accidents very seldom happen to the wise and careful. But you are also a painter, I believe. Perhaps you

can paint the picture I wish to have painted immediately, for my new palace. Here is the drawing of it. Go home and study this. This also will be an opportunity worthy of you."

The poor fellow was not much comforted by this, for he remembered that he had not looked at his brushes for a long time. However, he took the sketch, thanked the ruler, and went home.

It proved to be the same with the sketch for the picture as it had been with the design for the statue. It required the finest workmanship in parts of it, and the brushes which were needed for this had been long ago destroyed. Only their handles remained. How the painter did regret his folly as he picked up the old handles from the floor, and looked at them hopelessly!

Again he went to the ruler, and with still greater embarrassment than before, said that he was unable to paint the picture because he had not the proper brushes.

This time, the ruler looked at him with terrible severity, and spoke in a stern voice:

"What, then, do you expect to do, sir, for the rest of your life, if your instruments are in such a condition?"

"Alas! Sire, I do not know," replied the poor man.

"You deserve to starve," said the ruler; and ordered the servants to show him out of the palace.

After this, matters went from bad to worse with the painter. Every few days some one of his instruments broke under his hand. They had been so poorly taken care of, that they did not last half as long as they were meant to. His work grew poorer and poorer, until he fell so low that he was forced to live by painting the walls of the commonest houses, and

making the coarsest kind of water jars out of clay. Finally his last instrument failed him. He had nothing left to work with; and as he had for many years done only very coarse and cheap work, and had not been able to lay up any money, he was driven to beg his food from door to door, and finally died of hunger.

NOTES

A parable is a short story which is not true, perhaps could not really be true; but which represents, or stands for, something which is true and real in life or nature.

The lesson which a parable teaches is always mysterious, and hidden. This makes it interesting to study.

What does this parable teach?

A FOOT-RACE FOR FREEDOM

W. O. STODDARD

I

Rome was a mighty city. It had many a mile of streets and avenues, reaching out into the surrounding country, until nobody could tell where the city ended, although everybody knew that its center was on a hill at the capitol. Far from the capitol, but still within the city, was the circus, where the most wonderful shows were given that the world has ever known. There wild beasts and men were made to fight by thousands, and the vast sandy area of the circus was often stained with blood.

Cyril was walking along a narrow, crooked street, that led away from the capitol in the direction of the circus.

He was ragged and hungry, and without hope, for he was a stranger in a strange land. His heart grew heavier, and there was a mist before his eyes.

"I have seen Eygpt," he thought, "and the pyramids, and the temples of the old heathen gods. And I saw many Grecian cities on my way here. I can talk better Greek and better Latin. How hungry I am!—and so thirsty, too!"

At that moment he almost ran against a wall, and he stood still. It was one side of a vast marble arch at the main entrance to the circus, and, as he looked up, he saw a card, with writing in several languages. He could read some of them. They were all alike, and they told him that the Emperor had arranged for prize foot-races. One of these was free to all who could pass the trial race for admission. There was to be a prize offered, and Cyril's brain whirled a little at the thought of money and food again.

"I can yet run! It says that all may apply." He stood gazing at the card and reading it aloud. Suddenly a voice near him said:

"That you may, and you will be lashed if you fail at the test. Can you run? You look like it. Come!"

Black as jet was the face of the dwarfish figure that Cyril at once turned to follow through the arch and a side-door and along a tile-floored passage. In a few minutes more he stood in the presence of a richly dressed official who for a moment eyed him sternly. The dwarf had addressed this great man very courteously calling him Crispus, but a strange thought flashed into the mind of Cyril, for he had never seen a Roman whose face was like that of this great man.

"O Jewish boy, who art thou?" asked Crispus.

"I am Cyril Ben Ezra," replied Cyril, staring hard at the grim official, for something in the man's face seemed familiar.

"Amen!" said Crispus. "Answer in thine own tongue, for I am thy kinsman."

"Boy, thou shalt run," said Crispus. "I will give thee a week of training before the trial, but know that I cannot save thee from the lash if thou fail. Mark thou this, also—forget that thou art a Jew until thy feet have proven that thou art a good runner."

No opportunity for answer, yes or no, was given, and he was led away by the dwarf to one of the outbuildings of the amphitheater. It was a kind of jail in which were kept the men who were in training for the races. Many of them were mere slaves put there by their owners, in hope that they might win a prize for their masters. At all events Cyril was to have shelter and food, but the boarding-house or jail of the runners adjoined great dens of wild animals, and he was kept awake by the roaring of many lions; for a thunder-storm swept over Rome, and the imprisoned animals answered with thunders of their own making.

In the morning it was a relief to Cyril to find how unnoticed he was among the crowd who were there to get a right to run for the prize. There were scores of them, and none could hope for favors. There were training races that very morning, and one of them was also a first trial of speed. It was severe, they said, but when it was over and only three out of more than twenty were permitted to train longer, Cyril said confidently:

"There was not a runner among them except the Greek."

A tall, dignified man, in a plain white robe, with a broad

purple border, stood near him. Cyril knew that the robe was the "toga," but its wearer needed no ornament to show that he was the person of highest rank among those who watched the runners. Not a word did he speak now, but looked at Cyril from head to foot, and then beckoned to Crispus.

"See thou to it," said the Roman. "Train thou that young panther well. I see no other that will stand a chance with the Athenian slave of Tallienus."

"Thou art an admirable judge of men," responded Crispus, "but I will dare remind thee. Be thou sure that Tallienus's slave will run well—but the course is long. Yonder youth is of the hardiest race on earth."

"It is well," said Valerianus, coldly. "I will send him to the quarries if he lets the Athenian beat him."

It was a hard saying, but Cyril already understood that a Roman noble considered a young Jew like himself of much less importance than a chariot-horse.

He quickly recovered from the affects of his days of hunger; but nothing could take from him a certain sense of shame that he was to take part in the games of the heathen and to run a race to amuse the Romans.

II

Cyril's week of preparation went quickly by, but he had made the most of it. It seemed to him that he had never felt better than he did one morning—it was on a first day of the week—when he was marched out, with a gang of nearly four score others, to see how many of them were really fit to run for a prize in the presence of the ruler of the Roman Empire.

"Run thy best," said Crispus. "I have no fear for thee."

Cyril had no thought of failure. He said to himself as they gathered at the starting line:

"I am so sorry for them. Almost all of them will be scourged."

There was none to protest, for most of them were bondsmen.

The word was given, and off went the racers.

One man had quickly mounted one of the horses held in waiting, and now cantered briskly along with the runners. He was a Roman, with his toga thrown over his arm, and he seemed to be intently watching the runners.

Away went Cyril, as light of foot as a wild roe, and the horseman was compelled to spur his nag, which was a somewhat heavy steed.

There were cheers from some voices behind, but Cyril knew not what it was for. He had seen a number of noble Romans at the stand, and among them was the Valerianus who had so savagely threatened him.

On, on, on, around the circus oval, and still the rider urged his horse, but no other runner was near them as they returned to the starting-line, for Cyril was three full horse-lengths ahead.

He stood awaiting further orders, hardly knowing that he had done anything remarkable, until he was bidden, in a low voice, by Crispus:

"Get thee in! I am proud of thee!"

Cyril knew the Greek runner who was supposed to be his rival. He had even spoken with him, but they were now kept apart, by order of the prefect of the games, and no other

public trial of speed was permitted until the day of the races.

Just before the hour for Cyril's race, the owners of slaves who were to run were admitted to the rooms where the runners were gathered. Among them were several whom Cyril had seen before, and he was soon aware that most of them favored Apollos. The tall, finely formed young Greek, half a head taller than Cyril, did indeed seem to promise speed. So did a number of others, but the son of Ezra had been studying them during their training, and believed most of them to be overrated by their partizans. He had somehow formed a liking for Apollos, and now it made him sick at heart to hear Tallienus say so unfeelingly to his noble-looking bondsman:

"I promised thee thy freedom if thou wert among the first four. Now, I tell thee, if thou art not there, I will slay thee. If thou art only there, I will give thee a prize. But if thou wilt win the race I will free thee and thy father's family, and will also give thee back thy confiscated estate at Athens."

Apollos heard in silence, but his face was of an ashy pallor as he glanced toward Cyril.

"Valerianus speaks to thee," said Crispus at that moment, and Cyril turned to look into the cruel face of the haughty Roman.

"If thou win but the second prize, thou wilt with it win the lash, and thy hammer in the quarries. Thou must win the first prize!"

The hot blood rose to the forehead of the young Jew, but his lips closed tightly, and, at that very moment, the summoning trumpet sounded at the door opening into the arena.

Four ranks of runners marched out, ten men in each

rank, each man's place being decided by lot, by a number drawn from a box.

The amphitheater was enormous. All around the oval sandy level of the arena, the seats arose, tier after tier, and from them eighty thousand spectators were looking down in eager expectation. Cyril hardly saw them, although the Emperor himself was there, and all the splendid array of the richest people of Rome itself, with kings and nobles and chiefs from all the world tributary to Rome. For one moment he was thinking and he was listening. He and Apollos were side by side, in the foremost rank, and he heard the Greek boy murmur:

"Mother—father—my brethren and my sisters—they shall be free, or I hope Tallienus will slay me!"

Cyril did not turn to look at him, for he was thinking:

"The first prize or the quarries—I *must* win.

III

The trumpet sounded again from near where the Emperor sat, and the racers were off, all together. Not one of them but was a good runner.

A splendid runner was Apollos, and he shot ahead with a great bound that called forth applause from the spectators. Close behind him, quickly, came several others, but before the runners were a third of the way around the arena one of these tripped and fell, and another fell over him.

"They will be scourged!" thought Cyril. "More than half the rest are behind me now. But the pace is too fast at the beginning."

Several more were shortly compelled to slacken their pace

and Cyril passed them, but still, away in the front, with an elastic, springing step, the tall young Greek kept the lead.

"The Greek will win!" growled Valerianus to Crispus, who sat at his side. "Thy Galilean is twenty paces behind him. I will send him to the galleys!"

"Only ten paces now," said Crispus, calmly, after a few minutes. "It is the last circuit that tells."

Just then the runners came nearer and Valerianus was silent until they had passed. The race included one more complete round of the arena.

"All are out of the race but those two," muttered the Roman noble. "I shall lose half my fortune if that Jewish boy fails me. What! See—they are abreast. My Jew is winning!"

Not yet. There was still a long race before him, but he and Apollos ran side by side, and the circus rang with the loud applause of the multitude.

Other runners were not far behind, but it seemed evident that the first prize was between these two. Until that moment, Cyril had had no thought but of winning if he could; but suddenly he cast a swift glance at the face of Apollos. It was somewhat pale instead of flushed, and Cyril saw a look of terror, almost of agony, in his eyes.

"He is breathing with difficulty!" thought Cyril, "and I shall beat him! But he and his family will be slaves forever if I do."

Cyril was ahead now.

Cyril heard a gasping cry as Apollos put forth all his remaining strength, for they were nearing the goal.

"I can give him his freedom!" flashed into the mind of Cyril. "They may slay him—or me. Shall I?"

Cyril could not have told his thought, but in the next moment he spoke in Greek to Apollos:

"Win thou, Apollos!"

Cyril had to slacken his speed, for the Greek boy was beginning to falter.

One moment more and they were over the line, with Appollos the winner by only half a pace!

How the amphitheater rang with the shouts, as the two who had distanced all the rest were led before the Prefect of the games to receive their prizes! Tallienus was there, and he at once loudly proclaimed his promise to Apollos, and his purpose to keep it. Valerianus was not there; but Crispus stood by with a darkening face, and he spoke low to Cyril in Hebrew as the little bag of gold containing the second prize was handed to the Jewish runner.

"Thou didst well. There is no fault to be found with thee. But get thee hence. I have ordered them to pass thee at the gates. Take any ship that sails this day, no matter whither bound. If thou art found in Rome at sunset, thou art at the mercy of Valerianus. Belt thy prize under thy tunic, that none may know it is with thee. Nay, speak not again to me! Go! Go!"

Notes

Part I

Rome. The capital of Italy, on the Tiber river.

Cyril (Cŷr'il).

Valerianus (Valeria'nus).

Toga. The loose outer garment worn by the ancient Romans, consisting of a single broad piece of cloth, and wrapped around the body.

Part II

Scourge (skûrj) means to whip severely, to lash.

Bondsmen were slaves.

"A wild roe" is a deer.

"Prefect of the games." The commanding officer, or one in charge of the games.

Apollos (A̤-pŏl'los) was the bondsman of Tallienus.

Cyril is called "the son of Ezra."

Why was the face of Apollos "of an ashy pallor," when "he glanced toward Cyril," after listening to his master's words?

Amphitheater. An oval or circular building having rows of seats one above another, around an open space, called the *Arena,* and used for public sports.

In a race, why should the pace not be "too fast at the beginning"?

Why did Apollos have "a look of terror, almost of agony in his eyes"?

Why did Cyril say to the Greek boy, "Win thou, Apollos"?

Could Cyril have won?

What is meant by: Tallienus "at once *loudly proclaimed* his promise to Apollos, and his purpose to keep it"?

Explain why "Crispus stood by with a darkening face."

Why did he speak to Cyril in Hebrew?

Why did he speak low?

Why did he send Cyril away from Rome so quickly?

MAD RIVER

IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

The Traveler

Why dost thou wildly rush and roar,
  Mad River, O Mad River?
Wilt thou not pause and cease to pour
Thy hurrying, headlong waters o'er
  This rocky shelf forever?

What secret trouble stirs thy breast?
Why all this fret and flurry?
Dost thou not know that what is best
In this too restless world is rest
From overwork and worry?

The River

What wouldst thou in these mountains seek,
O stranger from the city?
Is it perhaps some foolish freak
Of thine, to put the words I speak
Into a plaintive ditty?

The Traveler

Yes; I would learn of thee thy song,
With all its flowing numbers,
And in a voice as fresh and strong
As thine is, sing it all day long,
And hear it in my slumbers.

The River

A brooklet nameless and unknown
Was I at first, resembling
A little child, that all alone
Comes venturing down the stairs of stone,
Irresolute and trembling.

Later, by wayward fancies led,
For the wide world I panted;
Out of the forest dark and dread

Across the open fields I fled,
Like one pursued and haunted.

I tossed my arms, I sang aloud,
My voice exultant blending
With thunder from the passing cloud,
The wind, the forest bent and bowed,
The rush of rain descending.

I heard the distant ocean call,
Imploring and entreating;
Drawn onward, o'er this rocky wall
I plunged, and the loud waterfall
Made answer to the greeting.

And now, beset with many ills,
A toilsome life I follow;
Compelled to carry from the hills
These logs to the impatient mills
Below there in the hollow.

Yet something ever cheers and charms
The rudeness of my labors;
Daily I water with these arms
The cattle of a hundred farms,
And have the birds for neighbors.

Men call me Mad, and well they may,
When, full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,

And sweep their wooden bridge away,
  Like withered reeds or stubble.

  Now go and write thy little rhyme,
  As of thine own creating.
Thou seest the day is past its prime;
I can no longer waste my time;
  The mills are tired of waiting.

PRONUNCIATION GUIDE

A

ā — fāte.
ă — făt.
â — âir.
ä — ärm.
ȧ — ȧsk.
a̧ — a̧ll.
a — what.

E

ē — mēte.
ĕ — mĕt.
ẽ — ẽrmine.

I

ī — fīne.
ĭ — fĭn.
i̇ — like ẽ — i̇rksome.

O

ō — nōte.
ŏ — nŏt.
ö — wöre.
ȯ — sȯn.
o̧ — wo̧lf.
ô — ôrder.
o͞o — mo͞on.

U

ū — tūbe.
ŭ — tŭb.
u̧ — ru̧de.
u̧ — pu̧t.
û — ûrge.
ũ — cũr.

Y

ȳ — flȳ.

C

ç soft — merćy.
€ hard, like k — call.

G

ġ soft, like j — ġem.
ḡ hard — ḡet.

S

s sharp (not marked) — same.
s̱ soft — has̱.

Th

th sharp (not marked) — thing.
th flat or vocal — thine.

N

n̲ — lin̲ger

GLOSSARY

A

ab-sôrbed′— wholly engaged or occupied.
ăg′-gre-gate — combined.
a-ġĭl′-i-ty — quickness of motion; nimbleness.
a-lẽrt′— watchful.
ạl-lē′-giançe (al-lē′-janse)— the tie or obligation, which a man owes to his king.
ạl-ly′ (al-lī′)— one who is associated with another for mutual help.
a-lo͞of′— at a distance, but within view.
ăl-ter-ćā′-tion — dispute; wrangle.
ạl′-tered (ạl′-terd)— changed; made different.
a-māze′-ment — astonishment, surprise, or wonder.
am-bĭ′-tions (am-bĭsh′-uns)— desires for honor, or power.
ăm-mu-nĭ′-tion (-nĭsh′-n)— powder, balls, bombs, various kinds of shot, etc..
a-noint′— to spread oil on.
ăp-pa-rā′-tus — things used for and on a ship.
ap-pre-hĕn′-sion — alarm.
ap-prōached′— come near to.
är′-chi-tĕct (ärk′-i-tekt)—one who designs buildings and superintends their erection.
är′-dor — eagerness.
area (ār′-ĕ-a)— an open space, the floor.
ạ-rē′-na — open space strewn with sand, for contests.
a-tōned′— made amends, or compensation.
ạught (awt)— any thing.
a-vẽrse′— disliking; unwilling.
ạwe′-sȯme — fearful.

B

băf-fled (baf′-ld)— defeated.
bạlk′-y (bạk′-y)— to stop abruptly; to disappoint.

bär-bā′-ri-an — resembling savages; uncivilized.
be-sĕt′— annoyed; tormented.
bĭde — remain, or stay.
bĭt′-terns — a wading-bird of Europe, related to the herons.
blĕnd′-ing — mixing or mingling together.
blĭss — happiness; joy.
blŭb′-ber — the fat of whales and other large sea animals, from which oil is obtained.
bŏm-bärd′-ment — an attack with bombs.
bonds′-men (bondz′-men)— slaves.
bōōn — a favor; a gift; a present.
brĭ′-dle-päth — a path for travelers on horse-back.
bŭl′-wark (bŏl′-wark)— fortification; rampart.
burgh′-er (bŭrg′-er)— an inhabitant of a village called a burgh or borough, of which he is a freeman.
bustle (bus′-l)— hurried activity.

C

cam-pāign′ (kam-pān′)— the time that an army keeps the field, either in action, marches, or in camp.
ca-nĭne′ (ka-nin′)— dog; like a dog.
ca-păç′-i-ty — profession; position.
căp′-ti-vā-ted — charmed; enchanted; fascinated.
ca-rĕss′ed (ka-rĕst′)— fondled with affection.
cāse′-ment — a window that opens on hinges.
cau̱se′-wāy — a way raised above the level of the ground, to make a dry passage over wet ground.
cau̱′-tioned (kau̱′-shund)— warned to be careful.
căv′-al-cāde — a procession of persons on horseback.
căv″-a-liēr′ (-leer′)— a knight, or a gay, sprightly, gallant man.
cer′-ti-fied (sẽr′-ti-fīd)— declared in writing.
chāfing — rubbing.
chănç′-ing — risking.
chĭmes — a set of bells musically tuned to one another.
chrŏn′-i-cler — an historian.
clŭm′-şy — awkward.
cōmb′-ers (kōm′-ers)— long curling waves; as, the sea was rough with high *combers*.
cŏn-fi-dĕn′-tial-ly — in confidence; trusting in secrecy.

cŏn'-scioŭs (kŏn'-shus)— possessing the power of knowing one's own thoughts.
con-sēr'-a-to-ry — greenhouse, or place in which plants are kept.
consōled (kon-sōl'd)— comforted.
con-tĕnd'-ers — those who take part in a contest.
con-trȧst'-ed — compared.
con-trĭv'-anҫes — inventions; apparatus.
cŏp'-pĭce — a wood of small growth, or consisting of underwood or brushwood.
cōrps (kōrz)— an organized part or division of an army
couched (koucht)— to lie down, to repose.
coun'-sel-or — an adviser, one appointed to advise a king in regard to the administration of the government.
crȧft — art or skill.
crĕ-āt'-ĕd — produced; caused.
crī-ers — officers who give public notice by loud proclamation.
cŭl'-mĭ-nā-tĭng — reaching the highest pitch of sound.
cŭlt'-ūred — cultivated; refined.
cûrs — worthless dogs.

D

dăm — a wall, or bank, which is intended to stop the flow of water in a creek, or river.
dąme — a lady in rank or culture.
däunt'-less — fearless.
dąwned — began to appear.
de-fāç'-ed — spoiled the beauty of, marred.
de-fī'-ed — to dare, to brave.
de-fīle'— a long narrow pass between hills.
de-pĕnd'-ent — one who is supported by another
de-sĭgn (de-zin)— a model.
dĕs'-tĭned — intended, doomed.
de-tăch'-ment — a body of troops or soldiers.
dĕt-o-nā'-tion — an explosion.
de-vĭşe'— to plan; to invent.
dĕv'-o-tees'— those who are wholly devoted.
dis-as-ter (diz-as'-tĕr)— misfortune; calamity.
dis-con-çĕrt'-ing — confusing.
dis-pĕrse'— to scatter here and there.

dis-tĭn′-guished (dis-tĭng′ gwisht)— honored.
dis-trăct′-ed — drawn away
dĭt′-ty — a little poem intended to be sung.
dĭ-vīne′d — foresaw; guessed.
do-çĭl-i-ty — teachableness, readiness to learn; aptness to be taught.
dŏck — a pier where ships are loaded or unloaded.
dōōmed — condemned.
dough′-tў (dou′-tў)— brave, noble.
dràught (dràft)— the quantity drawn in at once in drinking.
dū′-bi-oŭs-ly — doubtfully.

E

e-clĭpse′ (e-klips′)— to darken or hide.
e-lăb′-o-rāte — produced with labor; studied; perfected.
e-mĕrġe′— appear.
e-mĕr′-ġen-çy — something not calculated upon; arising unexpectedly.
en-tāil′— the rule by which the descent of an estate is fixed or settled.
ĕn′-ter-prĭṣ-es — undertakings.
ĕn′-vi-oŭs — feeling a desire to possess.
es-sĕn′-tial (es-sĕn′-shal)— something necessary; important in the highest degree.
es-tāte′— property of all kinds which a person leaves to be divided at his death.
ĕx′-ĭled (ĕks′-ild)— banished, or expelled from one's own country.
ĕx-pe-dĭ′tion (ĕks-pe-dĭsh′-un)—an important attempt at some distance; an excursion for a valuable end.
ĕx-ploit′— a deed or act; especially, a heroic act.
ex̣-ŭlt′-ant — triumphant; glad above measure.

F

fāin — well-pleased; glad; rejoiced; gladly.
fan-dang′-ō — old Spanish dance.
fāte (fāt)— necessity
flăġ′-eo-lĕt (flăj′-eo-let)— a small wind-instrument, having a mouth-piece at one end, and six principal holes.
flăġ′-ġing — flat stones used for a floor.
flĕd — ran away, as from danger
fŏl′-ly — want of good sense.

fŏr′-aġe — to wander or rove in search of food.
for-bōre′— refrained; avoided; gave up.
forge (fōrj)— a furnace in which iron is heated.
fôrt′-night-ly — once in two weeks.
frāy — contest; combat.

G

găl′-ler-ies — rooms for the exhibition of works of art; as, picture galleries.
gâud-ĭ-lў — in a gaudy manner; showily.
gäunt (gänt)—thin; lean.
gauze — a very thin, transparent stuff.
genius (jē′-ni-us) special inborn faculty of an individual.
gesture (jes′-tūr)— a motion of the body or limbs which expresses an idea.
gran-dee′— a man of elevated rank or station; a nobleman.
grĭm — of a forbidding look; stern.
guĭṣe (gīz)— form.

H

ha-bĭt′-ū-al — customary; usual; common.
hăm′-pered — hindered.
härd′-i-est — the most capable of resisting hardship or fatigue.
har-pōōn′— a pointed weapon for striking and killing seal, walrus, etc.
häunts — places to which one frequently goes or betakes himself.
hĕad-gëar — the covering, dress, or ornaments of the head.
heath (hēth)— land that produces only heather.
heather (hĕth′-er)— a small evergreen shrub, growing on heaths.
hêir (âr)— one who inherits anything after the death of the owner.
hĕlmṣ′-man — the man who steers or guides a boat.
hĕr′-ald — a proclaimer; an announcer.
hĭgh′-wāy — a public road.
hĭth′-er — to this place.
hōld — the inner part of a ship in which the cargo is stowed.
hu-mĭl′-i-ā′-tion — the state of being humbled; mortification.
hū′-mor-oŭs — pleasant; merry.

I

ĭd′-i-o-çy — folly.
im-pōsed — inflicted.
im-pōs′-ing — impressive; commanding.
in-nū′-mer-a-ble — countless; numberless.
ĭn-ter-vēn′-ing — situated between.
in-trĕnch′ed — surrounded with a trench or ditch.
ĭn-vĕs-tĭ-gā′-tion — careful examination.
ĭ-rŏn′-ic — expressing one thing and meaning the opposite.
ir-rĕs′-o-lūte — not decided; unsteady.

J

jăb′-ber-ing — speaking rapidly or indistinctly.
jet — a hard, black lignite, or fossil-wood, which when polished is made into personal ornaments.
jŏc′-und (jok′-und) merry; cheerful; pleasant.

K

kĕn — view; reach of sight or knowledge.
kins′-man (kinz′-man) — relative.
kĭr′-tle — an upper garment.
knāve (nāv) — a servant; a deceitful fellow.

L

lăck′-ing — wanting.
lăn′-quid (lăng′-gwid) — heavy, dull.
lăpsed (lăpst) — to pass slowly, or by degrees.
lee — on that side which is sheltered from the wind.
lē′-gend, or lĕg′-end — words or motto placed under a picture.
lē′-gions (lē′-juns) — a military force.
lĭlt — to sing or play cheerfully and merrily.
lō′-cal — restricted or limited to a particular place.
lŏll — to put out the tongue.

M

ma-gĭ′-cian (ma-jĭsh′-an) — one skilled in magic.
māin — the ocean.
măn-tĭl′-la — a kind of veil covering the head and falling down upon the shoulders, worn in Spain and Mexico.

mär′-ġin — a border; edge; brink.
māze — a confusing net work.
mēa′-ḡer — scanty; scarcely sufficient.
mĕd′-i-tāte — to think; to study.
mĕ-nū′ — the bill of fare.
mēre′-ly — only this, and nothing else.
mōat (mōt) — a deep trench round a fortified place, sometimes filled with water.
mŏn′-as-tĕr-y — a house for monks; a convent.
mō-nop′-o-lĭze — obtain possession of anything so as to be the only seller of it.
mō′-tĭve — reason, cause.
mūṣed — thought closely; studied in silence.
mўs′-tic — hidden from human knowledge.

N

naught (nawt) — nothing.
nā′-vў-yard — a yard or place used for the building, or repairing of government ships.
nōōs′-ing — to tie in a running knot, which binds closer the more it is drawn.
nôrth-ēast′-er — a wind blowing from the north-east.
num′-skull — a dunce; a stupid fellow.

O

ob-scūr′ed — covered over, darkened.
of-fĭ′-cial (of-fish′-al) — one who holds an office.
ogre (ō′-gĕr) — man-eating monster or giant of fairy tales.
ō″-lē-ān′-dĕr — a beautiful evergreen shrub having clusters of fragrant red or white flowers.
ôr-di-nançe — a rule or law
out-lănd′-ish — foreign; strange.
out′-lạw — a robber or bandit.
ō-vẽr-rāt′-ed — ranked, or rated too high.
ō-vẽr-whĕlm′-ed — overcome, crushed.

P

păç′-i-fў (pas-i-fi) — calm, soothe.
pae′-an (pē′-an) — a song of rejoicing, of triumph.

pal'-frey — a horse for extraordinary occasions.
Pan'-a-mäs — fine hats of the West Indies and South America, plaited of the undeveloped leaf of the screw-pine.
pär'-tĭ-zan — one who is devoted to a party; in this case, the owners of the slave runners.
pa-trōll'ed (pa-trōl'd) — walked or marched about; watched by a guard.
pēaled (peeld) — rang out.
pe-dĕs'-tri-ans — those who walk or journey on foot.
pĕr'-il-oŭs — dangerous.
pĕr'-i-wĭg — a small wig worn by men for ornament, or to conceal baldness.
phăn'-toms — ghosts.
pĭn'-na-cles — high points.
pĭt'-i-a-ble — deserving pity; miserable.
plaintive (plān'-tiv) — expressing sorrow
plight (plīt) — condition; state.
plod-ded — walked with a heavy laboring step.
plŭn'-dered — robbed.
plȳ — to work steadily.
poiṣ-ing (poiz-ing) — balancing.
pŏn'-dered — weighed in the mind; considered.
pōrt'-al — a door.
pŏst'-ūre (pŏst'-yụr) — attitude; position.
pre-lĭm'-i-na-ry — preparatory.
prĕm'-i-ses — houses or lands.
pre-ŏc'-cu-pied — a taking possession before another; prepossession.
pre-vāil'ed (prē-vā'ld) — had the upper hand or the mastery.
prē-vi-oŭs-ly — beforehand.
prime — the first part; beginning or opening, as of the day; the dawn.
prŏf'-fered — offered for acceptance.
prŏs'-e-cūt-ed — followed, or pursued for punishment.
prō-test' — make an objection.
pŭn'-gent — stimulating, pricking; said with reference to the sense of smell.

Q

quāint (kwānt) — unusual; odd.
quar-ry (kwor'-i) — place where stone is taken from the earth, for building or other purposes.

quē'-ried — questioned.
quoth (kwōth)— said; spoke.

R

răb'-ble — a disorderly crowd.
ram'-shack-le (ram'-shak-l)— tumble-down.
răpt'-ūr-oŭs — extreme pleasure; joy or delight.
rāves — wild, furious, or raging.
rĕad'ĭ-ness (rĕd'-ĭ-nes)— the state of being ready.
reeds (rēds)— kind of coarse grass, common at the sides of rivers, lakes, etc..
reek-ing — steaming; smoking.
rē-lāy'— a division or section of the distance traveled in a race, where locomotives are changed.
re-mŏn-'strançe (rē-mon'-strans)— earnest advice or reproof.
re-pȧst'— a meal; victuals.
rĕş'-in-oŭs — like resin.
rōe — a deer.
rōgue (rōg)— a dishonest person.
rôle (rōl)— a prominent part played by anyone.

S

sa-lūte'— to greet, to hail, to greet with a wave of the hat.
sar-căs'-tic-al-ly — in a taunting manner.
scănned (skanned)— examined with care.
schĕd'-ūle (skĕd'-yu̇l)— a written or printed time-table.
scheme (skēm)— plan.
score (skōr)— twenty.
scourge (skûrj)— to whip severely, to lash.
scout (skowt)— one sent out to bring in tidings.
scow (skow)— a large flat-bottomed boat.
sen-sā'-tion — state of excited feeling.
sēre — dry; withered.
shăck — hut.
shăck'-les — chains which tie, or fasten so that free motion is not possible.
shȧft — the stem of an arrow.
shrewd (shru̇d)— skillful.
shrīēk — to utter a loud, sharp, shrill cry; to scream.

shroud — the dress of the dead.
skȳ′-lärk-ing — frolicking; sporting.
slough (slou) (gh silent) — a hollow place with mud; a mire
smĭth-ẽr-eẽnṣ′ — small pieces.
smĭt′-ten (smĭt′-tn) — struck; killed.
smuggle (smug′-l) — to carry secretly.
sō′-journ (sō′-jŭrn) — a temporary residence, as that of a traveler in a foreign land
sŏl′-i-tūde — a state of being alone.
sŏm′-ber — dull; gloomy
sōre′-ly — greatly.
spăn — to reach from one side of, to the other.
spâre′-ly built — wanting in flesh; lean, thin.
spĕc′-ū-la-tive — contemplative; thoughtful.
spĭn′-drĭft — the blinding mist of salt water blown from the surface of the sea, in a high wind.
sprĭght′-ly (sprĭt′-ly) — airy; gay; lively.
squat (skwot) — sit down upon the heels.
stạlk — approach under cover of a screen.
stäunch (u silent) — loyal; trustworthy.
stĕad′-y — to hold or keep from shaking
stŏp′-watch (-wŏtch) — a watch whose hands can be stopped in order to calculate the time that has passed, as in timing a race.
strĕss — violence, as of the weather.
strōlled — rambled idly or leisurely.
stŭb′-ble (-bl) — stubs of corn and other grain, left when the stalk is cut.
stucco (stuk′-ō) — plaster used to cover or coat the outside walls of a house.
stûr′-dy — strong
sŭb-mạr-rīne′ — under water in the sea.
sue-çĕs′-sion (sue-sĕsh′-un) — the right to enter upon the possession of the property of an ancestor, or father.
sŭr-veyed′ (sŭr-vād) — examined; looked over
sus-pĭ′-cioŭs-ly — in a doubtful, or distrustful manner; showing suspicion.

T

tăm-pered — meddled.
tar-pạu′-lin — a piece of canvas covered with tar, or some other preparation, to make it water-proof

tạw′-ny (tạ′-ni)— yellowish brown.
tẽrn schooner — a three-masted vessel rigged as a schooner.
tĕth′-ered — confined with a rope or chain.
thătch — to cover; as, with straw or grass.
thŏr′-ōugh-fâre (thŭr′-o-fâr)— a frequented street.
thrĭft′-y — saving; careful.
thrĭlled — felt a sharp tingling or delightful sensation running through the whole body.
thrŏt′-tle — a valve which controls the flow of steam.
tĭf′-fin — a lunch between breakfast and dinner.
tĭn̲k′-er — a mender of brass kettles, pans, and other metal ware.
tĭ′-tle (tĭ′-tl)— a name.
toil′-sŏme — wearisome; bringing fatique.
tŏp′-nŏtch — topmost; highest.
tôr′-pid — having lost the power of motion.
tour (tör)— a prolonged journey
toûr′-ney — a mock fight.
trăf′-fic (trăf-ik)— the business done upon a railway.
trāi′-tor — one who is not loyal to his country.
trans-form′ed — changed.
trăps — luggage; things.
trĕach′-er-oŭs — not to be depended on.
trĕach′-er-y — faithlessness.
trĕas′-ūred — much valued or prized.
trĕs′-pass-er — one who enters upon another's land, without permission from the owner.
troops (tröps)— soldiers.
trō′-phy (trō′-fi)— something that stands for victory, as arms, flags, and the like, taken from an enemy.
trŏth — truth; veracity.
trōw (trō)— to believe, to think or suppose. (Gone out of use.)
tŭr′-ret — a little tower.
tўr′-an-ny — cruel government.

U

un-quench′-a-ble (un-kwen′-sha-bl)— that which cannot be subdued.
ŭt′-ter-ly — totally; absolutely.

V

vāgue (vāg)— uncertain; indefinite.
văl′-et (văl′-et or văl′-ā)— a waiting servant.
văl′-iant (văl′-yant)— heroic, courageous; brave.
văl′-or — courage; heroism, bravery.
vĕnd′-er — one who sells.
vĕrd′-ūre — green, greenness; freshness of vegetation; as the *verdure* of the meadows in June.
vĕs′-pers — the evening song, or evening service, in the Roman Catholic church.
vĭ′-cioŭs (vĭsh′-us)— wicked.
vĭs′-aġe — the face, countenance, or look of a person.

W

wāged (wājd)— engaged in; carried on.
wăg-on-ĕtte′— a kind of open carriage with seats lengthwise.
wāin′-scot — a wooden lining or boarding of the walls of a room, made in panels.
wāy′-ward — liking one's own way; willful.
wĕdġed — fixed in the manner of a wedge, and sticking fast.
weigh′-house (wā′-house)— a building within which the weight of things is made certain.
wēird — supernatural; unearthly; wild.
whĕlp (hwĕlp)— a puppy.
wiēld — to manage; to handle.
wĭnd′-ward — the point from which the wind blows.
wĭtch′-er-y — enchantment.

Y

yōre — of yore, of old time; long ago.

Z

zĭg′-zăg — to form with short turns.

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